

PLAY

TWO GREAT
MAGAZINES
FOR THE
PRICE
OF ONE

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

15¢

OCTOBER



DURBIN
HESSE

URING IN THIS ISSUE 8 MOVIE STARS IN FULL COLOR
Story Behind LANA TURNER'S MADCAP MARRIAGE

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee



"Only Tangee gives your lips Satin-Finish," says Constance Luft Huhn

"How often have you wished for a lipstick that would literally smooth on to your lips; that was perfectly balanced...neither too moist, nor yet too dry; that, once applied, would cling for hours and hours—a lipstick, in short, that would bring to your lips the lustrous, lasting softness of a true SATIN-FINISH?

"I can say with assurance that each of Tangee's new SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks is a combination of *all* these qualities. Each one graces your lips with a softer, glossier sheen than you've ever known before... gives you the perfect grooming only possible with this exclusive SATIN-FINISH.

"And, remember, whichever Tangee shade you choose, it will do the most for you if worn with the matching rouge and Tangee's unpowdery Face Powder."



TANGEE RED-RED...
"Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.



TANGEE THEATRICAL RED... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... always flattering.



TANGEE NATURAL...
"Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush-rose.

New TANGEE MEDIUM-RED... a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.



TANGEE
SATIN-FINISH
Lipsticks

"Glamor-Girl, You're Kissing Your Career Good-bye—



*There's no future in a smile
that ignores 'Pink Tooth Brush'!"*



"It doesn't make sense, Lady! With your looks, you're a natural for the Magazine-Girl-Of-The-Year—and what happens! 'Pink tooth brush' puts your smile in shrouds. It's oblivion for you unless you do something about that dingy smile!"



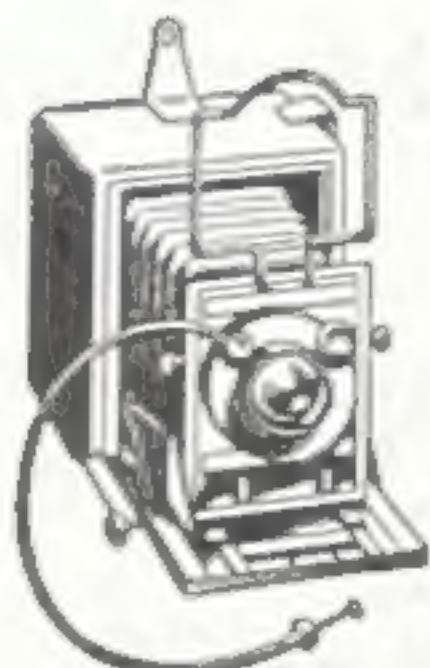
"Look at the glamor girls in any magazine. Their bright, sparkling smiles spell charm! And that's the kind of smile you can check up to healthy gums as well as sparkling teeth. I'm making your next booking—with the dentist!"



"Young lady, sparkling smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. And today's soft foods rob gums of natural exercise. They need more work." (Note: A recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)



"That photographer really was my friend! Ipana and massage each day—brighter teeth already—sparkling smile on the way! And when I massage my gums that stimulating 'tingle' seems to say, 'Your smile will soon be a picture for any magazine!'"



*And sure
enough,
there
came a
day—*



"O.K. Mr. Camera Man. Now let's see if you can really do justice to my sparkling new smile. And orchids to you and that dentist of mine for helping me win the honor of Magazine-Girl-Of-The-Year. Yes, and a great big credit line to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Without that beauty treatment for my smile, I might have been minus a career."

Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

PINK" on your tooth brush calls for immediate action. It means—see your dentist at once.

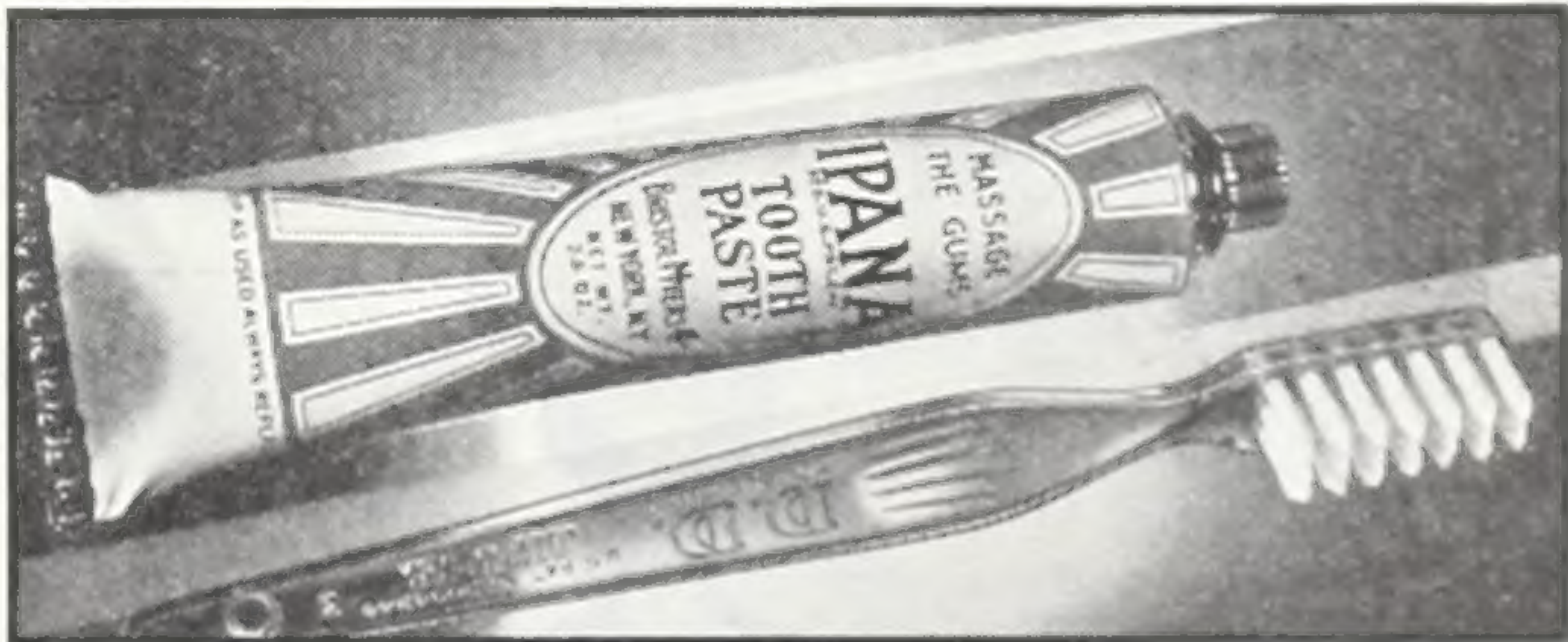
He may tell you our soft, creamy toothpaste has denied your gums the natural exercise they need for healthy firmness. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed, not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage,

to help make gums firmer, stronger.

Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—tells you that circulation is speeding up within the gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

Let the regular use of Ipana and massage help you to have a lovelier, more appealing smile through healthier gums and brighter teeth.



A Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA TOOTH PASTE



We're hearing on all sides that the motion picture industry is doing a great job—producing marvelous training films, morale films; the theatres are selling stamps and bonds day and night and the stars are everlastingly on tour or on the air.

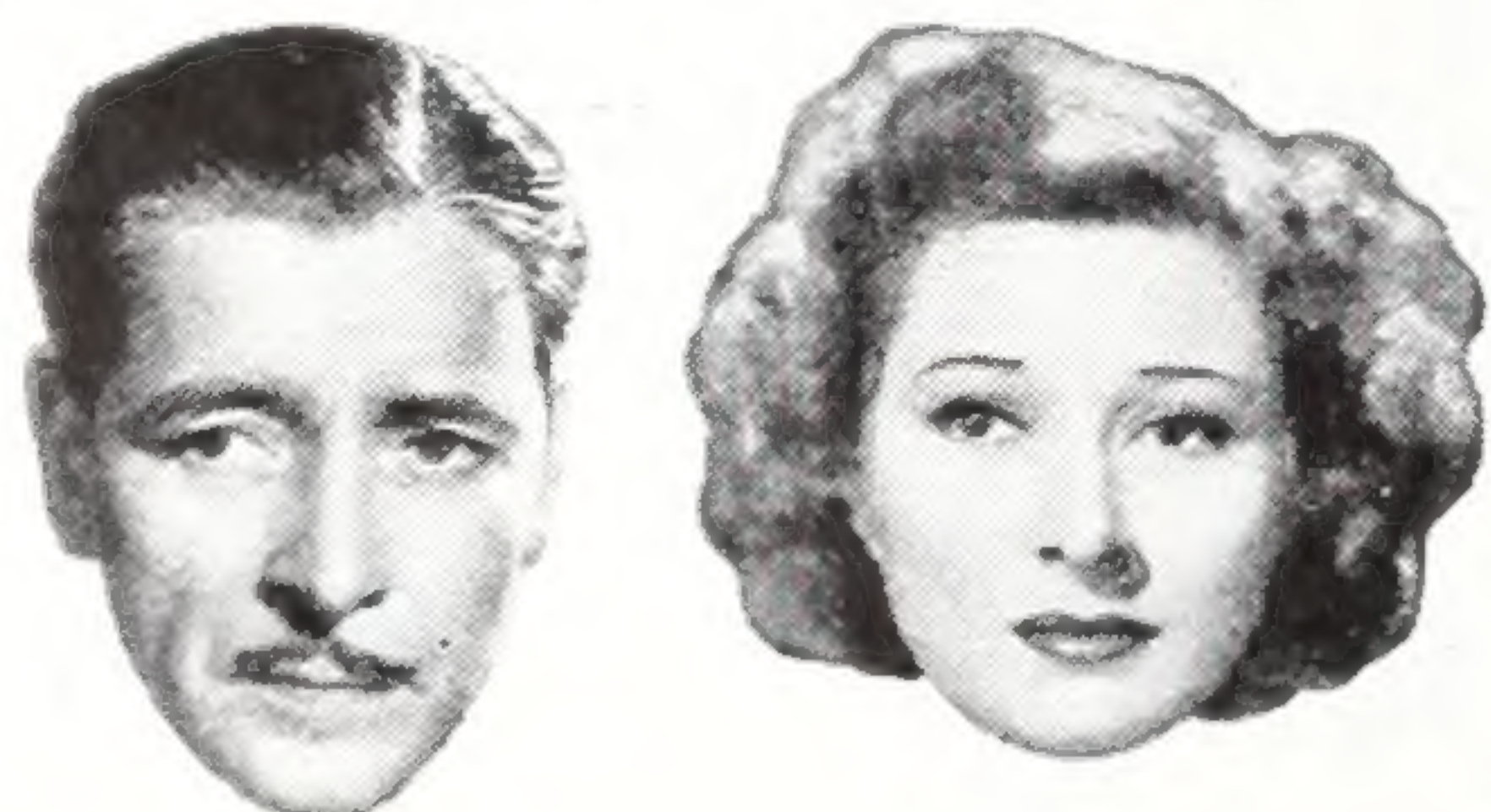
Meanwhile in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer corner two feature films have bobbed their heads up with considerable bob. Like Tennyson's brook "Mrs. Miniver" goes on forever. The other picture deals with another "Mrs".

It is "The War Against Mrs. Hadley". This tale of a Washington diehard has already captured its early audiences. It brings a lump of laughter to the throat. A lump of laughter is the kind with a tear in it.

The "ten-best picture" game, started with "Mrs. Miniver", spread quickly to the four corners of all newspapers. If the game was a strain on you, we are afraid you're in for more of the same. For "Random Harvest" is coming (adv.).

"Random Harvest", as you all-knowing readers know, is the best-selling novel by James Hilton. *The James Hilton. The Goodbye Mr. Chips* James Hilton, *the Lost Horizon* James Hilton.

But above all, the Random Harvest James Hilton.



Ronald Colman, Greer Garson—Random Harvest stars. Mervyn LeRoy, R. H. Director. Sidney Franklin, R. H. Producer.

In a column entitled "Picture of The Month" which runs in Good House-keeping, McCall's, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's and Newsweek, "Seven Sweethearts" is the choice.

Many are screened but few are chosen. Congratulations "Seven Sweethearts". And Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for thus bringing to the fore three promising stars in Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt.

I'm head over heels with joy at the crop of new films coming.

—Leo



One of the tricks of the trademark

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

OCTOBER, 1942

VOL. 21, NO. 5

Story Highlights

| | | |
|---|------------------------|----|
| What's Happened to Errol Flynn? | "Fearless" | 26 |
| Bewildered Knight—John Payne life story | Howard Sharpe | 28 |
| The Story Behind Lana's Madcap Marriage | Rosemary West | 30 |
| Why Hollywood Hates Me | Jimmie Fidler | 34 |
| Who Said Women Aren't Men's Equals? | Dora Albert | 38 |
| Rosalind Russell rises to the defense | | |
| How I Licked My Bad Temper | Joan Bennett | 42 |
| The Hard Way—Fiction version | Lee Pennington | 45 |
| Beloved Lug—Lloyd Nolan | Dennis Sprague | 47 |
| Should a Girl Pay Her Own Way? | Adele Whitely Fletcher | 48 |
| Round-Up of Pace Setters | Sara Hamilton | 50 |
| Jack Carson, Irene Manning, Donna Reed, Leif Erikson | | |
| Their First Dates | Gladys Hall | 54 |
| Highroad to Hollywood | Dixie Willson | 56 |
| Matrimony Deferred— | Sally Jefferson | 65 |
| Why Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton waited two years to wed | | |
| Love Is Laughter | Ruth Waterbury | 66 |
| The marriage of Joan Crawford and Phillip Terry | | |

Portraits

IN COLOR

| | | | |
|----------------|----|----------------------|----|
| Lana Turner | 33 | Donna Reed | 40 |
| John Garfield | 36 | Geraldine Fitzgerald | 41 |
| George Sanders | 37 | Mary Martin | 41 |
| Maureen O'Hara | 40 | Ida Lupino | 44 |

OTHER PORTRAITS

| | | | |
|--------------|----|---------------|----|
| Joan Bennett | 42 | Dennis Morgan | 53 |
| Zorina | 52 | Cary Grant | 64 |

Special Features

| | | | |
|---------------------------|-----|----------------------------|----|
| Beauty | 22 | Let's Talk About Kisses | 81 |
| Brief Reviews | 18 | Speak for Yourself | 20 |
| Casts of Current Pictures | 102 | The Shadow Stage | 6 |
| Close Ups and Long Shots | 4 | You Can Look as Smart as a | |
| Fashions—Deanna Durbin | 59 | Star | 62 |
| Inside Stuff—Cal York | 8 | | |

COVER: Deanna Durbin, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

Ernest V. Heyn
Editorial Director

Fred R. Sammis
Executive Editor

Helen Gilmore
Editor

Edmund Davenport, Art Director

Marian H. Quinn, Asst. Editor

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR is published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. General business, advertising and editorial offices: 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Haydock Miller, Secretary; Charles H. Shattuck, Treasurer; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Manager. Chicago office: 221 North LaSalle St., E. F. Lethen, Jr., Mgr. Pacific Coast office: San Francisco, 420 Market St., Lee Andrews, Mgr. Entered as second-class matter September 21, 1931, at the post office in Dunellen, New Jersey, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Price in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland, \$1.50 a year; price per copy, United States and Canada, 15c. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, \$2.50 a year; in other countries \$3.50 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any loss of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk.

Member of Macfadden Women's Group
Copyright, 1942, by Macfadden Publications, Inc. Copyright also in Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain.
The contents of this magazine may not be reprinted either wholly or in part without permission. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office.
Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co., Dunellen, N. J.

**IT'S THE SENSATION
OF THE NATION!
A RIP-ROARING COMEDY!**

Here comes the hilarious
Queen of Musical Hits
that rocked Broadway
stage audiences with
laughter for a solid year.
Radio riot Red Skelton
and Blonde Bombshell
Ann Sothern at their
best! A happy screenful
of talent, temptresses
and tunes by Cole Porter
and others.

QUEEN OF MUSICAL SHOWS!

PANAMA HATTIE

"I DOOD IT
AGAIN!"

STARRING

Red SKELTON *Ann* **SOTHERN**

Watch for:
"THE SON-OF-A-GUN
WHO PICKS ON
UNCLE SAM"
A Musical Number
you'll be wild about!

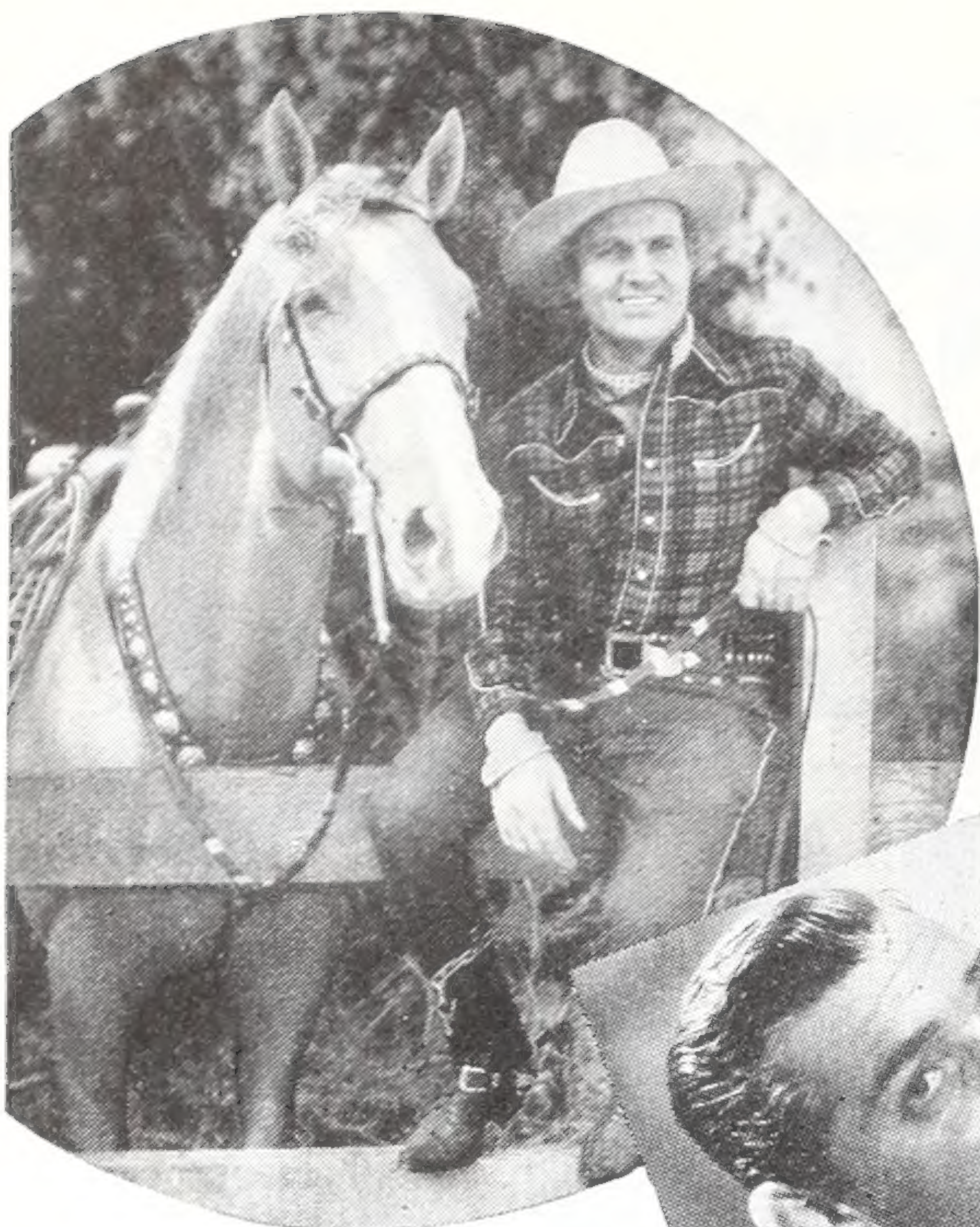
TEN
TOP TUNES
including:

"Just One Of
Those Things"
"Let's Be Buddies"
"Son Of A Gun Who
Picks On Uncle Sam"
"Fresh As A Daisy"
"Good
Neighbors"

with "RAGS"
**RAGLAND
BEN BLUE
MARSHA HUNT
VIRGINIA O'BRIEN
ALAN MOWBRAY
DAN DAILEY, JR.
JACKIE HORNER**

Screen Play by
Jack McGowan and Wilkie Mahoney
Directed by NORMAN Z. McLEOD
Produced by ARTHUR FREED
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

More talent than in
10 vaudeville shows
including famed Berry
Brothers, tops in taps!



The enlistments of three top-bracket stars—Republic's valued Gene Autry...

... M-G-M's male box-office "best," the almost irreplaceable Clark Gable...



... and Fox's prize, Tyrone Power—have started great Hollywood arguments raging

It can now be told that behind the enlistment of Clark Gable... behind the enlistment of Gene Autry and Tyrone Power... a brand new wave of arguments is raging. Hollywood has been rocked back on its heels by the effect of the step these three great headliners have taken... a step which throws into sharp highlight a question which until now has been more or less general, more or less theoretical... the question shall Hollywood's biggest name-stars fight?

They are deeply sincere, these three stars, in their wish to do their patriotic duty... as genuinely eager to give up all their wealth, their fame and their easy lives to aid our war effort as was Jimmy Stewart when he went in as a buck private, as were Ronnie Reagan, Gene Raymond and the rest of the Hollywood group who have already gone... perhaps by the time you read these words, the status of Gable, Autry and Power will have been settled and exactly the right branch of the service will have been found for them... but as I write nothing definite has been determined about them and both Washington and Hollywood are in a quandary that is fraught with the deepest significance...

It is really you, the people who go to movies and who love them, who can answer the question that is now puzzling Washington... you can answer it by writing letters—now, di-

rectly—to your congressman or senator... the question is this: Are the top stars—not all actors, you understand, but those twelve to fifteen male personalities known to have definite box-office appeal and who thus have influence over the public—are they as valuable for our war effort when they are in the armed services as they are when they are on the screen, selling morale, selling entertainment and, off screen, selling bonds?...

In Washington, a sincere, honest fight is being waged over this question... it has boiled up over Gable, Autry and Power... and "Mrs. Miniver" plus the work of the Hollywood Victory Committee... the problem now is what is the most patriotic use for such men... not what do they want most to do... but where will they be most valuable... in service or on the screen...

Hollywood, as you undoubtedly know, has been making various types of "morale" films for Washington... such men as Frank Capra and John Ford have directed them... important Hollywood writers have created the stories for them and important Hollywood technicians have worked on them... up until now, these films have been created in Washington... but again in comes "Mrs. Miniver" and as a result most of these film activities, still "morale" activities, are moving back to Hollywood...

Why?... because "Mrs. Miniver,"

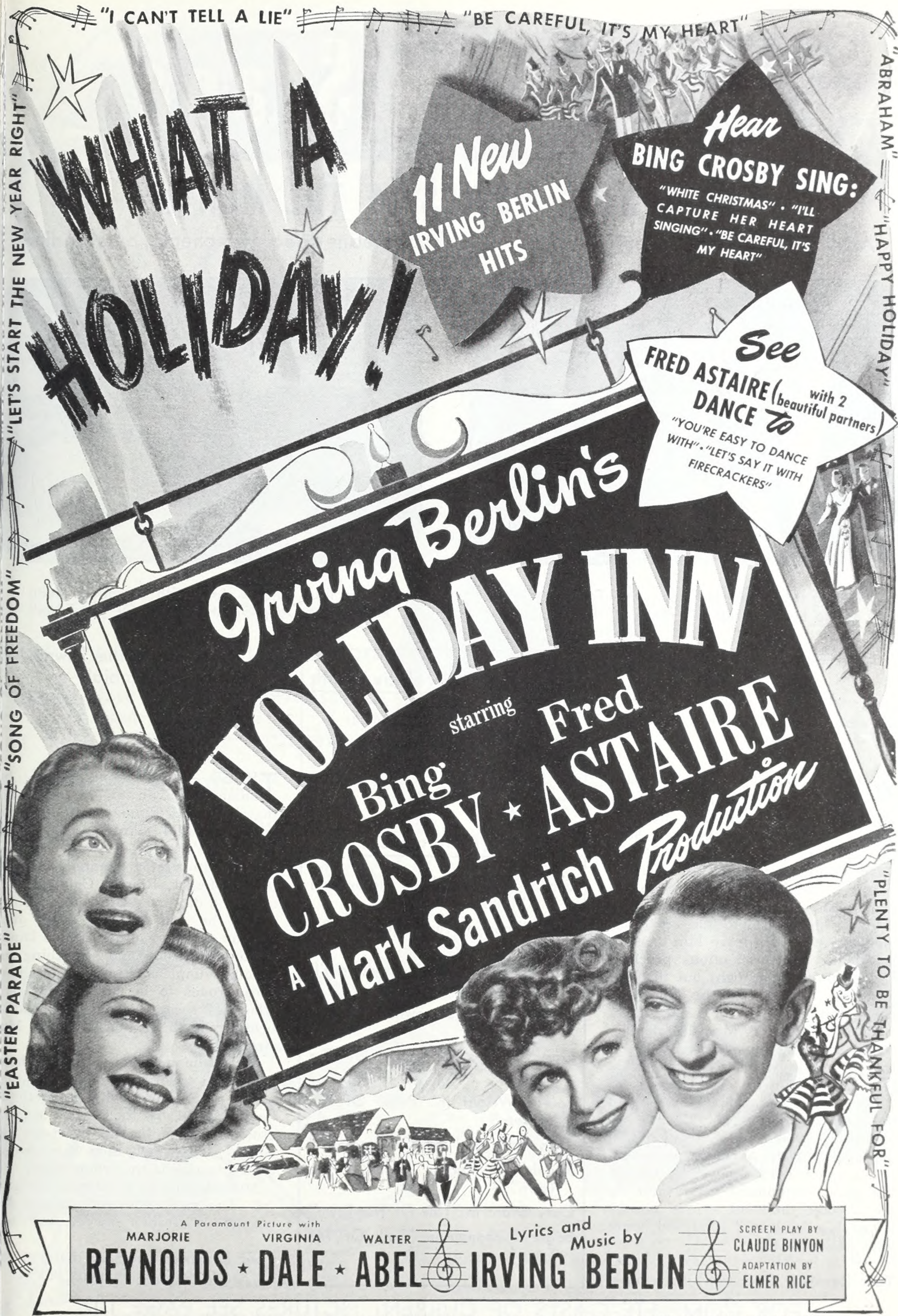
which was made strictly as entertainment, turns out to be the greatest morale-building film that could have been created... so great is its power for good in these dark days that President Roosevelt himself asked M-G-M to release it in the early summer, rather than in the fall as they had originally planned... and furthermore, orders have come from Washington to try to do a "Mrs. Miniver" in other locales... a Russian "Mrs. Miniver"... a Chinese "Mrs. Miniver"... a Dutch, or Belgian, or French "Mrs. Miniver"...

Such films will need actors, however, as well as actresses, top actors, since such actors are most persuasive... the question is, will they be better soldiers, as actors, than as soldiers in the line?...

When you take stars away from bond selling too, does America... this wonderful America of ours to which we are willing to sacrifice everything, including our lives... does it gain or lose?

I went around to the Victory Committee... that clearing house for stars' personal appearances on bond tours, camp shows, charity appeals... and these are some of the things I learned...

On her two bond-selling tours Dorothy Lamour has taken in over one hundred million dollars... think of that... \$100,000,000... but do you know that (Continued on page 17)



"LET'S START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT"
"SONG OF FREEDOM"
"EASTER PARADE"

"ABRAHAM"
"HAPPY HOLIDAY"
"PLENTY TO BE THANKFUL FOR"

WHAT A
HOLIDAY!

11 New
IRVING BERLIN
HITS

Hear
BING CROSBY SING:
"WHITE CHRISTMAS" • "I'LL
CAPTURE HER HEART
SINGING" • "BE CAREFUL, IT'S
MY HEART"

See
FRED ASTAIRE (with 2 beautiful partners)
DANCE to
"YOU'RE EASY TO DANCE
WITH" • "LET'S SAY IT WITH
FIRECRACKERS"

Giving Berlin's
HOLIDAY INN
starring Fred
Bing
CROSBY • ASTAIRE
A Mark Sandrich Production



A Paramount Picture with
MARJORIE REYNOLDS • VIRGINIA DALE • WALTER ABEL
Lyrics and Music by IRVING BERLIN
SCREEN PLAY BY CLAUDE BINYON
ADAPTATION BY ELMER RICE

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

THE Shadow Stage

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Fitting tribute: Gary Cooper and Teresa Wright as the Lou Gehrigs in "Pride Of The Yankees"



Major treat and a story with a wallop: Jean Arthur and Cary Grant in "Talk Of The Town"

✓✓ Pride of the Yankees (Goldwyn)

It's About: The life story of baseball star Lou Gehrig.

AMERICA'S favorite sport, baseball, could have had no finer screen representation than through the life story of its beloved star, Lou Gehrig. To the role of Gehrig, Gary Cooper brings all the gentleness and simplicity of the first baseman. His sincerity, his adherence to duty, his refusal to take anything for granted which drove him to endless hours of conscientious practice, are all skilfully brought out through the same qualities of the man who plays him.

Teresa Wright as Mrs. Gehrig becomes the most important young actress in Hollywood. Her work is really something to revel in.

Babe Ruth and Robert Meusel, to the delight of all fans, play themselves, and Elsa Janssen and Ludwig Stöfel are exactly right as Lou's parents.

The exact words spoken by Lou at the great testimonial given him on the Yankee diamond a few months before his death will send you home with unshed tears.

Your Reviewer Says: A fitting tribute.

The Best Pictures of the Month

The Major And The Minor
Somewhere I'll Find You
Pride Of The Yankees
Talk Of The Town

Best Performances

Ginger Rogers in "The Major And The Minor"
Ray Milland in "The Major And The Minor"
Clark Gable in "Somewhere I'll Find You"
Lana Turner in "Somewhere I'll Find You"
Gary Cooper in "Pride Of The Yankees"
Teresa Wright in "Pride Of The Yankees"
Jean Arthur in "Talk Of The Town"
Ronald Colman in "Talk Of The Town"
Cary Grant in "Talk Of The Town"
Edgar Buchanan in "Talk Of The Town"

✓✓ Talk of the Town (Columbia)

It's About: A professor of law and an escaped prisoner.

THREE—count them, three—big names go awirling around a plot that has good foundation if only the cement would harden. Nevertheless, there's a lot of wallop packed into the story of a dignified, bearded law professor, Ronald Colman, who arrives a day too soon at the country house he has rented from Jean Arthur and her mother, Emma Dunn, to find confusion and something intangibly unpleasant hovering about. This proves to be Mr. Cary Grant, who has escaped from jail, and is being hidden in the attic by Miss Arthur.

Mr. Colman believes in the head and mind theory of the-law-to-the-letter. Mr. Grant, who has actually been framed by the town's leading crook, belongs to the heart-before-cold-reason school. How they change their theories is the whole story.

Miss Arthur is as always delightful. The men, especially Edgar Buchanan as Grant's lawyer, are fine.

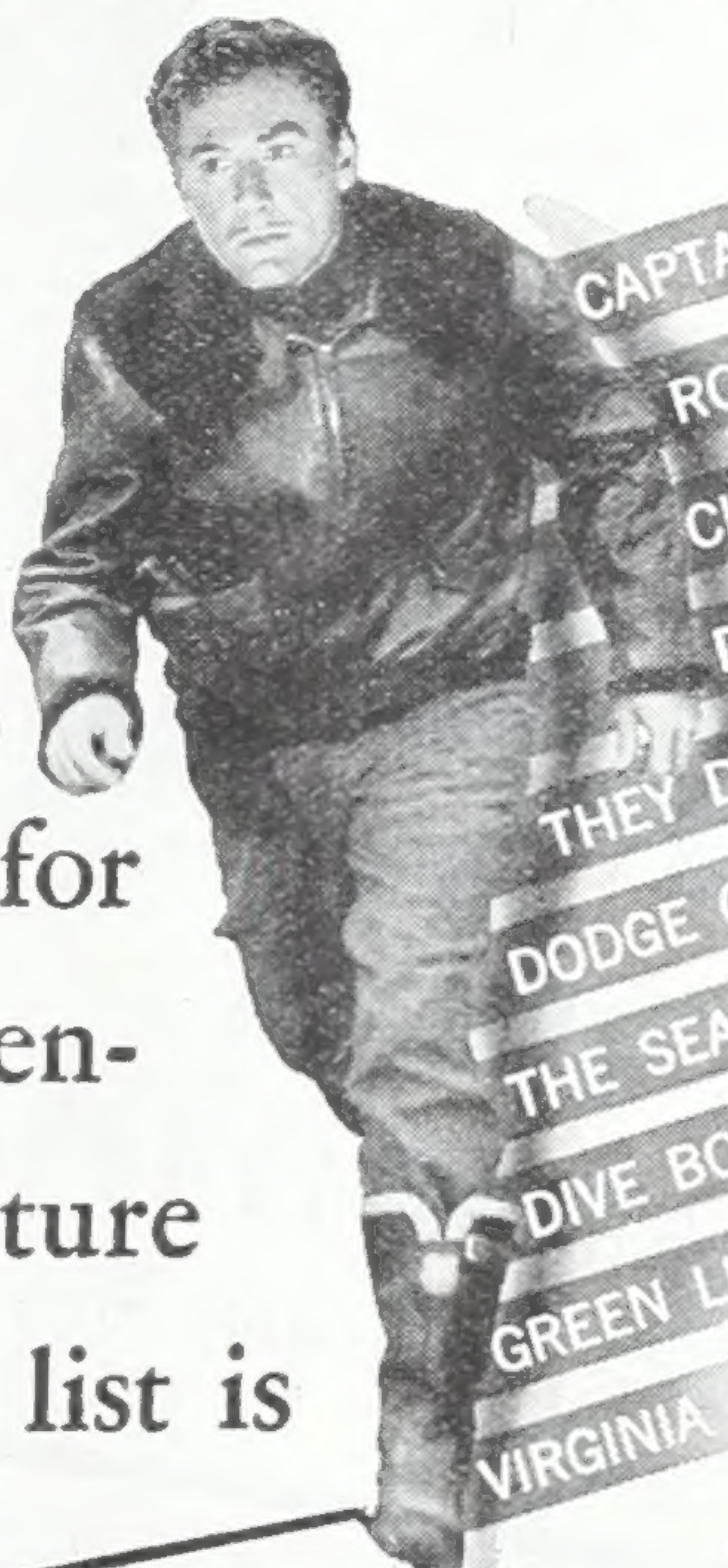
Your Reviewer Says: A major treat.
(Continued on page 98)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 102

Congratulations Errol Flynn

FOR YOUR VERY, VERY BEST WARNER BROS. PICTURE!

What a list of hits he has behind him! Yet for excitement unsurpassed, for pace unparalleled, for action beyond compare -- for everything that makes an adventure-picture a life-long adventure for moviegoers, the top of the list is



CAPTAIN BLOOD
ROBIN HOOD
CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE
DAWN PATROL
THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON
DODGE CITY
THE SEA HAWK
DIVE BOMBER
GREEN LIGHT
VIRGINIA CITY

ERROL FLYNN

thrillingly, stirringly teamed
with fandom's favorite

RONALD REAGAN

to lead a 5-man Commando
mission in a devastating dash
to Berlin and back!



WHEN YOUR JOHNNY
COMES MARCHING
HOME THESE ARE THE
STORIES HE'LL TELL

**DESPERATE
JOURNEY**

TO BE SEEN THIS MONTH!
(To be sure of the date check with your theatre)



She handled the
Nazis her own way
—a woman's way!



With **NANCY COLEMAN · RAYMOND MASSEY**
Alan Hale · Arthur Kennedy · Directed by RAOUL WALSH

Original Screen Play by
Arthur T. Horman

PRODUCED BY
HAL B. WALLIS

Music by
Max Steiner

September is **SALUTE TO OUR HEROES**
month at all movie theatres! Buy a War
Bond to honor every mother's son in Service!



Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Enough to hypo enthusiasts for another Astaire-Rogers picture—this Mocambo tete-a-tete of Fred and Ginger

Cupid's Echo: The Vic Mature-Rita Hayworth romance has subsided to quiet dinners at home for two, *except* for sudden squalls that blow up, with Vic arguing on one end of a studio telephone and Rita furiously answering from the other. True love. . . .

By the way, it's wealthy New Yorker Steve Brody who's hastening the divorce plans of Martha Mature against husband Victor, Cal hears. . . .

George Raft and Betty Grable are furious over rumors of their split-up. Still, Georgie is seen about town solo more often than not. So. . . .

The sudden illness of Bonita Granville brought Jackie Cooper scurrying to her bedside, so it seems these two still mean it. . . .

Hereabouts: Ginger Rogers at the Mocambo with her hair atop her head, all bound up in a net, and wearing, as usual, a very greasy make-up, led some wag to declare Ginger looked as if she'd had a mayonnaise massage. Fred Astaire, minus his toupee and not caring (good boy, Freddie), posed for pictures with affable Ginger. In fact, the two indulged in so much earnest conversation, leaving Mrs. Astaire and Ginger's escort Randy Scott to chat alone, that gossip ran high that Ginger and Fred were discussing a new film to be made together.

All those eager to have an Astaire-Rogers reunion raise your right hands and say "Let's go."

Giggles of the Month: Mickey Rooney, like all males eager to show off before his best girl, had his wife Ava Gardner visit M-G-M to watch him make underwater love to Esther Williams for his latest Andy Hardy picture.

With a flourish Mickey dived into the pool, opened his mouth and sank squarely to the bottom.

Wife took him home, chagrined to the teeth and wrapped in blankets.

Hollywood is in stitches over the star who made a spectacular entrance at a night club because as she stood at the entrance, poised, two moths fluttered from her bonnet.

She still doesn't know why people fell under the table laughing.



Enough to make you jealous
—this heart-to-heartbreaker
moment between stunning
Alexis Smith and dashing
Craig Stevens, smart table-
talkers seen at The Players



Enough to drive you crazy!
Paulette Goddard has a
thoroughly social evening
at the Mocambo with newly
divorced spouse Charlie
Chaplin—just to confuse
the issue. Nuff's nuff!

He Is — He Isn't: In the August issue PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR said Clark Gable would be making morale and instruction pictures for the Government, then the papers announced he was a major in the Air Corps. As of the present writing this is not even yet the case, Cal can assure you, for he has been doing some additional scouting and has unearthed the following facts: Clark did go to Washington and offered himself for active service. But with every branch of the armed forces wanting him, no decision has been reached, and Cal hears Clark is mighty disappointed over the possibility of his having to stick to making the morale pictures PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR said he would do.

They're Whispering: The engagement and marriage announcement of Harry Hopkins, President Roosevelt's right-hand man, to Louise Macy of Pasadena, left Paulette Goddard very much surprised. Anyway, Paulette has bought herself a farm in New York, not too far from Hyde Park incidentally, and expects to spend a lot of her time there. . . .

The Brian Aherne's have been reported as separating for lo, these several weeks. Both Brian and Joan claim the rumors are too silly for denial, but Cal's stubbed his toe on too many "silly rumors" not to report them . . . and also that other rumor that Joan is going to have a baby! No wonder Hollywood heads spin.

Around Town: George Montgomery may have dates with Hedy Lamarr, one hears, as long as he doesn't talk marriage. For Mr. Montgomery to mention marriage to Hedy is to put himself in his little dog house.

John Howard has ceased yearning after Hedy Lamarr to cast eyes in Fay McKenzie's direction. Fay is a Republic Studio cutie and Billy Gilbert's sister-in-law. . . .

News Letter to Our Boys: This little corner is dedicated to you boys in service and this month Cal hopes to give you a tip in case you want to write to a pretty Hollywood miss.

Unattached and unspoken for is a cute girl out at Universal Studios. Her name is Grace McDonald (she's

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Notable first night draws notable first nighters: Greer "Mrs. Miniver" Garson and her justly proud mother...



...Henry "Vicar" Wilcoxon of the U. S. Coast Guard and wife Joan Woodbury...

Ray McDonald's sister) and you couldn't find a sweeter miss in all Hollywood.

Another unengaged lovely at Universal is Jennifer Holt, Jack's daughter. Gloria Jean, now fifteen, is looking pretty grown-up these days, too. Universal Studio's address is Universal City, Calif.

Donna Reed, the farmer's daughter from Iowa, is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's young pride and joy. She's unaffected, sweet, and natural and you'd be crazy about her, fellows. Of course, there's Hedy Lamarr, too. The address of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is Culver City, Calif.

Paramount boasts Dona Drake—little, brunette and full of the dickens. And that reminds me. That blonde firecracker Betty Hutton is a Paramount cutie, too. And is she full of pep!

Of course, if you like your blondes—ash blondes, that is—tall, shy, and sort of retiring, there's Betty Jane Rhodes who sings as well. Paramount Studios is on Marathon Street in Hollywood.

The loveliest blonde of all, with twinkling eyes and a Miss America medal, is Shirley Patterson of Columbia Studios. Shirley is a local girl,



...Lt. James Stewart of the Army Air Corps, Kay Aldridge and Margaret Sullavan were on hand for the brilliant "Mrs. Miniver" opening

loves dad and mother, and is sure to answer your letters. Columbia Studios is on Gower Street in Hollywood.

Twentieth Century-Fox, which is located in Fox Hills, West Los Angeles, boasts two of the sweetest girls in any town anywhere. We mean, of course, Linda Darnell and Anne Baxter, the latter of a socially prominent Eastern family. Anne's work in "The Magnificent Ambersons" means stardom for that young lady. Both girls are in their teens and both are

charming. take Cal's word for it. Tall blonde Alexis Smith and dark beautiful Olivia de Havilland, to say nothing of seventeen-year-old Joan Leslie, are Warner Brothers beauties, all heart and fancy free. So there you are, lads, if you yearn to write a Hollywood beauty we've given you the choice of lovely unmarried girls who could be your best pal's sister. That's how nice they are. What's more they'll answer your letters, we feel sure. Warner Studios are in Burbank, California.

SHE'S ALL THIS . . . and 21 TOO!

*A Brand New Brilliant
Barrymore!*

She's Bewitching! . . . as a
12-year-old imp!



She's Radiant . . . as heroic
Joan of Arc!



She's Glamorous! . . . as daring
Sadie Thompson!



She's Magnificent! . . . as dynamic
Queen Victoria!



Diana **BARRYMORE**

AND

Robert **CUMMINGS**

in THE HENRY KOSTER PRODUCTION

"Between Us Girls"

with *Kay* **FRANCIS**

**JOHN BOLES, ANDY DEVINE, WALTER CATLETT,
GUINN WILLIAMS, ETHEL GRIFFIES**

Screen Play, Myles Connolly • True Boardman
Based on "Le Fruit Vert" by Regis Gignoux and Jacques Thery
Adapted by John Jacoby

Produced and Directed by **HENRY KOSTER**
Associate Producer, Phillip P. Karlstein

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

BETWEEN US GUYS—She's Terrific!
and when Diana goes all-out for Bob . . . it's a gay
and gleesome riot that'll keep you whirling for weeks!



COMING SOON TO YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Michele Morgan and Jean Pierre Aumont, ex-Crawford contender (p. 66), at the "Free Peoples" dinner

Tall, dark and lovely Marie Windsor and tall, dark and devilish John Carroll go El Capitan Theater jaunting



Young man going places in uniform: Lt. Louis and Ida Lupino Hayward at the Mocambo just before he left to report for duty with the Marines



Advice to War Widows: As a war widow, Brenda Marshall has decided that "morale" is the most important word on the home front. Recent letters from her husband Bill Holden, somewhere with Uncle Sam's forces, have convinced her of this fact, so much so that Brenda worked out an alphabetical chart in hopes other war widows may care to use it as their victory code. It goes:

M is for money to buy war bonds.
O is for the Office of Civilian Defense.

R is for rumor-spiking.
A is for the armed forces.
L is for loyalty.

E is for entertainment on the home front.

News Notes: The frock worn by Olivia de Havilland in "Princess O'Rourke" should cause a rush to attics or department store counters or forgotten hope chests. It's made from an old-fashioned printed bedspread. Olivia herself was pleased as punch when she modeled it for Cal on the set. . . .

Myrna Loy's reported retirement from the screen will mean the end

of the "Thin Man" series, we hear. Well, if the last few are the best the studio could produce we're all for dropping them. Myrna, who married John Hertz Jr. recently, claims eighteen years of movie-making are enough and now she'll endeavor to be the perfect wife in private life.

And a Little Child . . . : Jack Benny's daughter, Joan, who will soon be eight years old, has her own ideas about papa's movies.

Visiting her father on the set of "George Washington Slept Here," at Warners, Joan watched a scene in which Jack stepped on a loose board

and was cracked with it on the back of the head.

Afterwards, Benny asked her what she thought of the scene.

"Oh, it was all right, I guess, Daddy," yawned Joan, "only it looks pretty much like kid stuff to me."

Next day Jack begged the director to cut out the scene.

A Snickeroo: "Do you still live in the penthouse atop the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel?" a photographer recently telephoned Dick Arlen. Dick said he did.

"Swell," came the answer. "I'll be up after a while, if it's okay, to shoot

“...and last year
Nobody remembered”



A year ago only a printed remembrance from an insurance agent and a pair of gloves from “good old Helen.” And now . . . all this!

There were Bill’s flowers, Henry’s orchids, an exquisite bottle of perfume from Loran, three telegrams, and a dozen other assurances that the awful year of loneliness lay behind her forever.

“How nice to see people and to be liked again!” she thought—and then, eyeing Bill’s flowers, “How wonderful to be loved!”

Life was really worth living now . . . might have been all along if she hadn’t been such a fool.

Looking back it didn’t seem possible that a normally attractive and popular girl could have been so gradually yet so completely dropped as she had been. But that is the way gossip works—and a girl found guilty of this trouble* only once may be continually under suspicion.

And had it not been for Helen’s friendly but brutal candor she might never have known what it was or what to do about it.

How About You?

No matter what your other good points are they may be overlooked if you have *halitosis (bad breath). Incidentally, anyone may have it. The worst of it is you may not know when you offend this way, so common sense tells you not to take chances.

Why not get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth rinse every night and morning and between times, before business and social appointments? This wonderful antiseptic, with its delightful effect, not only freshens the entire mouth but makes the breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend. Countless fastidious people, popular people never, *never* omit it.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *for oral hygiene*



While some cases of halitosis are systemic, most cases, according to some authorities, are due to bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, gum and mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors that fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

A little loving care is
what your teeth need
and this delightful
new dentifrice gives it.

**LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE**



now

Pour yourself a lovelier complexion

Be guided by the experience of over 2,000,000 girls who found MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP in the hosiery shades "tops" for sleek, bare legs. Now these same girls are fast learning the priceless beauty secret wiser glamour girls have known for years . . . that MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP in the flattering facial tones gives them that soft, glowing "knock 'em dead" look all men go for.

A perfectly blended powder-and-powder-base in one, MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP is non-greasy, goes on easily . . . camouflages blemishes . . . and gives your face a velvety smooth, gloriously fresh-looking finish which lasts all day long. Apply it, blend it . . . add loose powder or not, as you prefer . . . then forget repowdering, for hours and hours.

Dazzle the stag-line, too! Use it on back, shoulders and arms for evening wear.

Choose from six beau-catching complexion shades . . . Peach — Rachelle — Brunette—Suntan—Hawaiian—Nut Brown.

More women use MINER'S than any other LIQUID MAKE-UP! Buy it!..Try it!..You'll love it!

50¢ . . 25¢ Everywhere



MINER'S
Liquid **MAKE-UP**

If you prefer a Cake Make-Up . . . try

MINER'S
Patti-pac
CAKE MAKE-UP

Economy Size—39¢

© 1942 Miner's, Inc.

CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*



A.W.V.S.-worker Joan Bennett put on her uniform and cap, rounded up a group of enthusiastic stars that included sister Connie Bennett . . .

pictures. Thanks." And he hung up.

Dick telephoned for an immediate cleaning of his rooms, had flowers sent up, arrayed himself in his very best finery and was all ready when the camera lad showed up.

"This is swell," the photographer said, looking around. "Great." And then he set up his camera on the balcony and shot views of Beverly Hills all afternoon.

Arlen, who has a terrific sense of humor, couldn't resist telling it on himself, adding, "I even had a carnation in my buttonhole, too."

Tidbits: In case you've ever wondered what happened to the Constance Worth that George Brent suddenly married several years ago, she's been working as a carhop in a Hollywood drive-in stand.

"People thought I had money, I guess," she said, "but I didn't. I had to work to live and believe me it's hard work, too. Some nights I averaged only two dollars in tips."

We're happy to report Constance has been handed a small part in a Columbia picture which may lead to a new lease on life.

Take Another Look, Fellows: This is a charming story told Cal and one we pass on to you:

Jean Gabin, in blue dungarees, and Marlene Dietrich, needing a permanent—but badly—were stopped on Beverly Drive by a soldier who said, "Pardon me, but could you tell me where me and my friends here from Texas could go to see some of these movie stars?"

"Why don't you try the USO?"



...Irene Dunne and Hoagy Carmichael and took them on tour to entertain service men at the six recreation halls just opened by the A.W.V.S.

Dietrich asked, trying to be helpful.

"We did," the boys replied, still not recognizing the couple. "But there weren't any stars there. Gee, we hate to go all the way back to Texas without seeing a one."

Gabin looked at Dietrich. Dietrich looked at Gabin.

"Tell you what," Marlene finally said, "I'll take you up to a star's home. I know this one well. Get in."

Eyes wider than moons and mouths agape the soldiers climbed into the car and were whisked off. "Wait here," Marlene cautioned. "I have to go in the back way."

Ten minutes later a slinky, gorgeous, sexy Dietrich, hair twirled high, gown

clinging, opened the door to three boys who gasped, gurgled, tripped over their feet, and practically fell dead.

We tell you this little story, friends, to reveal that even the most beautiful of stars often look like any housewife on a shopping tour. It's the glamour surrounding the personality, plus the beautification that does the trick.

It's the Bogarts Again: With a day off from the studio, Humphrey Bogart and his wife Mayo went down to Balboa to do a little work on his boat—the one Humphrey uses in his Coast Guard work.

While Bogie went ashore to buy the needed paints and varnishes, Mrs. Bogie decided to air out the contents of a locker.

Humphrey returned twenty minutes later to find all h--- had broken loose, with the chief boatswain's mate in charge of a naval patrol boat gesturing wildly. It seems Mayo had hung upon a line the signal flags that meant "Enemy Aircraft Sighted."

The Bogarts went back to town in a hurry.

Heroes For Hollywood: Hollywood really went to town on War Heroes Day, a celebration in honor of fifteen visiting war heroes from the American and British forces, with first a monster parade, then a great gathering in the Coliseum. The highlight of the celebration for the visitors, though, was the brilliant ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Skouras

Romance on the rebound? Anne Shirley, ex-Mrs. John Payne, Mocomboing with Edmond O'Brien, ex-husband of Nancy Kelly



**"It's fun to sit out dances...
but not when you sit alone!"**



Peg: "But I'd rather solo out here, Helen, than sit on the mourner's bench inside!"

Helen: "Peg, darling, you shouldn't be a

wall-flower! You dance like a dream—and you *look* like a dream! You'll have partners galore, if you will let me speak up!"



Peg: "But underarm odor, Helen! Why I bathed just before this party. I always shower every day. Isn't that enough?"

Helen: "Not if you want to be *sure*, Peg. Every day, before every date, I use Mum too!"



Peg: "Helen's right—and a pal to give me that hint! A bath washes away past perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come*! Tonight's another party! I'm playing safe, with MUM!"



STAY POPULAR with Mum! Mum protects charm—the minute you use it, yet it *lasts* all day or all evening! Without stopping perspiration, Mum *prevents* underarm odor. Mum is *sure*!

Mum is *handy, quick*—takes only 30 seconds to use. You can use it even after dressing, or after underarm shaving, because *gentle* Mum is kind to clothes and skin. Get Mum today!



MUM

Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe Mum is so dependable! That's important in a deodorant for this purpose.



LOVELY JANET BLAIR
starring in Columbia's
"MY SISTER EILEEN"



SOME STYLES
SLIGHTLY HIGHER

With their irresistible fashion ideas... their quality... and "money's worth" value... is it any wonder that lovely Janet Blair says, "PARIS FASHION SHOES are the last word in smart footwear!" The fall styles are lovelier than ever! See them now!

WOHL SHOE COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MO.



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Heroes' night in Hollywood: Ann Rutherford, Lt. J. Michael Hall and Dorothy Lamour...

...Lt. Thomas W. Boyd, Patricia Morison and Jean Rogers at the gala War Heroes ball at the Cocoanut Grove



and Mayor and Mrs. Fletcher Bowron, at the Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel, where Mrs. Colin Kelly and Mrs. Hewitt T. Wheless shared honors with the visitors.

Fifteen of Hollywood's top flight actresses were on hand to entertain the guests, and from a bowl in which the visitors' names were placed the stars drew their partners for the evening. Claudette Colbert drew the name of Second Lieutenant George S. Welch, with whom she led the grand march, and Ensign Donald F. Mason, whose laconic "Sighted Sub, Sank Same" is perhaps the most famous remark to come of World War II, was paired with Ruth Hussey.

The entertainment was in the A-1 bracket, with Eddie Cantor acting as master of ceremonies, Jeanette MacDonald singing "The Star Spangled Banner," delirious comedy by Mickey Rooney and Abbott and Costello, superb performances by Ethel Waters and her troupe and a moving reading of "America" by Pat O'Brien, with Freddie Martin's orchestra for toe-tickling dance music.

Last-Minute Flashes on the PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR Front: On page 5 you'll see a beautiful portrait of Zorina with a smaller shot of her as the far famed Maria in "For Whom The Bell Tolls." So she was at the time the page was made up. But as we go to press Zorina is no longer Maria. Paramount has just announced after several days shooting that Ingrid Bergman will play the coveted role.

Like so many things in life this means happiness for someone and heartbreak for someone else. But may we offer this bit of comfort to the talented Zorina: It would have been a tough assignment for Bernhardt to have bucked the choice of "The Bell's" famous author, Ernest Hemingway. From the very beginning he has pulled for Bergman. And he has a mighty hefty pull! . . .

The Jim Fleming whose story as Errol Flynn's stand-in appears on page 72 is none other than the celebrated guy who engaged in the strenuous argument with Barbara Hutton's butler at a birthday party given at Flynn's Mulholland Farm.

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4) the idea of going on those tours was originally all Dotty's idea?

This is the story behind it . . . it happened the night of California's first blackout, December tenth, which happens to be Dotty's birthday . . . Her family had planned a big party for her at Ciro's . . . and they were on their way to her apartment to pick her up when the blackout came. . . . Dotty sat home alone, half-frightened in the darkness and very lonely . . . she sat thinking of what war meant . . . of what defeat could mean . . . "I'm only a woman," she thought, "and I can't enlist. But I could go sell things—bonds, for instance."

The next morning she went to Frank Freeman, the president of Paramount . . . she wanted to get a leave of absence from the studio . . . Mr. Freeman was so enthusiastic about her idea that he not only gave her time off, but called the Treasury Department in Washington, made all arrangements . . . thus Dotty started out . . . thus the bond-selling tours began for all the industry. . . .

You know, of course, all about the Victory Caravan, with its super cargo of stars and its terrific earnings, but do you know about the individual tours individual stars have made? . . . do you know that Mickey Rooney used his honeymoon trip as a personal-appearance tour of the camps and that one night in Boston, Massachusetts, by way of launching a USO drive, he appeared all alone at the Boston Garden, drew 27,000 people, kept a show going all by himself for an hour and a half and collected \$7,500,000 for the USO? . . .

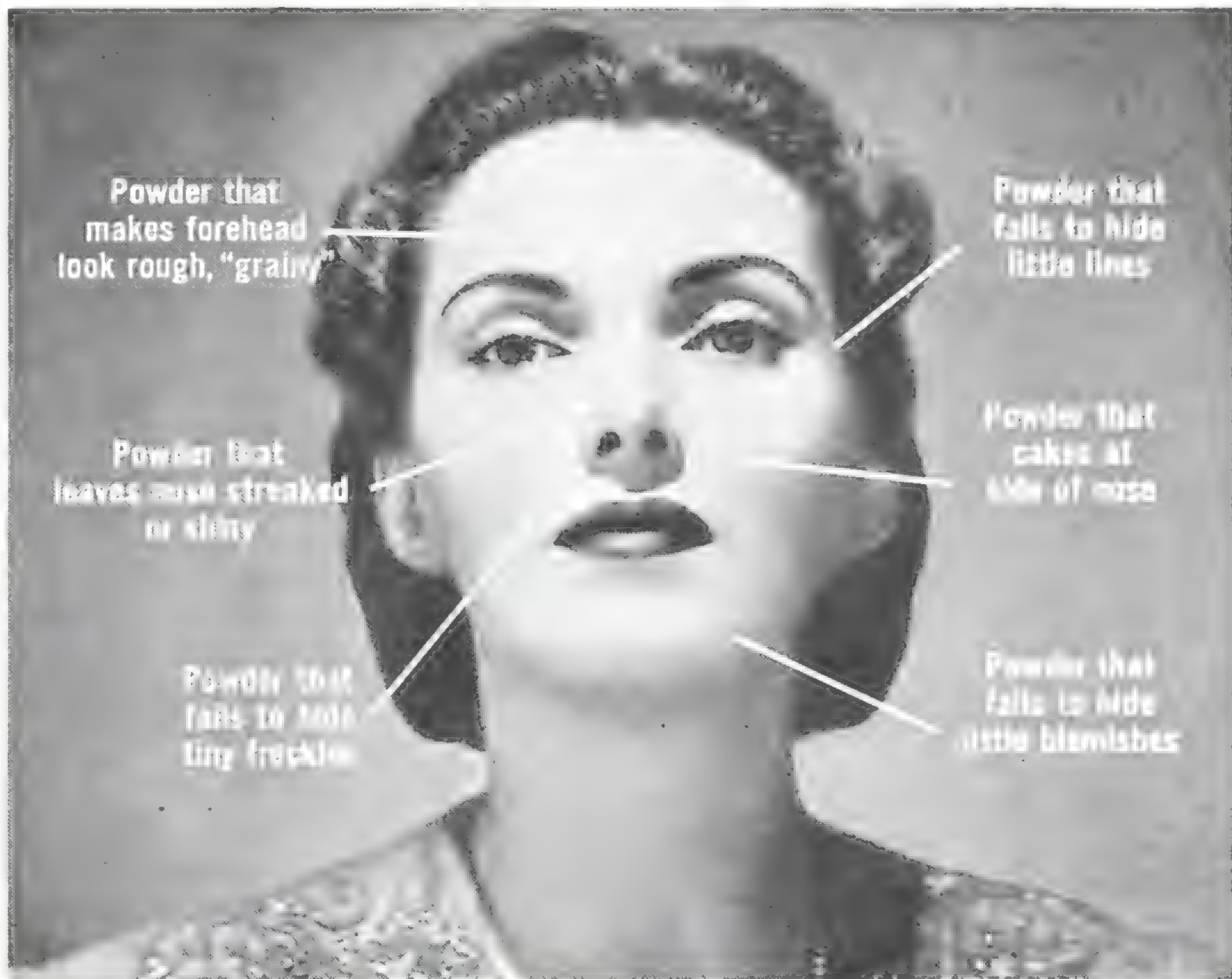
YOU'VE heard, I'm sure, of Bob Hope's ceaseless activity even to the extent of threatening his health.

As for Red Skelton, he drives the Victory Committee nuts . . . according to their records Red has played 160 shows in the last six months . . . that is, as far as they know . . . but they tell of the afternoon he saw six boys wandering around Beverly Hills, obviously lonely . . . near by was an alley, with some old packing boxes in it . . . in about five minutes, those boxes had been converted into seats . . . Red went into one of his vaudeville routines . . . the boys had the time of their lives . . . and the Victory committee collapsed, thinking of all that talent being used up on an audience of merely six. . . .

I could go on indefinitely . . . but it is up to you, the public, to decide . . . to let our government know in what service you feel stars will do the most to win our victory.

THE END

Which of these 6 "FACE POWDER TROUBLES" do You have?



New-texture powder helps end these troubles—makes skin look fresher, younger!

WHAT DO YOU SEE when you re-powder your face? Does your skin look smooth, fresh, appealing? Or does the powder look caked on your forehead and chin? Does your nose look streaked or shiny? Do tiny lines around your eyes and mouth seem emphasized?

Don't blame your skin for what you see in the mirror: *blame your face powder!* For these are "face powder troubles" . . . and now you can quickly help end all these 6 troubles, just by changing to the amazing new-textured face powder!

Here is the secret of this new face powder

What is its name? *Lady Esther Face Powder!* Why is it so different? *Because it's made differently!* How is it made? It isn't just mixed in the usual way—it's *blown and reblown* by TWIN HURRICANES, blown until it's smoother, finer by far than powder made by ordinary methods!

Women who use this new-texture face powder for the first time are thrilled to see what a "baby-skin" smoothness it gives their skin. They say this new, smoother texture seems to hide tiny lines and blemishes, and even little freckles! They say this new-texture powder seems to change the whole appearance of their skin—seems to make it look smoother, fresher, and often years *younger!*

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send your name and address on the coupon below for the 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them one after another—and when you find the one that's most flattering to your skin, you'll know you've found your lucky shade!

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER



LADY ESTHER, 7134 W. 55th St., Chicago, Ill. (80)

Send me by return mail the 7 new shades of face powder, and a tube of your 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write to Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

"A DUET WITH
MY CANARY
IS A THRILL WE
BOTH ADORE!"



CAROL BRUCE Starring in
"OFF THE BEATEN TRACK" A Universal Picture

Do you long for a bit of extra
sunshine when days are dark
and troubled?

Then buy a Canary! Learn to talk
to him, and have him answer you
in song! You'll thrill to his
prompt, cheery response that
drives away care and makes you
feel like singing, too.

There is no finer pet than a
Canary...a pet you can keep with
little cost or care...and the
only pet that sings! Get a Canary
— now!

Send for FREE 76-page illus-
trated book on Canaries. Just mail
your name and address, on a
penny post card, to the R. T.
French Company, 2506 Mustard
St., Rochester, N. Y.



IN HOLLYWOOD

4 out of 5 Canary Owners
demand FRENCH'S BIRD SEED



Keep your canary happy,
healthy and singing!
FRENCH'S Bird Seed
(with Bird Biscuit) sup-
plies 11 aids to song and
health. Feed your Canary
FRENCH'S — today and
every day!

LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED
IN THE U. S.

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

SOUTH SEA SILLIES
of "Pardon My Sarong"



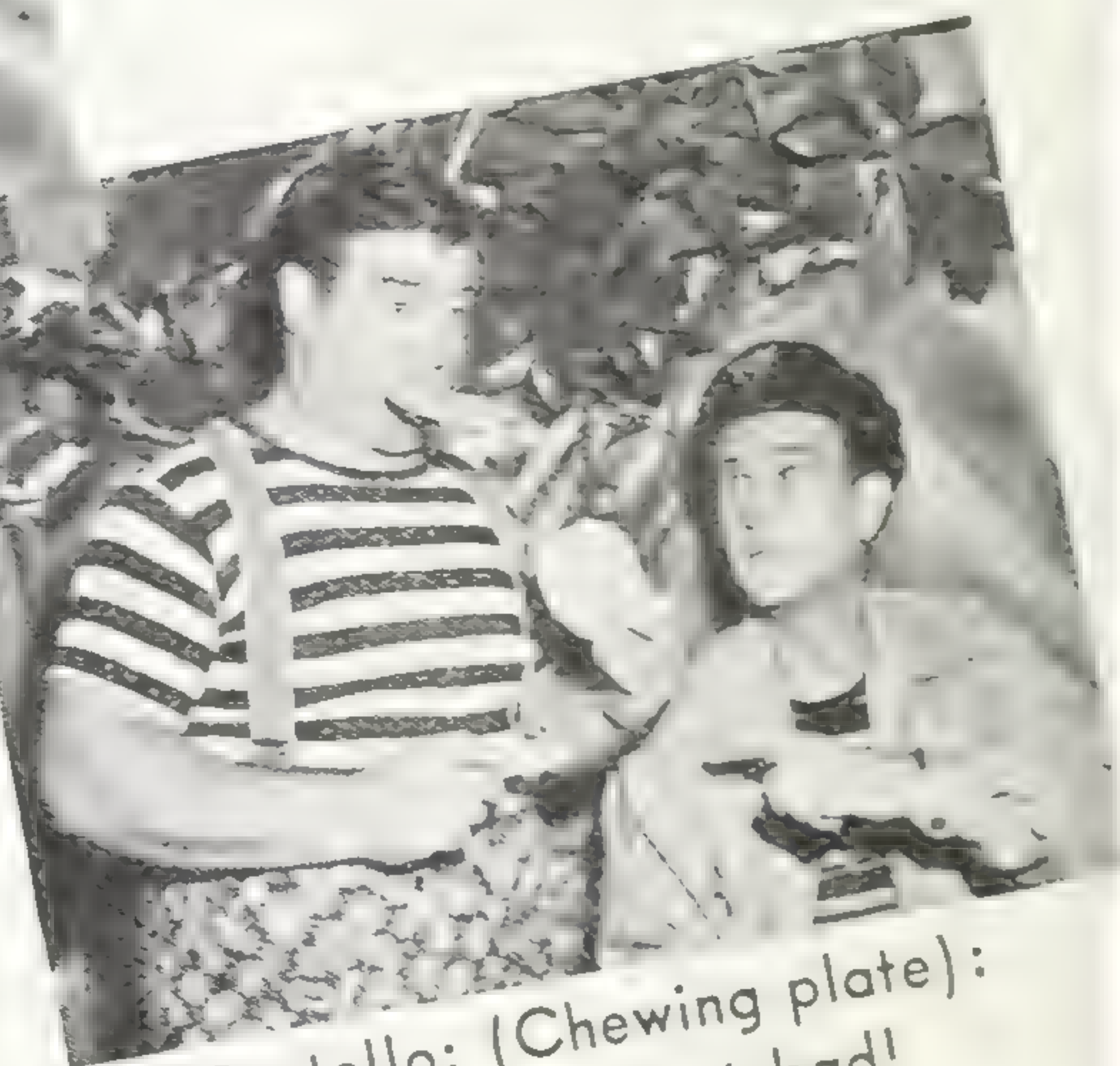
Costello: I don't like this stuff.
What is it?

Abbott: Of course you like it...
it's poi!

Costello: I don't care if it's girl
... I still don't like it.



Abbott: Well, if you don't like
that... here's a delicious
dish... eat this!



Costello: (Chewing plate):
Mmmmm! Not bad!

SHADOW STAGE

Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

| | Page |
|--------------------------------|------|
| Apache Trail | 99 |
| Are Husbands Necessary | 99 |
| Baby Face Morgan | 102 |
| Beyond The Blue Horizon | 102 |
| Calling Dr. Gillespie | 101 |
| Footlight Serenade | 99 |
| Hi, Neighbor | 101 |
| Holiday Inn | 99 |
| Invisible Agent | 98 |
| It Happened In Flatbush | 98 |
| Joan Of Ozark | 100 |
| Lady In A Jam | 102 |
| Major And The Minor, The | 98 |
| Night For Crime, A | 100 |
| One Thrilling Night | 100 |
| Panama Hattie | 98 |
| Pierre Of The Plains | 102 |
| Pride Of The Yankees | 6 |
| Priorities On Parade | 100 |
| Somewhere I'll Find You | 98 |
| Talk Of The Town | 6 |
| Tish | 101 |
| Undercover Man | 100 |

AFFAIRS OF JIMMY VALENTINE—Republic: Dennis O'Keefe is a brash young radio publicity man who dreams up a gag of locating a *Jimmy Valentine* to revive a drooping radio serial. He finds his *Valentine* all right, but it leads to murder. Gloria Dickson and Ruth Terry are very good. (July)

✓✓ **BAMBI**—Walt Disney-RKO: Disney's art at its greatest and best is attained in this stirring poem of beauty, and its message will touch both children and adults alike. Bambi is a little deer born in the forest, living unafraid amidst his friends and the elements until man, the villain, strikes terror into his heart and ruthlessly destroys his home. (Sept.)

BLONDIE'S BLESSED EVENT—Columbia: Not quite up to their usual standard is this picture of the *Bumpsteeds* in which they become the parents of a baby daughter. Penny Singleton as Blondie arranges with her husband's boss to keep *Dagwood* (Arthur Lake) out of town until after the blessed event. (Aug.)

BROADWAY—Universal: George Raft plays him self in this remake of the stage play, a motion picture star who returns to New York and relates his experiences as a night club hatter. As the flash back unfolds, such characters as Janet Blair, his sweetheart, gangster Broderick Crawford, and as sorted entertainers, gangsters and chorus girls pass in review. (Aug.)

CLOSE CALL FOR ELLERY QUEEN, A—Columbia: William Gargan, as *Ellery Queen*, visits the lodge of Ralph Morgan and discovers that Morgan has two daughters, one of whom has been missing for years. Margaret Lindsay, Gargan's secretary, impersonates the missing daughter and then all the murders start. (Aug.)

CORPSE VANISHES, THE—Monogram: Brides mysteriously disappear all over the place until girl reporter Luana Walters sets out to investigate. She finally traces the brides to the lair of Bela Lugosi, where dreadful doings have been done. (July)

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

CROSSROADS—M-G-M: William Powell plays a man who brings his blackmailer to trial only to be met with almost convincing proof that he was the criminal and murderer earlier in his life. Eddy Lamarr is Powell's wife, Felix Bressart the family friend, and Basil Rathbone, Claire Trevor, and Margaret Wycherly are also very good. (Sept.)

EAGLE SQUADRON—Wanger-Universal: A thrilling, thrilling tribute to our American boys who joined the R. A. F. Actual action shots of their squadron are incorporated into the story and lend a thrilling effect. Robert Stack does his best work as the American who joins the Squadron, and Leif Erickson, Eddie Albert, Diana Barrymore as the English miss in service, and John Loder comprise good cast. (Sept.)

ESCAPE FROM HONG KONG—Universal: German and Japanese agents and American cowboys go Carrillo, Andy Devine and Don Terry mix it up in a free-for-all before the bombing of Hong Kong. They also get mixed up with Marjorie Lord. (Aug.)

FILED UNDER—RKO-Radio: The popular screen sleuth, George Sanders, has his own talent for unearthing murderers, this time a hard Bond. Lynn Bari is the gal who catches the murderer's eye. It's well done. (Aug.)

LIGHT LIEUTENANT—Columbia: The family plot of this story concerns Pat O'Brien, an aviator who causes a plane crash in which his co-pilot is killed, so he takes to wildcat flying in Dutch Guiana to support his son. The son, Glenn Ford, grows up to fall in love with Evelyn Keyes, daughter of the dead co-pilot, and heartache and disillusion result until O'Brien makes restitution. (Sept.)

FRIENDLY ENEMIES—Edward Small-U.A.: Stated as the hobble skirt is this story of two argumentative old German-Americans who talk themselves and the audience half to death. Charlie Ruggles and Charles Winninger are the friendly enemies, James Craig is the son who is thought to be lost at sea, and Nancy Kelly is his girl. (Sept.)

GAY SISTERS, THE—Warners: Different theme and idea is this picture, but we think you'll enjoy it despite the underlying current of ugliness. Proud Barbara Stanwyck, covetous Geraldine Fitzgerald, and moody Nancy Coleman are sisters whose estate has been in litigation for twenty years—poorish but never beating them. George Brent is the man responsible for their legal difficulties. (Sept.)

HENRY AND DIZZY—Paramount: Jimmy Lyne, as *Henry Aldrich*, borrows a motorboat but checks it. The efforts of *Henry* and his pal *Dizzy* (Charles Smith) to earn enough money to replace the boat form the basis of the story. Mary Anderson is the pretty girl. Not up to standard. (Aug.)

HER CARDBOARD LOVER—M-G-M: In his little number, Robert Taylor falls in love with Norma Shearer who has hired him to protect her against George Sanders. At times both Norma and the spread on the histrionics a little thick, but Sanders is, as usual, terrific. (Aug.)

I MARRIED AN ANGEL—M-G-M: Much below the standard of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald is this bit of trivia taken from the stage. Nelson is a Budapest playboy who falls in love with an unsophisticated little clerk in his bank the night he dreams she's an angel. He awakes and finds not an angel but the girl he loves. (July)

OLD CALIFORNIA—Republic: John Wayne comes out West from Boston to open up a much needed drugstore, but villainous Albert Dekker, jealous over dance-hall queen Binnie Barnes' interest in Wayne, poisons the drugs and nearly succeeds in having John lynched. The sudden discovery of gold saves him, and the inevitable fight between the two almost wrecks the town. (Sept.)

IN THIS OUR LIFE—Warners: This unpleasant picture about a selfish woman isn't Bette Davis's best picture by a long shot. Olivia de Havilland plays Bette's good sister, Dennis Morgan is the man Bette drives to suicide, and George Brent the man fortunate enough to escape her wily. (July)

WAS FRAMED—Warners: Michael Ames is framed by political crooks, but he breaks jail and escapes with his wife, Julie Bishop, to another town where he becomes a newspaper editor. But he's blackmailed before he finally discovers he's been framed of the former charge. (July)

THE GIRL—Warners: Appalled by the conditions of farmers and workers under racketeering Gene Lockhart, Ronald Reagan sides with farmer George O'Brien, although his friend Richard Whorf throws his lot with Lockhart. Ann Sheridan, traveling the girl, falls in love with Reagan, and the two find themselves accused of murder. Dull. (July)

AD MARTINDALES, THE—20th Century-Fox: The Withers attempts to capture her older sister's (Marjorie Weaver) rich beau to the distress of her young suitor Jimmy Lydon in this hokumy story she deserves better material. (Aug.)

(Continued on page 105)

For your "double life"

insist on Revlon Nail Enamel and Lipstick

Now that you are leading a "double life"... NUMBER ONE, the busy war worker; NUMBER TWO, charming companion to your man... why shouldn't you have the double lure of lasting Revlon color on both fingertips and lips? For Revlon's harmonizing lipsticks, like Revlon Nail Enamel, are world famous for their marvelous "stay-on" quality. Wear "1012," "Cherry Coke," or "Scarlet Slipper" now! Nail Enamel 60¢, Lipstick 60¢, 1.00. (Fashion Note: Today your nails are beautifully tapered... never shockingly long.)

* "PREVIEWED" means that every single color of Revlon Nail Enamel is actually pre-tested 160 times on busy fingertips just like yours... before it is bottled for you! Tested and re-tested for that "stay-on" quality and beauty of color you have learned to expect in Revlon. Tested for Revlon brilliance, for fastest drying time consistent with longest wear. That's why we feel "PREVIEWED" is your guarantee that Revlon is the best nail enamel in the world. And that's why Revlon is the overwhelming choice of professional manicurists. Revlon Lipsticks are likewise "PREVIEWED" for perfection. Remember, only Revlon gives you the assurance of "PREVIEWED."

Revlon
sets the fashion for a
whole nation's fingertips and lips



It's a
BIG PICTURE

FLYING TIGERS
SWEEP JAPS FROM
BURMA SKIES!

NEWS!

Spine-tingling news, direct from the hotly-contested front where our boys have been battling the enemy since hostilities began!



Three top stars in a story of heroism, adventure, and romance, under the shadow of death from the skies!

JOHN WAYNE

JOHN CARROLL • ANNA LEE

FLYING TIGERS

PAUL KELLY
GORDON JONES
MAE CLARKE
BILL SHIRLEY

The Flying Tigers daily risk their lives for you — keep 'em flying with War Bonds and Stamps



It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

Speak
FOR YOURSELF

Navy communique on Van Heflin:
A smooth polished touch with an understanding of life in general

\$10.00 PRIZE
Inspiring and Soul-Satisfying

It has always been my special pride to turn a pretty phrase and fashion lovely words, but the emotion created deep within my heart by "Mrs. Miniver" requires greater outlet than mere words. I came away more vividly aware of the need for stronger effort, stern and grim, to win this war quickly.

Inspiring and soul-satisfying, the Minivers. The simplicity of their wholesome life, their gay camaraderie; his "shenanigans" when buying the new car, her adroit retaliation in disclosing the new hat. Life, as lived by this upper-middle-class English family, before the calamity of war, must strike an answering chord in every American heart. Then their high morale and indomitable courage through the tragedies of war!

Comforting to realize that the free democracies everywhere must be made up of people like the Minivers, even as you and I, and so long as we have inspired authors to write about them and Hollywood producers, through good actors, to portray them on the screen, bringing more forcibly to all of us the need to hold our cherished freedom and liberty, the Allied Forces cannot fail!

GRACE L. CALONGNE,
Tulsa, Okla.

\$5.00 PRIZE
Budget Buster Bogart

THERE'S one actor who is responsible for upsetting my budget allotment for "Amusements." This allotment is used almost entirely for the movies; but now, because of his pictures, which are so outstanding they're worth seeing two or three times, my budget is pretty badly distorted.

Bogart's acting in "The Maltese Falcon" was captivating. Bogart (and he alone) made that picture the most outstanding of its kind, and "Big Shot" was a worthwhile picture because



of Bogart's dynamic performance. There is a fine, intelligent sincerity about all of Bogart's performances; his acting has a quality of splendid distinction that no other male star in Hollywood has yet touched.

How about a statuette for Bogart? Well then, as long as Humphrey upset my budget, how about a raise for him. Warner Brothers?

SUSAN C. OGARA,
Omaha, Nebraska.

\$1.00 PRIZE
... And Still They Come

DEAR SIR: Looking through the July issue I was astonished to find that no reply had been written in your magazine to the article "George Sanders Puts Women in Their Place." Mr. Sanders so generously "loves women—in their place." What a boon this great affection is to all womankind!

Mr. Sanders's opinions could be tolerated if he hadn't made the ambiguous statement: "I do not believe that woman as a sex is as intelligent as man." These are not the words of an intelligent, educated man. The men cited by (Continued on page 104)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

"Married _ to an Iceberg"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME
THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT
OFTEN RUINS A MARRIAGE.



1. At first, we were the most romantic couple! Happy as larks. But little by little, Dick grew neglectful of me. I couldn't think why his love had cooled off so soon.



2. Then my nerves cracked, and Dick's uncle, who's a doctor, guessed the truth. "Poor child," he comforted me. "So often a devoted wife is guilty of this one neglect. She's careless about feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*). Now if that's your case . . .". And understandingly, he set me straight.

3. He told me how, today, thousands of modern women use Lysol disinfectant for feminine cleanliness. "You see," he explained, "Lysol is a famous germicide. It cleanses *thoroughly*, and deodorizes, as well. Just follow the easy directions on the bottle—it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues."



4. Today, I use Lysol disinfectant regularly for feminine hygiene. I'm thankful it's *so* inexpensive, *so* easy to use, too. But best of all, Dick's kisses aren't icy—not any more!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out* germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMINE HYGIENE



Copyright, 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet P.M.M.-1042 Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.

IN the July issue of your magazine there appeared an article concerning Miss Betty Grable which we feel obliged and compelled to refute in all fairness to Miss Grable and anyone who may have read and been misled by the article. It was completely untrue, misinformed and ill-advised in every instance regarding Miss Grable's attitude toward the people she works with at the studio. We in the Music and Dance Department of 20th Century-Fox have worked more intimately with Betty than anyone or any other department of the studio. We see her in all her moods—we work with her under every condition, and always, in every phase of her work, she has displayed the essence of cooperation, cheerfulness and harmony toward all of us.

The minute Betty comes in—whether it's on a set—in a rehearsal hall or into an office—there's a different mood about the place. People sit up and are suddenly happier. They know they're in for laughs; she has the greatest sense of humor and wit of anyone in the world, and they know too, they're in for some great dancing and wonderful singing.

This is what we know about her, we who work with her, but we feel that our opinion is representative of everyone who comes in contact with her, as witness the names below. Therefore, in fairness to Betty Grable we feel that Photoplay-Movie Mirror magazine should publish this letter.

Yours truly,

A. J. Erickson
John Payne
Hermes Pan
Harry Warren
Wm. LeBaron
Cesar Romero
Genevieve Sawyer
Irving Cummings
Ernest Nagel
Valerie Taylor
Angela Blue
Virginia Cook
Edwin Farnsworth
Linda Newnam
Lillian Porter
Alice Faye

Going Places...with a Smile



Marjorie Reynolds, three-a-day star, gives some tips on the importance of what's behind your smile

BY GLORIA MACK

PARAMOUNT was in a pale purple dither. They had a swell script, Irving Berlin had written some super-Berlin music and stars Fred Astaire and Bing Crosby and producer Mark Sandrich were all ready to start shooting on "Holiday Inn." There was just one trouble. They didn't have a girl. Of course there were lots of girls they could have signed for the picture, but this one had to be special.

She had to be beautiful and able to dance with Astaire and sing with Crosby—a combination which isn't easy to find even in Hollywood.

At last up spoke one executive. "Marjorie Reynolds could do it."

As soon as she appeared and smiled the warm friendly smile that is so characteristic of her, everyone knew that she had passed the beauty hurdle with flying colors—the colors being honey-golden hair, brown eyes and an ivory-tinted skin. Then she was tested. From five in the morning until ten at night she crooned with Crosby and danced with Astaire. When they told her she was set, Marjorie was,

in her own words, "Flabbergasted with pleasure."

Movie appearances began for Marjorie when she was four, shortly after Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Goodspeed (Marjorie's family name) trekked from Idaho to Los Angeles with Marjorie and her older sisters, Dorothy and Beatrice. Then as her babyish talents developed her wise mother saw to it that she had dramatic and dancing lessons and later voice coaching was added. The comical part about all that study, Marjorie says, is that she finally decided she was never going to get anywhere with dancing and singing roles, so she switched to straight dramatic parts.

"When I made my test with Mr. Astaire, I hadn't done any serious dancing for so long that I thought I'd never be able to go through with it," she said. "I guess it was all right, though."

All the time she was talking I watched that quick, charming smile of hers and her perfect gleaming teeth and at last spoke about them.

"If you're going to sing you have

to put expression into your face as well as into your voice," she said. "That means—smile, and that, in turn, means taking care of your teeth so that they will add to the attractiveness of your smile."

"Since my father is a doctor I got into the habit of taking care of my teeth at an early stage of the game, brushing them not only night and morning but after every meal as well, and especially after eating sweets."

"That may sound like a lot of trouble when you're working and eating away from home, but it isn't really. The ten-cent store will have a small container of your favorite dental cream or powder (be sure it's strong enough to cleanse thoroughly, but mild enough not to impair the precious enamel) and a small folding toothbrush too, and these can go into your purse or desk drawer ready for instant use—and the results will be more than worth the effort."

Take this first-hand tip from a girl who is going places. For Marjorie Reynolds is going places—with a smile!

To give you new glamour, more allure SILKIER, SMOOTHER HAIR...EASIER TO ARRANGE!



So romantic—this lovely new "up" hair-do, designed around a center part. Before styling, the hair was shampooed with new, improved Special Drene containing hair conditioner!

Improved Special Drene, with hair conditioner in it, now makes amazing difference! Leaves hair far more manageable . . . silkier, smoother too!

Would you like the man of your heart to find you even more alluring? Then don't wait to try the new, improved Special Drene, which now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it! For if you haven't tried Drene lately, you just can't realize how much silkier and smoother your hair will be, because of that added hair conditioner. And far easier to manage, too, right after shampooing!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene re-

moves that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers". *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!*

So, for extra beauty benefits, plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff, insist on Special Drene. Or ask for a professional Drene shampoo at your beauty shop.



Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Procter & Gamble

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!



Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which *never* leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!* Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage—right after shampooing!



Special DRENE Shampoo
with **HAIR CONDITIONER** added

2 Triumphs!

FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX, THE COMPANY THAT GAVE YOU ...

"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY" AND "MY GAL SAL"

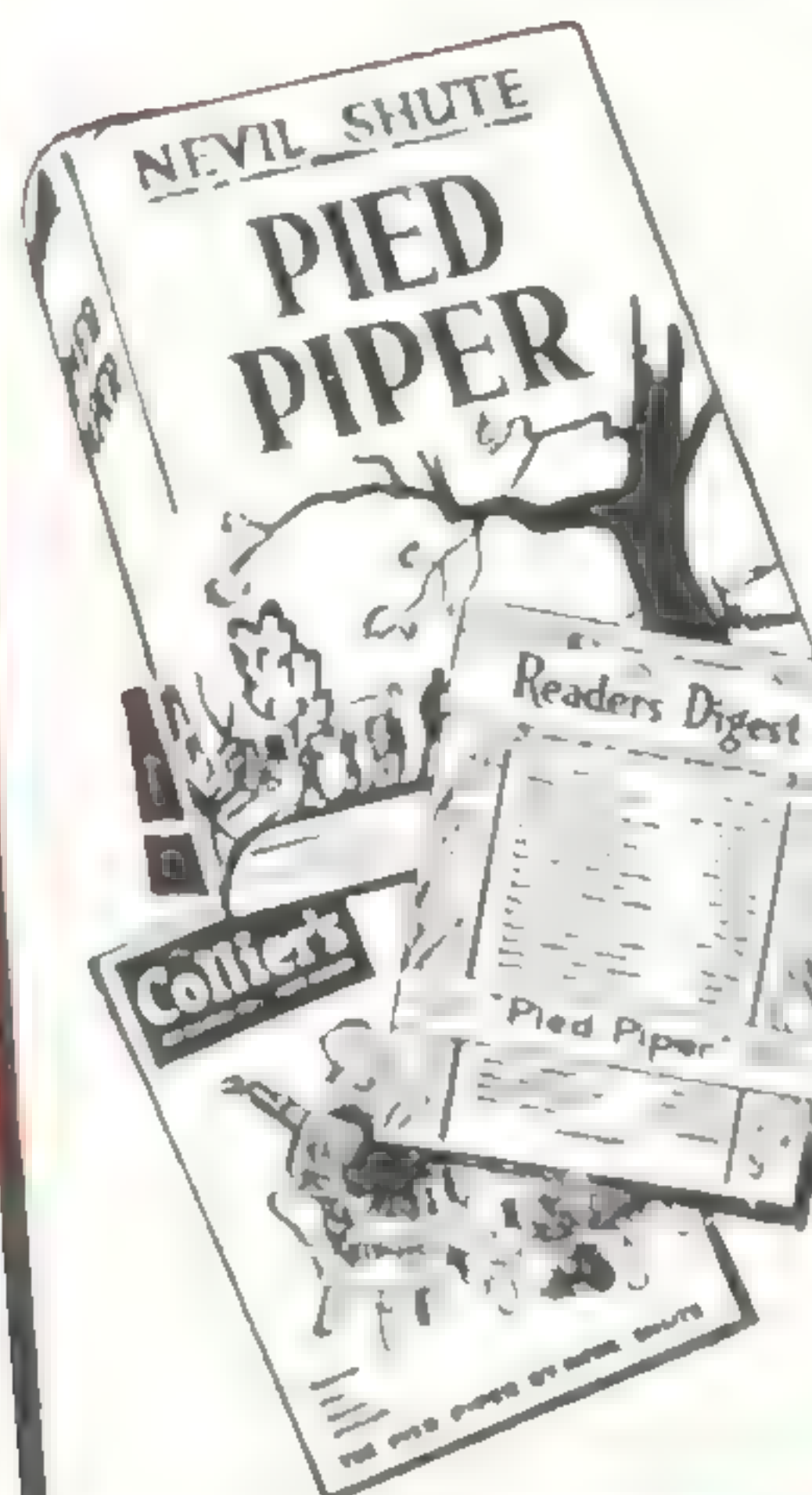
OUT OF THESE
TIMES MANY GREAT
STORIES WILL BE
BORN...BUT NONE
WILL BE GREATER
THAN THIS!

NEVIL SHUTE'S mighty
story of Today becomes
the picture of the year!

The **PIED PIPER**

MONTY WOOLLEY
RODDY McDOWALL
ANNE BAXTER
and OTTO PREMINGER
J. CARROL NAISH

Produced and Written for the
Screen by Nunnally Johnson
Directed by Irving Pichel



35,000,000 people thrilled to
the story in Collier's, Reader's
Digest and the best-selling novel!

IT'S YOUTH SET TO
DANCE! LOVE SET
TO SONG!... and
Your Heart will beat
the Rhythm!

SHE'S BETTY! WILLING
AND GRABLE.

John
PAYNE
Betty
GRABLE
Victor
MATURE

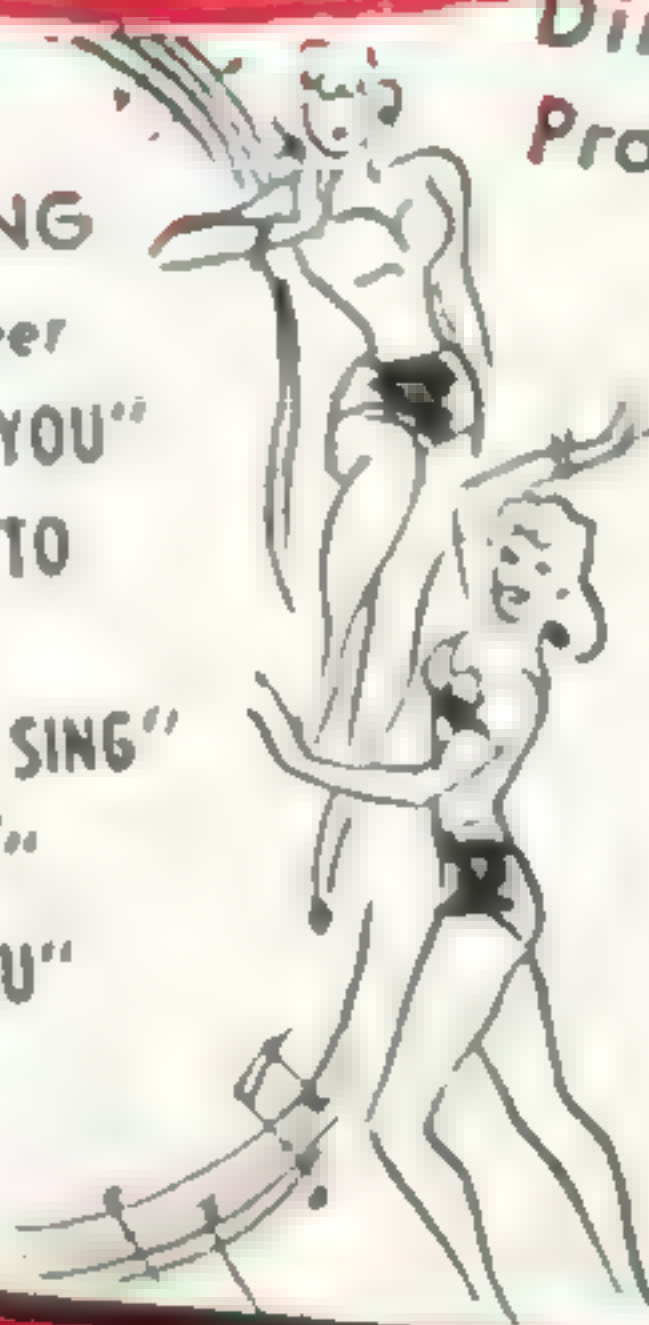


EARL
MORAN

FOOTLIGHT SERENADE

with
JANE WYMAN • James Gleason
Phil Silvers • Cobina Wright, Jr.
Directed by Gregory Ratoff
Produced by William LeBaron

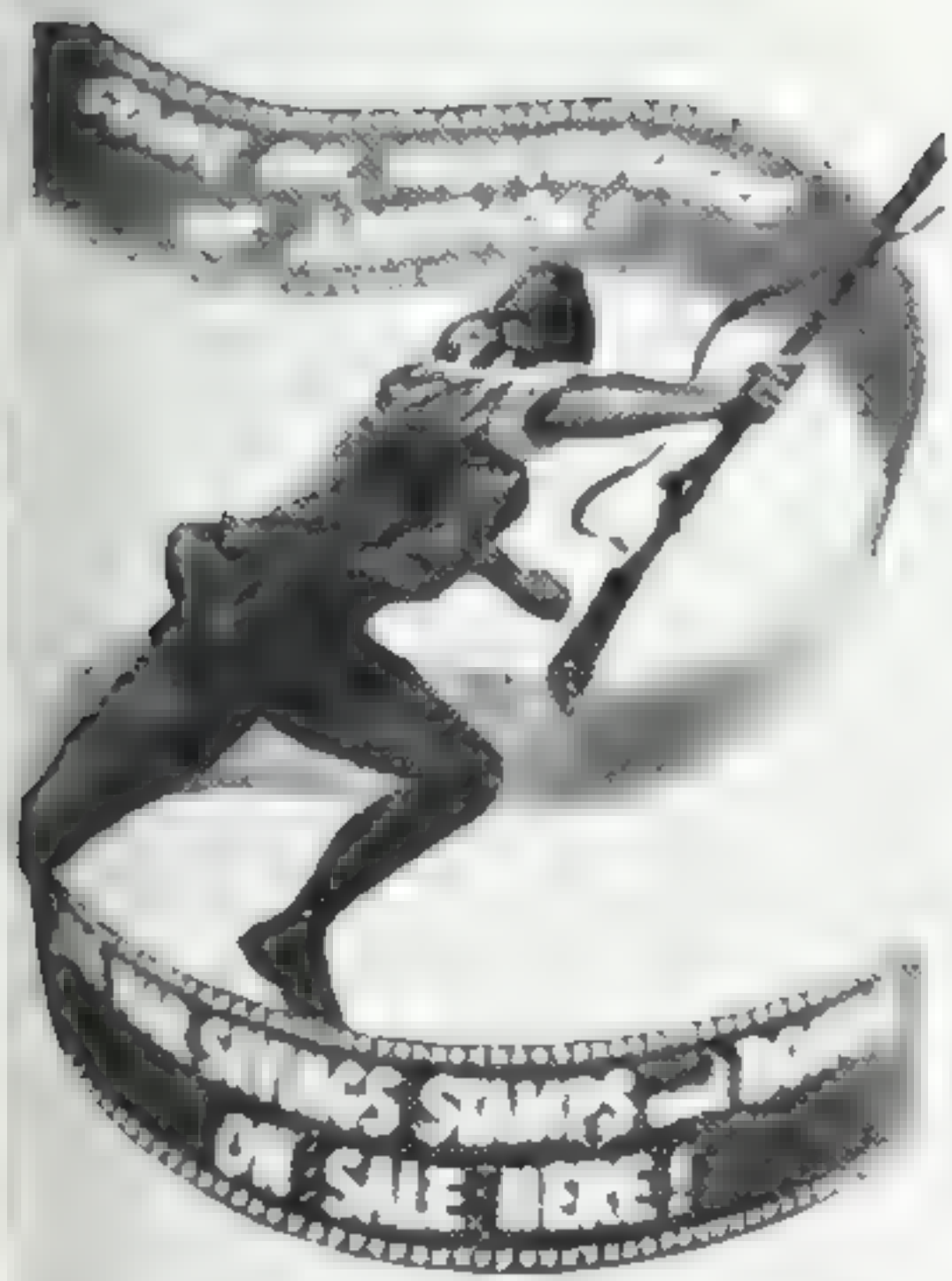
SONGS
YOU'LL BE SINGING
by Robin and Ringer
"I'M STILL CRAZY FOR YOU"
"I'LL BE MARCHING TO
A LOVE SONG"
"I HEARD THE BIRDIES SING"
"ARE YOU KIDDIN'"
"EXCEPT WITH YOU"



Coming soon to your favorite theatre!



Movie-goers—This Is Your Chance!



THE top sergeant who spoke with the softness of a Tennessee drawl sat in the air-conditioned movie theater, looked around him as the hundreds of civilians laughed at the light-hearted farce being screened, and shook his head in wonderment.

For a brief moment his mind went back to the front which he had just left on furlough. The only air-conditioning there had

been the violent rush of air after the explosion of a screaming shell nearby; the only things to laugh about, the soldiers' own minor mishaps.

A question flickered across his thoughts: Was the whole nation really at war or were only those men whose numbers had been drawn from a fish bowl in the country's capital doing their share to win?

For thirty days every movie-goer in America has an opportunity to answer that question the top sergeant asked himself—answer it in the way this democracy has decided its civilian citizens can best participate in our total war.

From September first to September thirtieth, a billion dollars in War Bonds and Stamps will have been bought by America's movie-goers, if each of us who wants to be a civilian soldier will seize the weapon offered him. In every city and village, theaters have set up booths where we can buy bonds or stamps that are the bullets each one of us can fire at the hearts of our enemies.

In these thirty days, three hundred gigantic bond rallies will be held in cities throughout all the forty-eight states and the highlight of each of these mass patriotic meetings will be the appearance of a famous Hollywood star.

This is Hollywood's answer to what the movies are going to help win the war, for it is the movie industry that has accepted the challenge and the responsibility of acting as the spearhead in reaching the Government's billion-dollar goal.

Organizing the vast campaign are the best brains the motion picture industry has to offer, men and women working without pay.

It is important to Hollywood that this challenge has been offered and accepted. Hollywood frankly admits it welcomes this opportunity to prove that those whose business and whose life it is to make motion pictures are as capable, as mature and as valuable citizens as this country needs to win its great struggle.

Hollywood is also frank to admit that there are those who doubt whether this is so. There are those who say Hollywood's only motives are to be found in the profit side of their bookkeeping ledgers; that Hollywood is a greedy seeker of publicity, a scatterbrain.

Some of these are critics for the pure pleasure of finding fault. Others—some in the Congress of the United States—have political motives and find it advantageous to point accusing fingers in Hollywood's direction.

The fact remains that the motion picture industry welcomes an opportunity to demonstrate its worth in a time of national crisis.

Hollywood feels we must all meet the goal that has been set. "We" includes the stars making the three hundred personal appearances, the editors of this magazine, the millions who read it, and the many more millions who still have the leisure time, the money and the opportunity to go—ninety million strong—to the movies every week.

Ninety million buying bonds or stamps each week in the month of September—and the goal is reached.

When you buy your bond at the theater you will be given a postal card message to mail to a soldier or a sailor, a flyer or a marine which will say, "I just bought a War Bond and was thinking of you."

Perhaps one of these cards will go to the top sergeant with the soft drawl of Tennessee. It will be about the best news you could send him, for it will tell him that those whose fighting is being done on the home front are as much in the war as he and his fellow heroes are who stand and face enemy troops.

Ernest V. Heyn, Editorial Director of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, has been granted leave of absence to serve as a captain in the Army of the United States. As time and his duties permit, he will contribute special feature articles to these pages.

Ernest V. Heyn

What's Happened?



WHAT'S happened to Errol Flynn these days?

You ask it as you would inquire after the welfare of a friend about whom you hadn't recently had news. You want to know the truth about his health, in the face of the disturbing reports in the papers. You want to know about his plans in connection with the war—this war that is close to the hearts of us all. You want to know how he's weathering the aftermath of his stormy divorce from the lovely Lili Damita.

And what happens at mention of him in Hollywood?

The eye goes vague, the facial expression grows blank. From the response you receive you'd think Flynn was a man who never inhabited the Hills of Beverly; was, in fact, little more than one of Hollywood's most colorful and successful inventions. It becomes increasingly evident that the once gaily articulate star is now wrapped in a curtain of silence.

So "Fearless" has undertaken to answer your questions. For, after all, if a man is ill, is it a crime? If he is

prevented by circumstances outside of his control from doing his share with our armed forces, is it a dishonor? And if he has been shaken by the breakup of his marriage, is it a disgrace?

"Fearless" says—*on the contrary!*

WE might never have known of the health question if it hadn't been for the war. Flynn is not a man to load his personal burdens onto his fellow man. For him life is strictly a chin-up proposition and the devil take the hindmost. He once said, "Lili prophesies that I will 'pay and pay.' When that time comes I can only hope I will pay without squawking, decently grateful for the good times I have already had."

Flynn isn't squawking now. For a long time nobody had the remotest notion that health entered into the picture of the star chosen by experts as having Hollywood's finest physique; the man whose fame was built on the daring and strenuous exploits of Captain Blood, Robin Hood, the Sea Hawk, Custer and now the great prizefighter, Jim Corbett.

But you can't keep a serious health problem under your hat forever. Word went quietly out that Flynn had a bad heart. Eyebrows were raised in one or two quarters as it was recalled that he was the best state tennis player in the colony, selected in all first-run matches to represent Hollywood. Now, tennis is a game not calculated to go hand-in-hand with a weak heart. However, many a great athlete has paid the piper for prodigally expending his energy in early life with a case of "athlete's heart" in his not-so-later years. It could be Hollywood decided.

Then Flynn shoved off for Washington. This business of the war has been eating under his skin for a long time. Errol is neither a fool nor a coward. Long before many of our native-born Americans were concerned about the threat to us of what was going on abroad, Flynn was scanning the international scene with his troubled eye. He went to Spain in 1937 and briefly rubbed elbows with the bloody Civil War which the Fascists finally won. Three years later he spent his vacation in South America.

To Errol Flynn?



This is the story that is more difficult to get than any other in Hollywood today. When you read it, you'll understand why

BY "FEARLESS"

Flynn with the two who meant most to him in those days: Wife Lili and Arno, his dog

ea. On the surface it looked like a gala popularity tour.

But while the press gushed over the effect Flynn was having on the Latin ladies and vice versa, a very sober man returned to his house on a Hollywood hilltop. He couldn't say much, handicapped as he was by the fact that he had not yet received his second American citizenship papers, but he did say this:

"Germany and Italy are getting ready to fight us—not just the British Empire—and they want to fight us in our own back yard—South America. I know! I was there. I saw the reparations, the 'tourists,' the Fifth Columnists, the huge radio programs, the saboteurs. I fought them every day I could. That's why I went—and a couple of times I raised quite a lot of dust in dark alleys."

Furthermore, there was the critical role his native Ireland has been playing, not only through the dark days of England's travail but now that American expeditionary forces are on her soil waiting for the second-front move-off. His own father, professor of biology at Queen's University, Bel-

fast, has been laboring to create a cordial feeling in the Irish toward the bivouacked Americans and to help solve the delicate problem entailed. If the Washington verdict was black for him on the matter of active combat duty, he might well join his father in this vital work.

Flynn went East apparently determined that one way or another he would reach a decision.

When the verdict came from Washington on the application of this movie hero for active service, it has been reported that it was what he had feared it might be—"request refused." This left a second, almost as urgent, matter to be cleared up. Johns Hopkins University Hospital at Baltimore is only a scant thirty-five miles from the capital. There he waited for a second verdict. When the report was ready for him it had grim undertones that perhaps even Flynn himself was not prepared for. It underlined what was already apparent, that his strength had been dangerously overtaxed. But that was not all. It warned, almost bluntly, of the devastating after-effects that could so

easily follow, warned of a sickness which strikes quickly with over-exhaustion and which can be cured only with months and sometimes years of convalescence.

Though Flynn had known for some time he was anything but up to par, it is not likely that he was expecting anything so serious as this warning. And it came just as he must go immediately into the most physically exhausting picture of his career, the life story of Jim Corbett, world champion in the days when a prize fight was a massacre.

Without a word, Flynn reported at his studio. The grueling grind of fight shots began, the hours of training, of boxing with ring experts. Little wonder that he collapsed on the set during the hot days of filming. News filtered through the studio that the picture would be indefinitely held up while its star went to Arizona, where so many others have gone for recuperation, in order to gain back his strength.

There was a time when the slightest provocation was the signal for Flynn to set (Continued on page 72)



The cradle age: Baby John (right) with brother (left) and their Virginia nurse

THIS is an unfinished story, just as John Payne himself is an unfinished personality.

Deliberate, slow-speaking, flamboyantly good looking, yet anything but complacent, he has at the age of thirty achieved such success in his profession that his fan mail is larger than that of any other Twentieth Century-Fox star (not excepting Tyrone Power and Victor Mature).

The personal history of John Payne who today, on the threshold of riches and brilliant fame, has no complete sense of fulfillment, is a unique history, in its way, being the tale of a boy's struggle upward out of riches . . .

His father, George Washington Payne, was a real estate broker and speculator in Roanoke, Virginia, and at the time John was born had

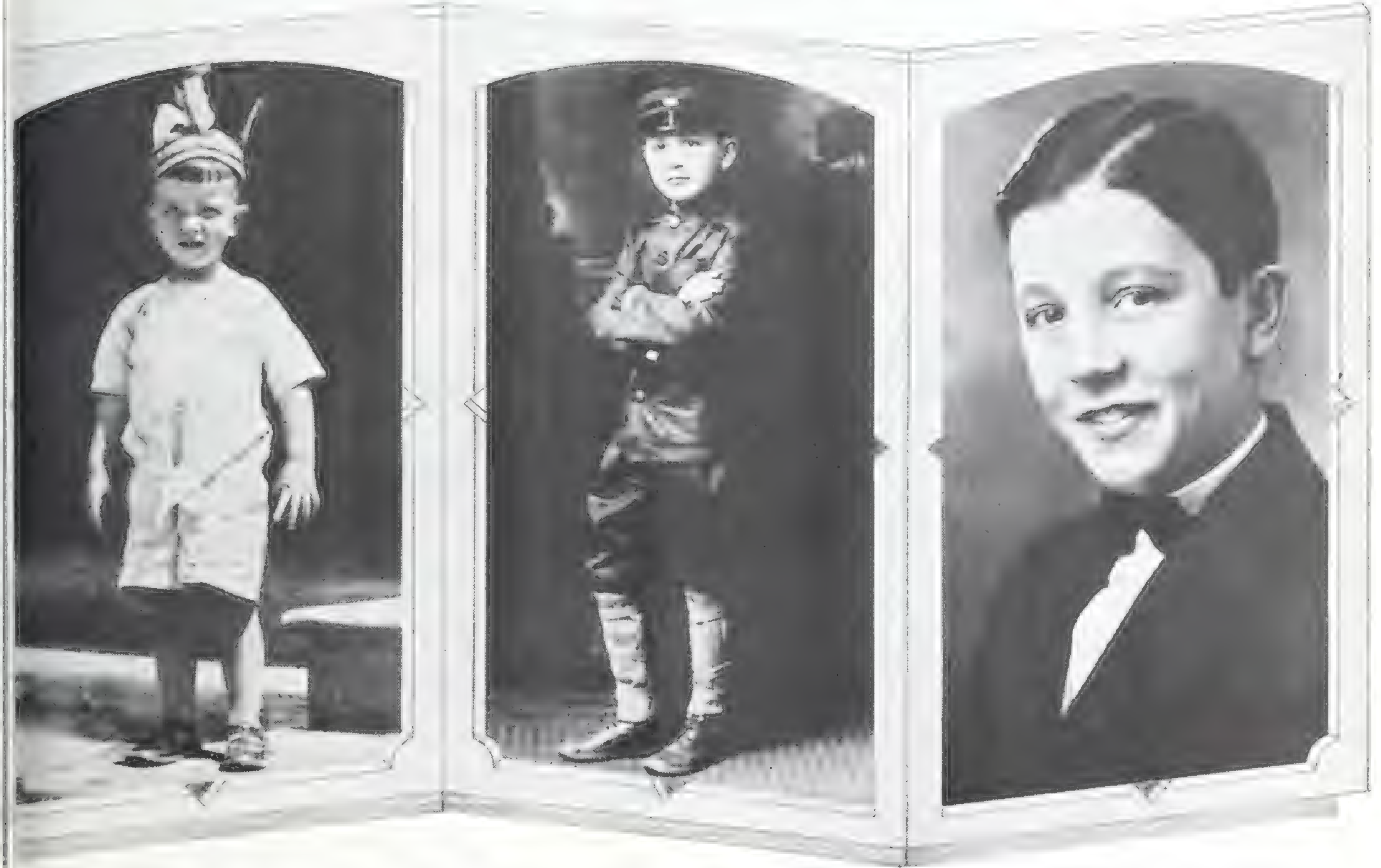
PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Six years John Payne worked for success. Now he stands alone, still looking for the things a man most wants

BY HOWARD SHARPE

Bewildered Knight

The Life Story of John Payne, a Man Fighting to Find Himself



The Indian age: The Payne scion had a real Fort, the Payne home, in which to play Redskins

The military age: At six he switched sides to do his fighting with the Whites

The mechanical age: He built a glider, added a motor, lost the motor, rode for a fall

amassed a fortune of over a million dollars. In the country outside Roanoke was Fort Lewis, an enormous old house with thick walls and grim exterior, but with spacious rooms and magnificent grounds. George Payne bought it, called in a gang of architects and decorators and transformed it into one of the most beautiful estates in Virginia.

John, who was born in 1912, the second of three boys, spent his childhood there. It was a completely normal childhood by simple American standards, not all happiness but not all unhappiness, either; no boy could complain of such romantic surroundings, where if you kicked a clod of earth an arrow-head or a blade of a tomahawk was likely to fall out. There was a large swimming pool and the horses; and the woods in sum-


mer were a great, cool world where he could hunt and fish and let his imagination run riot. He could stick a handful of feathers in his hair, smear his face with mud and for the eternity of a child's afternoon go on the warpath against the Whites in the Fort.

In a family of cheerful, extroverted people John turned out to be the shy, the sensitive one. His mother, appreciating this, gave him especial attention, reading to him and teaching him music. He enjoyed these interludes but the world of his own making had a greater reality, peopled as it was from his own imagination.

The person who understood him better than anyone else, as he grew older, was Dr. Carl Block, a local clergyman who was also a great family friend. Dr. Block was the kind of

minister who would appeal to a boy of twelve: he was the antithesis of the pale intellectual, being instead a hearty, robust fellow with a deep voice, who liked to hunt and fish and whose brand of religion was militant and strong. John thought of him as a Right Guy, and decided if this hero represented the ministry, he would like to be a minister too. He was still convinced that the church would be his profession when, two years later, his parents sent him to Episcopal High School in Washington, D. C.

For the first time he stayed away from home, which meant that, also for the first time, he discovered how the other half—or rather the other ninety-eight per cent—lived. Their lives seemed infinitely more exciting than his. Most of his classmates had to work during (Continued on page 88)



Stephen Crane came West six months ago, tried to break into movies, broke into a Turner wedding tune instead

THE STORY BEHIND

Lana's Madcap

"Men interest me very little," said Lana, that night she eloped with Stephen Crane.

BY ROSEMARY WEST

AT noon on the seventeenth of this past July, Lana Turner was giving out one of her very rare interviews. Lana hates giving out stories, largely because time devoted to such things takes up time in which she might be having more fun. But at least when she does give an interview, she gives, and this was no exception. Her talk was high, wide and fulsome and her subject was men.

The innocent interviewer had just asked Lana about Howard Hughes, her most frequent escort.

"I wish people would stop asking me about men and romances," Lana said pouting, and thereby looking even more beautiful. "I am not en-

gaged. I do not go out all the time as the papers insist. Men interest me very little. I take my career very seriously and I expect to give up more and more time, probably all my time to it in the future."

At midnight of that same day Lana eloped to Las Vegas, Nevada, and married Stephen Crane. Justice of the Peace George Marshall, who performed the ceremony, beamed when he saw her. "Well, welcome back," he cried, he being the gentleman who had united her in holy matrimony to

Artie Shaw just two years previously. Answered the tempestuous Turner "Bind it tighter this time!"

For once every columnist in Hollywood was caught off guard. They had no one but themselves to blame. For at seven the preceding evening, the press agent of Andre's, a new Beverly Hills night spot, had telephoned that Lana and Stephen Crane were there looking very romantic, and that Mr. Crane had just finished talking with his mother in Crawfordsville, Indiana and had introduced Lana over the wire. Mother hadn't seemed overly enthusiastic. At eleven the press agent of the Mocambo had told all and sundry that Lana and Crane, together

Bob Stack was lots of fun, so Lana dated him—for a while. She gave him up for a dark-eyed reason

Turner into wife—temporarily. She married Artie Shaw the first night she dated him

Attorney Greg Bautzer's every wish was once Lana's law

Marriage

Surprising? Not after you read this exposé!

with Linda Darnell and Alan Gordon, a free-lance press agent, were here, looking even more romantic.

To these tips, the columnists, without exception, had replied, "Don't be silly. Turner is going to marry Howard Hughes."

But this very kind of colorful, unpredictable type of behavior, is why he is the most glamorous thorn that ever tore the flesh of that side of Hollywood which eternally yearns to be dignified. Hollywood would be perfectly happy if only Lana could go on being as breath-takingly beautiful as she is, pulling at the box office as potently as she does, yet behave as circumspectly as Queen Mary.

Lana went into a high-gear romance with Tony Martin, but the Navy put the brakes on



From Bautzer . . . to Shaw . . . to Martin went Lana—and then Tommy Dorsey blew his trombone and she stopped to listen to the tune

Lana would honestly like to cooperate. But what can she do, twenty-two years of vivid age, with a mind made of equal parts of stardust and firecrackers?

HER latest elopement may seem to echo of heedless, headstrong impulsiveness. It should, for all of Lana's actions have that same breathless quality of unbridled impulse.

Take, for instance, that bond-selling trip from which she returned just before her madcap marriage to Stephen Crane. M-G-M was delighted to comply when the Treasury Department asked for Lana to tour the Pacific Northwest and over to her home town of Wallace, Idaho, selling bonds. Lana was delighted, too.

At the mere thought of all the dignity that would accrue to Lana from the bond-selling trip, Metro practically rolled over and buttered itself.

They reckoned without their problem child. She wanted to sell a lot of bonds and her own generous impulses, her own lively imagination, did the rest. Without thinking to ask anyone's permission, she flamingly announced when she arrived in Portland, Oregon, late one evening, that she would kiss any man who bought \$50,000 worth of bonds.

Before she had even had her breakfast next morning, five guys turned up, all with the necessary cash. In less than five seconds, Lana gave five kisses, took in a quarter of a million dollars. Metro shuddered. Of course, the papers went for it big and it was at once terrible and wonderful.

Or take the day that, right in the midst of production, Lana didn't like the color of the hose she was wearing. She wanted one certain shade, one certain quality that one certain store

in Beverly Hills had. Now Lana, for all her madcapness, is a big star. In a recent popularity survey conducted by one of the country's leading public opinion experts, Lana ranked second among all feminine personalities!

When a big star wants anything so simple as one particular pair of stockings from one particular shop, she gets them, even if she wants to get them herself. Lana did want to get them for herself, so she went dashing away from the studio, over to Beverly, right to the steps of the store. There on the steps was a man selling a great Dane dog, a beautiful dog, a super dog. Uh-huh, that's what happened. Lana bought the dog, rushed back to the studio to show him off, completely forgetting the stockings. She's still got him, plus three others of three other breeds.

IT didn't really take her wedding to Crane to prove that romance and Lana are one of those combinations as felicitous and inevitable as moonlight and roses, coffee and cream, and champagne and laughter. Recorded in Lana's heart lines have been the names of Greg Bautzer, Artie Shaw, Tony Martin, Tommy Dorsey, Buddy Rich, Gene Krupa, Howard Hughes, Robert Stack, to mention just the more famous of them. One big name being awash with love over another big name always creates a story—regardless of whether or not the story has truth in it.

When Lana, still at Warners, started going with Greg Bautzer, the lawyer, Hollywood didn't care. That the pretty kid was completely in love was okay by the town. There are so many pretty kids under contract who never get anywhere. Bautzer wasn't any celebrity and if Lana was suffering from a

generally unrequited love, Hollywood regarded that as her own agony.

The story at that time was that the Turner-Bautzer quarrels began when Greg wanted Lana to give up acting as the price of marriage, she arguing that why couldn't she be wed and still make one teeny weeny picture a year. At that time Lana was getting \$10,000 a picture and that sum added to the nominal amount even the most successful young lawyers earn looked big to her. When finally they broke it off, any observer could see that Lana was the more hurt.

That separation was the propitious moment for Lana to have given up love for her career, as many an ambitious girl has done before her. But she chose to continue on her harum-scarum way mid the cries of the Hollywood venerables.

"I wish they'd let The Punk alone," said Mervyn LeRoy, discussing her and perhaps with the elopement fresh in his mind. Mervyn always calls Lana "The (Continued on page 76)"

COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

- *Lana Turner:* Appearing in M-G-M's "Somewhere I'll Find You" page 33
- *John Garfield:* Appearing in Warners' "Air Force" page 36
- *George Sanders:* Appearing in M-G-M's "Her Cardboard Lover" and Loew-Lewin's "The Moon and Sixpence" page 37
- *Maureen O'Hara:* Appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Black Swan" page 40
- *Donna Reed:* Appearing in M-G-M's "Apache Trail" page 40
- *Geraldine Fitzgerald:* Appearing in Warners' "Watch On The Rhine" page 41
- *Mary Martin:* Appearing in Paramount's "Happy-Go-Lucky" page 41
- *Ada Lupine:* Appearing in Warners' "The Hard Way" page 41

Lana Turner



Why Hollywood

Exciting reading! The columnist who has caused Hollywood feelings to run higher than the income tax takes the stand here in his own defense



Fidler didn't "intend to carry on a barbaric campaign against Marlene; it just happened." Right: So far as Lew Ayres goes, the columnist says, "Frankly, I think I risked my career for Lew Ayres."

TO BEGIN with, the title of the article is not my own, so let's get one thing straight:

Hollywood does not hate me. People of Hollywood hate me. Whether the part is big or small, I cannot say.

But I have my friends in this town as I have my enemies. I am proud to say that the friends are just as loyal as the enemies are loud.

Any man who speaks his own mind in Hollywood will have enemies. I go that statement one better: A man who is successful in Hollywood will have enemies. This is the greatest place in the world for giving fellow a helping hand when he is on the way up—then giving him a boot when he is on top or on the way down.

I happen to be a man who speaks his own mind. My daily column is paid for and printed by a string of newspapers from coast to coast because I give my readers an honest opinion. I may be wrong now and then. I may even be wrong often, but so is any columnist trying to write tomorrow's news today. My opinions may not always be popular. But the thing my readers have learned is that



Hates Me

BY
JIMMIE
FIDLER

(Right) As he was
sworn in at the Sen-
ate Investigation



Tune in on Jimmie Fidler's Holly-
wood news broadcast—coast to coast
—on the Blue Network Sunday nights

don't pull punches. I can't be
ought off and I write news and com-
ments as I see them. I don't care
what Hollywood thinks.

There is a combine in this big little
illage that is actually a body of cen-
rs. They meet regularly to discuss
otion-picture policies and to decide
ow they may tighten their grip on
what is written and said about films
d film people.

I do not criticize them for this. They
e doing the job they are paid to do.
at so am I and, as long as I am on
is job, I'll do it to the best of my
ility.

These men are actually news "sup-
pressors." For example, I recently
d a clean scoop on the fact that
ark Gable was on his way to Wash-
gton to join the armed forces. But
when I tried to verify my yarn, it was
phatically denied. Had I not been
sitive of my information, I might
ve accepted the denial on its face
ue—and thereby lost a big news
op. Three days after I broadcast
e Gable story, Washington reporters
nd him in Washington, where I had
d he was, and the yarn broke big
over the country.

often hurt feelings because I

speak and write frankly. Most of
Hollywood—that part of Hollywood
which hates me—can't stand criticism.
I know, because more than once
various Mr. Big Shouts of the film
industry whom I have criticized have
tried to influence newspapers to can-
cel my daily column. On many oc-
casions, representatives of certain
motion-picture companies have
threatened to withdraw advertising
unless my column was thrown out or
my blunt opinions blue-penciled by
editors.

It is to the credit of the American
press that in almost all instances, edi-
tors have told these representatives
off.

I suspect—although I have no actual
proof—that some of the top gentlemen
of the big companies must be included
in the group who hate Fidler. I do
not think this includes Louis B. Mayer
whom I regard as the most brilliant
executive in Hollywood and about
whom I have rarely voiced even slight
criticism. After all, a man who has
lifted M-G-M's production to its
present high level and who has as-
sembled more talent—on and off-
screen talent—than any two other
studios combined, rates praise, not
criticism.

But some other boys at that com-

pany may not care so much for me.

One gentleman in another com-
pany I suspect may be among the
"we don't love Fidler" group is Darryl
Zanuck. Mind you, I say "suspect."
He has never been other than cour-
teous and we always speak in public.
It is quite possible that Darryl does
have a respect for my frankness, just
as I have a respect for his ability.

Why can't Hollywood take criti-
cism? Here is my guess: Success
in motion pictures comes suddenly
and it comes big. In no other business
or profession in the world can un-
trained people win such fabulous
fame and fortune almost overnight.

*But Hollywood pays off in more
than fame and fortune!*

Hollywood pays off in adoration and
adulation. Stars get subservient at-
tention that successful persons in no
other profession get. Make-up ex-
perts, wardrobe workers, fashion
designers, press agents, assistant di-
rectors and (Continued on page 70)



John Hayfield



George Sanders





Who said

IN a recent issue, Photoplay-Movie Mirror published a vitriolic article entitled "George Sanders Puts Women In Their Place." In that interview, Mr. Sanders pulled no punches in voicing his opinion of women. He said, among other things:

"I believe it will be a sorry day for woman if she ever becomes our equal . . . No woman has ever touched the best man. Personally, I doubt that one ever will . . . I like women who flatter me . . . I like women to be coy, flirtatious, timid . . . I emphatically believe that woman's place is in the home—and nowhere else."

From the day we went on sale, our mail bags began to groan with protests demanding vindication of the feminine sex after the brash comments of Mr. Sanders.

So Photoplay-Movie Mirror sent a reporter to the woman in Hollywood most eminently fitted to shoulder arms for her fellow sisters.

Rosalind Russell, champion of careers and career girls, read the disturbing document with a glint in her eye and an amused twist of her mouth as she relaxed on the set of her current picture, "My Sister Eileen."

"I won't argue with Mr. Sanders," she told Photoplay-Movie Mirror. "But there certainly is another side to this question."

The other side is presented herewith. While hoping to remain impartial, the editors could not help feeling a sense of elation upon reading Rosalind's brilliant presentation of her case.

Calling all women! To sit here

and grin while Roz Russell rolls up her

lacy sleeves and takes up the issue raised by

George Sanders when, in Photoplay-

Movie Mirror, he raked women over the coals!

women aren't men's equals?

GEORGE SANDERS

BY DORA ALBERT

ROSALIND laughed outright.

"The argument that women should stick to the boudoir, kitchen and parlor might be okay if they never had to earn a livelihood but could sit by candlelight at night and in beauty parlors by day.

"Some men say that they want helpless, fragile women, who are coy and flirtatious. I wonder if men ever stop to think that when women seem helpless, feminine and fragile, most of the time they are putting on an act?"

Rosalind paused for a moment to marshal her thoughts.

"There are two types of fragile, helpless women and a man who insists on this kind of wife or sweetheart has his choice. He can pick the gal who's just stupid and bovine—and what a chump he is if he does! I can't imagine her being a joy to live with. Intelligent women are aware of their faults, willing to admit and correct them. But Miss Helpless would burst into tears if anyone even hinted to her that her soufflé was just a trifle underdone or that her husband's boss didn't like it when she made eyes at him.

"Or else the lad who says he must have a helpless wife gets another kind of woman, one who is fragile and helpless on the surface but underneath is solid flint. Actually she is cunning, shrewd and conniving, or else how

would she have been able to figure out the helpless act and then go ahead and put it over day after day?

"The man who insists on either type as a mate is the male with terrific ego who wants to be Number One in the house. He wants to be flattered. Little does he know it is actually more flattering to be picked by a woman with brains.

"I know of a man married to a woman who is both beautiful and brilliant. Wherever she goes, a flood of men follow her. Someone asked the husband one day if he didn't get terribly annoyed when these men—many of them former beaux of his wife—flocked around her.

"He grinned. 'No, I certainly don't get annoyed. You see, I got her. They didn't.'

"A man who wants to marry a fragile miss is a man who is fundamentally afraid of himself. It is the intelligent, knowing, shrewd men who can put up with a woman equally clever. I've seen clever men who've argued with brilliant women and when the brilliant women showed them up and were right in an argument, they beamed. 'Isn't she wonderful?' they'd ask, meaning it. But a man has to be big to react that way.

"If he is big, he won't object to the fact that the woman he loves wants a career in addition to her home. I

think women are clever enough to have a place in the home and outside it as well. They are the only species on earth who can do it. A man can't do all three, run a home, keep a job and keep a woman. Why, the average man will agonize over it if he has to go to a lodge meeting at night after a hard day's work. Spend his time running a household and running a job, too? No man would attempt it. But women do and make a success of it."

Miss Russell is the perfect example of the type of women she champions. One of Hollywood's most attractive actresses, she is completely feminine and charming. But coupled with this is the ability to run a home—two homes, now that her husband is in the service and she keeps a home going for him at Laguna besides their Beverly Hills one. In addition, she manages a spectacularly successful career, devotes a great many hours to USO tours, bond-selling and local war efforts and has for some time been the backbone of Hollywood's relief for China.

"Some men say," continued Rosalind, "that American women are spoiled. And they imply that they're sorry, but they suspect that they themselves have spoiled American women.

"Spoiled? If that is so, why does every (Continued on page 78)

Cyreneen
O'Hara



Penelope F. Opald



Dana Reed



Mary Martin



HOW I LICKED MY BAD TEMPER



If you have ever said, "I don't know what to do. I can't control my temper," then you're the one to study Joan Bennett's simple and sane cure

BY JOAN BENNETT

As told to Roberta Ormiston

TEMPERS are indigenous to our family. Ever since I can remember I've had moments in which I was far too intent upon my anger to stop and think about the shame I would know when my temper had passed.

Injustice and stupidity—or what I feel to be these things—have a way of arousing my greatest wrath. Carmen, my hairdresser at the studio, used to edge closer to me immediately anything stupid or unjust threatened, cautioning, "Now, Miss Bennett . . ." Fruitlessly, too often.

About a year ago, following our introduction, a director with whom I was about to make a picture announced "I'm a little afraid of you actually!"

"Afraid? Of me?" I asked. "Why?"

"I understand," he explained, "that you're a sweet, charming, intelligent girl; but that you can turn like a tigress. A friend of mine insists you threw a chair at him!"

That told me who had warned him about me, of course. The chair-throwing episode, properly enough, had darkened my world for weeks. A few days before it happened I had taken time off to attend a funeral. I was feeling very virtuous (always dangerous!) because, although I'd been away only two hours on the day of the funeral I had, since, worked four hours after six o'clock, when my contract specifies I stop work at that hour. It was shortly before five when the director at whom I threw the chair approached me and said: "I'll have to ask you to work tonight, Miss Bennett."

"I can't, possibly; I'm giving a dinner party," I protested.

"Sorry," he said, turning away, "but I must insist you remain. Remember, you've still the time you were away

for that funeral to make up!"

Carmen was quick to reach my side, imploring, "Now, Miss Bennett . . ." But I never heard her. And a few seconds later that chair skidded across the floor.

It would make what writers call "good copy" if I could say it was the remorseful hangover occasioned by this incident that cured me of my temper. But it wouldn't be true. The cure came about very differently.

A year ago last spring my doctor gave me adrenalin to counteract a bad reaction I was having to injections I had taken. The adrenalin set my pulse thumping against my wrist. It made my heart bang violently. It made my face purplish and swollen.

I was badly frightened. It didn't seem possible my heart or my blood stream could long endure the terrific assault being made upon them.

I turned to my doctor, ready to accuse him of rank carelessness.

Blissfully unaware of my fright and my fury, he said smilingly, "What is happening to you right now is pretty much what would happen to you if you were intensely angry. The emotion of anger causes our glands to release an excessive amount of adrenalin, accelerating our heart action, increasing our blood pressure and causing us to get very red in the face."

Only one thing horrified me more than the harm I had risked doing myself in the past—the harm I might still do myself in the future! Not all the humiliation I had suffered had ever so definitely determined me to curb my temper somehow, somehow.

"Is it possible to overcome a bad temper?" I asked the doctor. "Or is there some way of keeping a violent temper within reasonable bounds?"

He was casually discouraging. "I know of nothing to stop anger rising in those given to violent reactions," he said, "except the letdown that sometimes comes with age. As for keeping anger within bounds—well, the very words and actions which arouse it also stimulate it, usually; and there's no magic that will remove such irritants, I'm afraid."

"Maybe not," I thought. "But in the future I'm going to remove myself from such irritants!"

IT began as simply and vaguely as that. Not being naturally slow to wrath I didn't have to wait long to put my plan to the test. The next time I felt anger surge I got up and quickly walked away. Unfortunately, however, while I put the actions and words which threatened my composure out of sight and hearing I didn't put them out of mind. I dwelt upon them. Consequently my anger grew. It wasn't long before, heart pounding, pulse thumping and very red of face, I returned to the fray.

I learned by that mistake. The next time I had occasion to remove myself from actions and words with the power to infuriate me I erased them from my mind too. Then and ever since then, as I get up and walk away, I concentrate madly on comparatively soothing things . . . upon the dresses Melinda and Diana require for "best," upon that wonderful mystery story I mean to write one day.

At first it wasn't easy to get up and quit what would have been scenes of combat had I remained; then to take my mind from those scenes too. But now—more than a year later—it's something I usually do almost automatically, without much effort at all.

THE END

Chloe Dumas



THE HARD WAY

Katie was content just to be there by the river with Paul. Forgotten were the glamour, the gaiety, the promise of her Broadway career



Obedience is, oftentimes, the best way out for a woman. But, for Katie, it almost cost her the man she loved

Fiction version by
LEE PENNINGTON

A Warner Brothers picture. Produced by Jerry Wald. Directed by Vincent Sherman. Screen play by Irwin Shaw and Daniel Fuchs. Original story by Jerry Wald.



"ARE you all right, Katie?" Katie turned away from the clouds swirling against the plane window and through the heavy veil that swung from her small black hat stared dully at the anxious face of her sister. It was a face of strange contradictions, the granite determination suffused with deep affection.

"Why don't you try to read, darling?" Helen pressed again. "That would be better for you than just sitting here thinking."

Deep within her Katie felt a bitter desire to cry out, "When your husband is dead, when you're on your way to his funeral with a telegram in your purse saying that he has committed suicide, how can you keep from thinking about it?" But she knew she dare not let down that first bar to hysteria. Ever since she had received the dreadful telegram she had

hung onto a sort of numb calm with clenched hands. If she hung on long enough, the threatened panic would pass. "Perhaps you're right, Helen," she said in a weary voice and picked up the magazine she held in her lap.

It was the latest issue of "American Stage" and on its cover there was a picture of a slender girl wearing a white dress. Bronze hair framed an oval face, dark brows arched over brown eyes and the toes of one dancing foot pointed to a line of type that said, "Broadway's newest singing and dancing sensation."

She studied the smiling face as one studies a stranger. Impossible to believe that she and the girl on the cover were the same. Stardom was so new, so bewildering, that she still wasn't used to it. Sometimes she thought she must be dreaming and that instead of being a real star and the discovery of the season's most

brilliant musical comedy, she would wake up and find that she was still little sister Katie, living with Helen and Helen's husband in a drab smoke-grimed house in an ugly mill town and longing for a white organdie dress to wear at her high-school graduation.

Just a white dress. But it had changed the course of their lives, hers and Helen's. Hungrily they had stared at it through the store window. Katie had wanted that dress more than anything in the world and Helen, her intense green eyes alight with almost fanatic devotion, had said, "Katie, you shall have it. I'll make Sam give me the money, somehow, whether we can afford it or not."

But Sam had balked. Katie didn't get the dress, and now for the first time she began to sense that not getting it had changed her entire life. For if she hadn't been bitter about



"We'll have a white house with a lawn and a garden," Paul said. "That is, if you're really sure that's what you want, Katie."



Their names were known now in the theatrical world — Helen Chernen, the woman producer, and her star-sister Katherine

wearing a made-over rayon print she wouldn't have gone straight from the graduation exercises to a vaudeville show; wouldn't have seen the song and dance team of Paul Collins and Albert Runkel and wouldn't, a little later, have given an imitation of their act to amuse the customers in an ice-cream parlor.

Then in the middle of her impromptu performance Albert and Paul had come in. She remembered how embarrassed she had been until Albert, the big lusty one of the two, had walked over to her and said, "That's wonderful. I've seen dozens of girls in big-time vaudeville who aren't half as talented as you are—or half as pretty, either."

At first, she hadn't believed the honest admiration in his voice; couldn't believe that a real actor was complimenting her untrained singing and dancing. But what was even more incredible was that he had taken her home and had drawn her awkwardly into his arms, saying, "I've never met

Helen Chernen Ida Lupino
Katherine Joan Leslie
Paul Collins Dennis Morgan
Albert Runkel Jack Carson
Laura Bithorn Leona Maricle
John Shagrue Paul Cavanagh

anyone like you, Katie." She had known then that he was in love with her, had understood the question he was too shy to ask and she had answered it by lifting her lips to his.

Helen had been furious until Albert, with the simple sincerity of the farm boy he was at heart, had said to her, "But I want to marry Katie."

A light had come into Helen's eye. "This is your chance to get away, baby," she'd said to Katie. "Maybe it's mine, too," she'd added.

THE CAST

Two days later, the new Mr. and Mrs. Albert Runkel boarded the train with Paul and Helen. Paul hadn't seemed very keen about the whole business—especially about Helen. With his athletic build and gay, if cynical smile, he was handsomer than Albert and far more quick-witted. Vaguely Katie was aware that barbed remarks were flowing between him and Helen, but it wasn't until after she had managed to wangle Katie into the act that his antagonism flared openly and he'd left them. Katie couldn't explain to herself the curious feeling of disappointment his departure gave her.

THE girl in the hat with the black veil slowly lowered the magazine in her lap as the plane sped westward. The eyes of her mind were turning back to those days when she and Albert hadn't done so well. The theaters had grown cheaper, the hotels dirtier. Through it all there was Albert's doglike devotion to break the falls.

Then Helen had pulled her wonderful stunt of landing them in the Casanova Club—for a single night, as it developed. But that was long enough for John Shagrue, the big Broadway producer, to see them. Certainly it wasn't Helen's fault if Shagrue picked Katie for the chorus of his new musical and had no place for Albert. Too bad, but as Helen pointed out he wouldn't want to stand in Katie's way. (Continued on page 83)

Beloved Lug

Being a few private remarks on Lloyd Nolan, the guy with the eyes a woman would trust even behind a burglar's mask!

BY
DENNIS SPRAGUE

IMPROBABLE as it may seem, if not downright impossible, there is such a thing, in motion pictures, as having too much of that ephemeral quality known as sex appeal.

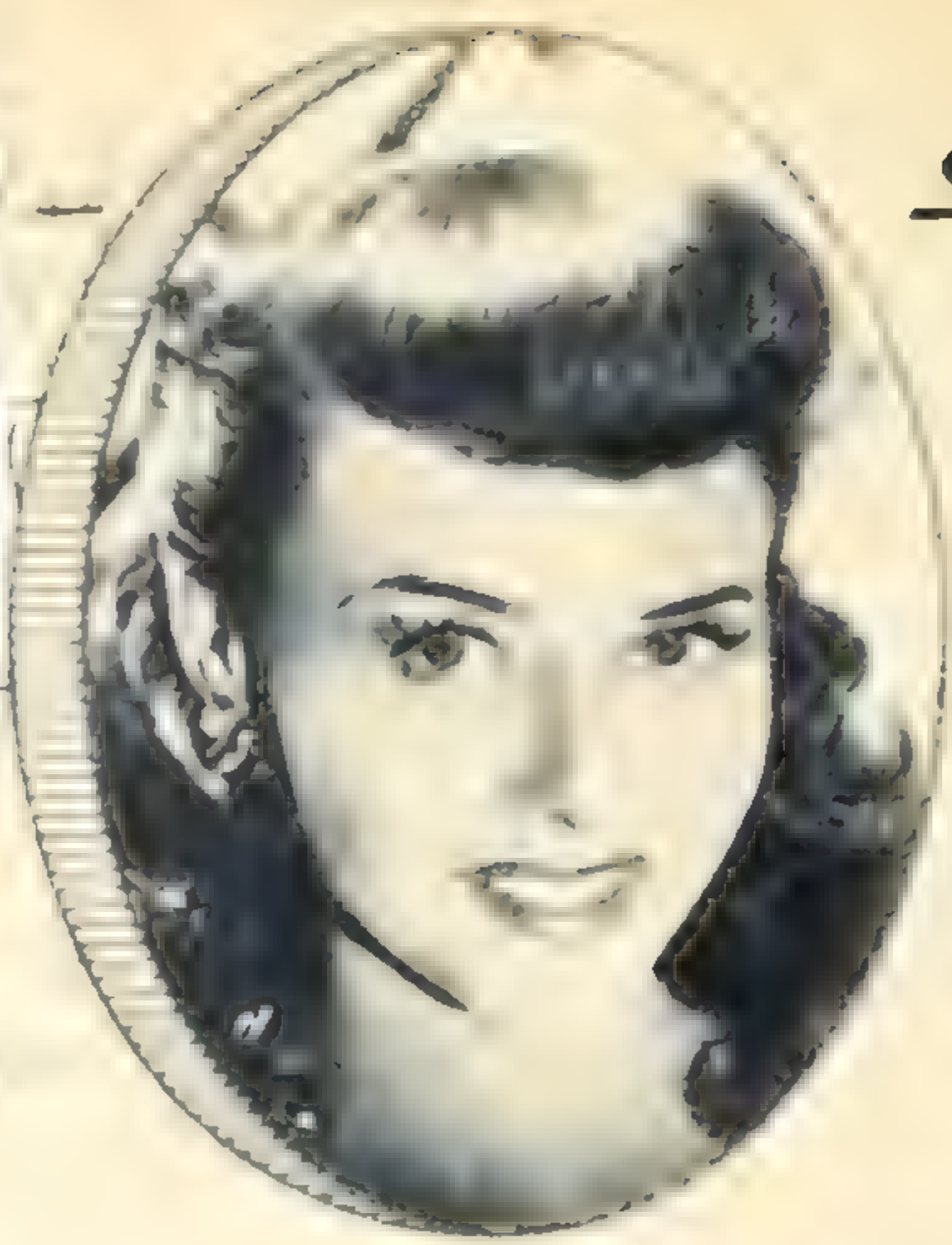
It's an admitted fact that a plethora of charm is a marketable quality in the Robert Taylors, the Tyrone Powers and the Vic Matures of the shadow business. But in the case of a man's making his living being a lug, it can be positively harmful.

There's the case of Lloyd Nolan. His job is being very tough. He's so tough that normal human beings scan one of his movies and then go home and sleep with the windows locked and the covers pulled up over their toupees.

Nevertheless, he has become the subject of interminable mash notes from social-minded women who believe he ought to be saved. They point to the fact that he has a soothing voice and a pair of eyes that the average female would trust behind a burglar's mask and that no man thus equipped should be portrayed as bad.

This extraordinary regard for the smoothest of the cinema gangsters first became apparent when Lloyd made "Gangs Of Chicago." In this olio Nolan, a brilliant young law student, had become the mouthpiece for a Capone-like gang and had come into great wealth and power thereby. Eventually he perished in an ignoble manner, viz., attempting to hide behind the coattails of an upstanding pal with a conscience. Even as he squirmed in his property department gore, women were inditing letters to his studio (Continued on page 95)





Says Paulette Goddard:

"I think there's too much of this sort of thing and I think it's a woman's fault! Even when a girl has much more money than I don't approve of it. If she can't have a good time going places he can afford, she had better look about for someone he isn't the boy for her!"



Says Robert Stack:

"Absolutely not—unless a fellow loses his wallet or forgets it or there is some similar catastrophe. In which case, the girl probably would have to pay her way and his, too. Only until he could reimburse her, however. I can't see this man-and-gal 'Dutch treat' business—never could—never will."

Should a girl

Every young lady, on due contemplation,

Will find this smart treatise a great revelation.



Says Ann Sothorn:

"I don't think a girl ever should pay if there's any semblance of a romantic attachment. If it's purely business or platonic, it can be a Dutch treat. If a man can't take a girl out and pay the check, he shouldn't make a date."

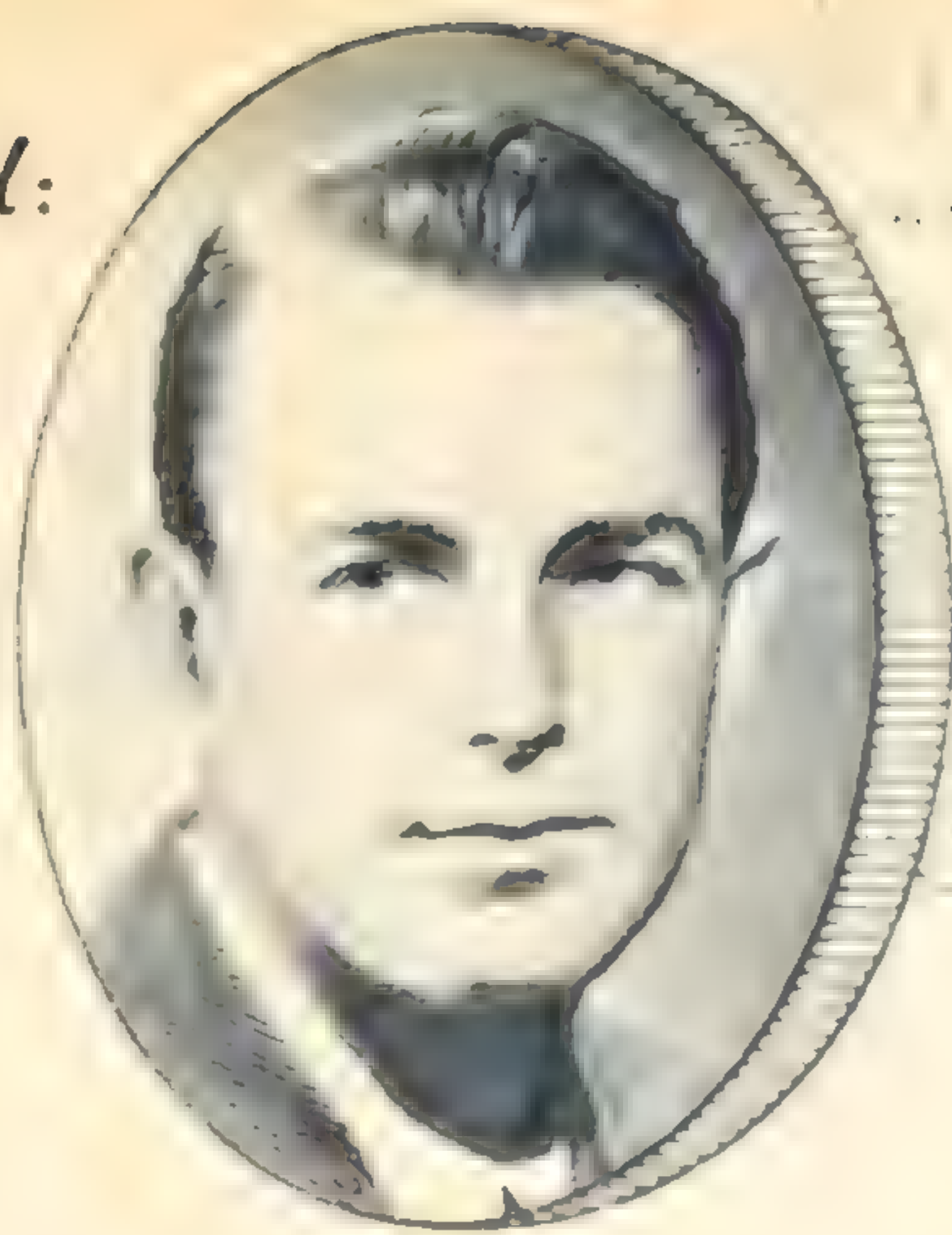


Says Fred MacMurray:

"One thousand times, no! The girl who makes the man in love feel like a big shot and a protector—that girl has something! It shouldn't make any difference who pays the bills—but it does to the man, anyway!"

Says Alan Ladd:

It ruins a relationship between a man and a girl if the girl pays her own way. I doubt any girl really likes any such state of affairs. It's a cinch no boy does. We men haven't adjusted to women's independence as well as women have. I guess we're afraid we'll lose our manhood by it."



Says Susan Hayward:

"When both the boy and girl have about the same amount of money I think it's only fair for a girl to pay her own way, provided the boy spends all he has to spend on her and she's sure no two-timing goes on with the money she saves him. A girl has to be careful, I think."



pay her own way?

Some dollar-and-sense thoughts from Hollywood sages,

By Adele Whitely Fletcher to brighten these pages.

Says Patricia Morison:

"It should be all right. But it does something to a man when a girl pays her own way. He may be horrified by the idea at first, but finally—too often—he's likely to be appalled by any other arrangement. I think it's dangerous to interfere in any way with the balance of power that exists between the sexes."



Says Louis Hayward:

Better, I think—for the man's sake—that he and a girl share the doughnut he can pay for than that she should buy a second doughnut. Providing entertainment when we take a girl out is one of the few things we men have left."



ROUND-UP OF Race Setters

Getting strictly confidential about two men and two maids



Jack Carson lost all the ladies in the movies until he got a chance to win Joan Leslie in "The Hard Way." And then just see what happened!



Hollywood looked at and listened to Irene Manning in "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and marked her for its own

BIG, BEWILDERED AND LOVABLE: There's something so girl-for-saken about Jack Carson on the screen it kills people. Especially in that picture "The Male Animal," with Jack so bewildered, so honest and yet so mixed-up. It's always that way with Carson—except in real life. There he got his girl; he knows whom he loves and why. Her name is Kay St. Germaine and Jack thinks she's wonderful. His nine-month-old son, Jack Jr., is also his pride and joy and no confusion about it.

Of course, on the screen Jack just never gets the girl, or seldom ever. In fact, he says he's had a whole career of losing Ginger Rogers over

at RKO. Since Jack has moved to Warners he's still lost all the girls on the screen, but the roles have grown bigger and better, so what does he care? "We have our own hair, our own teeth and own name, and get nowhere with the women," he jests. Of course, in his new film, "The Hard Way," he actually does win Joan Leslie; but it's too much for him or something, for he up and kills himself.

There's an honest, good citizenship sort of something about Carson that's rather wonderful. He built his own patio out of brick, plays with his baby and loves his home, when Warner Brothers let him stay in it, which isn't often. With a weekly radio program

BY SARA HAMILTON

who changed the pace and the face of things in Hollywood



The only genuine RFD beauty in Hollywood
—Donna Reed, farmer's daughter who made
good in "The Courtship Of Andy Hardy"



He loves plaid shirts,
seldom combs his hair
and collects motor-
cycles. He's Leif
Erikson, blond bomb-
shell of "Are Hus-
bands Necessary?"

to worry about and not more than a day or two off from movie-making in two years, Carson is always suffering from a slight case of homesickness. He doesn't complain. "You can't argue with success," he says. We can argue, however, with his barber-shop warbling in the Green Room dining room with Henry Fonda. When those two get together it's both fearful and wonderful.

American as hotcakes in his speech, mannerisms and ideas, it's amazing to discover he's not a Yankee at all, but a native of Canada. But Jack was brought to Milwaukee when he was very young, which accounts for much, and attended St. John's Military

Academy at Delafield, Wisconsin, and Carleton College in Minnesota. He played football and even studied a bit until along came a fellow named Dave Willock who said, "You know, I think we'd make a funny team. Let's go into vaudeville."

So they went. They teamed up in an act ridiculing the good old worn-out Nineties and later originated the newsreel act. Jack's family was shocked. There hadn't been an actor in the clan, ever. But Carson went right on and, when the team split, Jack became a master of ceremonies throughout Midwest theaters.

When Hollywood took no notice of him whatsoever, (Cont'd on page 79)



Zorina comes to triumph... crops her beautiful hair . . . brings to life on the screen the far-famed Maria of "For Whom The Bell Tolls"

Dennis Morgan fulfills his
promise of singing stardom
... portrays an unforgettable
sheik" in "The Desert Song"





THEIR

First Dates

Moonlight and roses the first time?
Not on your Hollywood life! Rather,
some red faces, some faux pas
—and a lot of embarrassing fun

BY GLADYS HALL


Charles Boyer whispered
soft words into Pat Pat-
erson's ear on their date
premiere. But he didn't
mean what he said!

A FIRST date," Charles Boyer once said, "is nothing more or less than—a door. Open it, and it may lead to a blank wall, to transient adventure, or—to the altar. But its excitement is in the fact that it is a door which, you know, is the most exciting thing in the world."

Mr. Boyer's "door" was a luncheon date following his first meeting with Pat Paterson at the home of a studio executive the night before. Pat was working at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, and when Charles arrived, was still on the set. But he was directed to a table in the commissary where, he was told, Miss Paterson always lunched. What he was not told was that she always lunched with the cast. Furthermore, when Pat arrived, surrounded by movie men and maids, she had her script under her arm, with lines to be learned for a scene directly after luncheon.

"And so," said Mr. Boyer, "we spent our first date with me cuing her for a scene, a love scene, for which I spoke the lines her screen lover was to speak. We had, also, of course, an audience. But I think, perhaps, I put into those words some of my own inflections and some of my own emotion. And I had also the feeling that though she spoke back to me the words written in the script, she was speaking those words for herself and to me. This must have been so . . ." said Mr. Boyer, with an expressive gesture.

Tyrone Power was ready and willing to talk about the first date with his Annabella. "Annabella and I met,



Gene Raymond had
a mother-in-law
mix-up with Jean-
ette MacDonald
right at the start



Dennis Morgan turned teacher on his No. 1 rendezvous with his wife. He ended up learning something himself!

As I am sure everybody knows, when we were working together in 'Suez.' Came the day when I asked her for our first date. Dinner with me, the next night, I said? She agreed. I had my plans. Some quiet, leisurely place, soft music, excellent food, candlelight, a setting for what I knew, by then, was the real romance for me.

"Came the next day and six o'clock on the set, but instead of the free evening on which I had counted for my leisurely, lovely dinner, we were given three quarters of an hour to eat before getting back to the studio for some night shots. Result: We ate barbecued beef sandwiches, pie à la mode and coffee at a Beverly Hills drive-in. We wore our 'Suez' costumes and make-up. We were so busy eating we didn't have much time to talk and when we did, we continued playing a game we'd been playing on the set, a guessing game called Who Am I? in which, by means of such questions as 'Are you living or dead? What nationality are you? Are you young or old?' you arrive at the person in mind.

"Annabella kept giving me terrific hints, but the fact that she said the person she was thinking of was not only here but all over the world, was known and respected in every country in the world, completely stumped me. When I gave up she said, triumphantly, I remember, 'Fine American you are that you cannot recognize your Uncle Sam!' I remember now I thought of saying, 'But love makes all (Continued on page 74)



Ty Power had an answer ready for Annabella's wisecrack at their first dinner—but he didn't dare say it then

"I wanted to ask you long ago," Tod said, "but I wasn't quite sure I should"



Highroad to Hollywood

She had her choice—a brilliant Hollywood marriage, a chance at a star career; or a life as an Ohio housewife. Only after you've read Julie's story can you judge her right or wrong

The story so far:

JULIA BURNS, of Gladstone, Ohio, who amazes her home town by winning a nation-wide radio contest as *Miss America*, is treated to plenty of thrills when she claims her award, a trip to Hollywood to play in a Warner Brothers picture. Her devoted Gladstone admirer, sandy-haired Tod Jenkins, all but proposes at the last moment, then, instead, merely asks her to send him Hollywood ideas for a house which he, as a budding young contractor, is about to build upon a Gladstone corner where stands the spreading elm beneath which Julia's happiest play days were spent.

On the train the newest *Miss America* meets Miss Scott Hendricks, also on her way to Hollywood, and also hopeful of a screen career, although she has but one hundred dollars with which to work it out. The two girls, electing to unravel the mysteries of Hollywood together, thereafter share its skyrocket surprises and bitter disillusion. Their first month is spent in the luxurious apartment where Julia lives as the studio's guest during her enactment of the picture role. Afterward their address is much less pretentious, and days and weeks are increasingly disappointing. August finds them living in one room near a hilltop restaurant called The Chateau, where Scott, although occasionally called for extra work, has taken the job of waitress.

Back in Gladstone, Tod's house is finished, having been built to incorporate the ideas which Julie has sent to him. However, Hollywood has provided a new object for her affections, in the person of a good-looking young portrait photographer, Curt Melbourne. Curt's attentions have become a happy and important part of her days. Indeed, through despairing months there have been but two cheerful departures; play days with Curt and anticipation of the Septem-

BY DIXIE WILLSON

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

ber premiere of the picture in which she played as *Miss America*.

But now, out of a clear sky, Warners Studio calls to offer lovely Julia Burns (her name long since changed to Julie Burnette) the small role of a city "debby" on a dude ranch. The part will be hers providing she can ride and can take a barrier on horseback. Although she has never been on a horse in her life she is so eager for the chance that she assures them she can qualify.

Cool as a cucumber, when the great day comes, she looks decidedly smart in her riding togs.

And when the director's whistle blows, she rides straight into the camera and over the gate . . . only to be left beside it, an unconscious little heap upon the ground!

The story continues:

THE next two hours were little more than a jumbled impression of white ambulance attendants, white nurses, white hospital elevators and sickening odors. There was a doctor, also in white, whom they called Dr. Mac. Julie was vaguely aware of asking him please not to cut Carmen's riding suit and not to send any alarming wires to her family. As for the rest, it was all pretty hazy until she awakened from what she guessed was a very long sleep.

Dr. Mac was still in evidence, although now he wore a business suit with a bright blue flower in his buttonhole.

"Good morning, young lady," he remarked cheerfully. "You're just in time for breakfast. How about some ham and eggs?"

Every inch of her seemed to be done up in bandages, splints or straps, and throbbing with dull pain . . . Her room was running over with flowers.

"I don't want any food," she said forlornly. "I spoiled the scene. I didn't think a horse could throw me. They'll never give me another chance in pictures. Never."

"How about letting me put in two or three cents' worth?" offered Dr. Mac. "I have a message for you from the director. He asked me to be sure and let you know that the shot was perfect, and that your finish improved it one hundred percent. He asked me to remind you that they hoped to get it in one take, and to tell you that they *did*. As I understand it, even the horse is satisfied."

Half a smile struggled into Julie's eyes.

"Is that really true?" she asked. "You wouldn't say it just to make me feel better, would you?"

Dr. Mac assured her that delusion was no part of his intentions, that he was quoting the director practically verbatim.

"Then I don't care if I did crack up," she sighed. "How many bones have I broken?"

"Fact is," replied Dr. Mac, "you haven't done much damage at all. Your right arm and a few ribs are a little the worse for wear, but you'll probably have the time of your life while they're doing their knitting. You'll be as good as new in three weeks. You can have anything you want to eat, and if you're interested in company, I'm told that a young man with the kind of good looks which will make every other female patient hate you, has appreciably worn down the corridor from the front door to the reception room."

Julie laughed in spite of the fact that she was obliged to utter accompanying little shrieks of pain. Dr. Mac was further explaining her bruises and broken bones when a nurse appeared in the doorway.

"May Miss Burnette take a telephone call, Doctor?" she wanted to know. "Gladstone, Ohio, is on the wire."

"How about it?" Dr. Mac inquired of his patient. "Do you want to talk with Gladstone, Ohio?"

"Oh, yes, please," she said quickly, "if you won't mind holding the telephone for me. I'm sure it's Mother. It would be grand to hear her voice."

Dr. Mac held the telephone. And Julie's guess was right. It was Mother, very anxious, very very much relieved to hear Julie report almost gaily on her state of health this morning.

"I'm really okay, darling," declared the young lady in bandages. "They say my tumble didn't even spoil the scene. Please don't worry. I . . . I'm not uncomfortable at all."

She made the last statement with a wry look at the doctor, as her mother informed her that someone else was waiting to say "Hello." The "someone else" was Mr. Tod Jenkins.

"OH how nice to hear you, Tod," Julie said. "Where are you and Mother anyway? . . . In your office in the lumber yard? It's a wonderful surprise. And there's a heavenly basket of mignonette and pink roses on the table beside my bed. I can see your name on the card. That was sweet of you, Tod . . . Do I remember what? Oh you mean when your car ran into the ditch and we walked four miles home? Yes, you're right," she laughed. "That was a good workout for the way the horse treated me. How's the new house, and my elm tree? . . . Yes, of course, I'd love to come home and see them, but I think I've really made a start in pictures at last. I'll write you all about it. The doctor is here saying that I mustn't talk any longer. Please make Mother believe I'm all right, Tod. Tell her that all the medicine I needed was talking to you two. . . ."

Dr. Mac replaced the telephone on the table beside her bed.

"What do you mean a basket of mignonette and pink roses?" he remarked. "Your nurse has spent most of the morning opening flower boxes with cards signed 'Tod.' And I spent most of it," he added, "explaining to young Melbourne why he couldn't see you until two o'clock. Better make up your mind who's head man."

"I wish I could," responded Miss Julie Burnette, "but the more I think about it, the more I don't know the answer."

BACK in Gladstone, Ohio, Mrs. Newt Burns sat beside Tod's desk giving her complete attention to Tod's report of Julie's end of the conversation.

"I'm tremendously cheered," said Miss America's mother, wiping quick tears from her eyes. "I think I'll hurry right along to the store and tell her dad. He has his grip packed to leave for Hollywood on a second's notice."

Tod escorted her to the street door, then returned to his small office to pin his eyes upon the telephone which had brought Julie's bright voice back to him. The goldenrod fragrance of late summer drifted in at the open window. The sound of humming saws and the slap-slap of lumber came up from the shop where Gladstone was contributing even in its small way toward defense building. Staring at his telephone Tod knew now, more than ever, that the only girl for him was the one whose voice had just made his heart turn cartwheels.

On first thought there didn't seem much chance for him, with Old Man Opportunity taking what appeared to be a personal interest in her career. On the other hand he found himself suddenly determined to play first fiddle instead of second. He didn't discount the possibility that Hollywood

Hollywood
is asking questions
about
JUDY GARLAND

You'll know
all the answers
if you read
Photoplay-Movie Mirror
Watch for it soon!

might have become more vital to this girl of his, than the things she had left behind; he even allowed for the possibility that Curt Melbourne, whom her letters so often mentioned, might be someone to reckon with. Nevertheless he dedicated himself here and now to bringing her home again.

However, he knew Julie well enough to know that nobody could merely suggest to her that she call it a day and come home. He could vision her small independent chin accepting the challenge and flinging back a defiant "Never!" But as there are maneuvers in war, so are there maneuvers in love. . . .

For the next fifteen minutes he gave the matter his most serious thought. Then a smile began to play in his eyes and he reached for the telephone again. This time he called his Aunt

Sarah who was seventy-five years old and who still made him gingerbread men with raisins for eyes.

"Hello, Sweetheart," he said, when his precious old relative was at the other end of the line. "Did I leave my camera at your house? . . . Okay, I'll be right over. And could you do me up an old tablecloth, Toots? Or that I could tear to pieces? . . . Yes, can? Attagirl. . . . No, I won't stay for lunch, thanks. I've got something on my mind more important than food. In fact it concerns an annex to heaven!"


SCOTT, Miss Henrietta Moe and Louie the chef, made it a gala day at The Chateau when Curt brought Julie home from the hospital. She had done a good job of getting well, inspired, for one thing, by the fact that the premiere of the picture in which she played *Miss America* was now but three weeks away, and would bring back, for at least a night, the glory which had attended her unusual if fleeting, distinction. For the premiere she was to wear the point d'esprit in which she had done her most important scene, and she would be presented "in person," added which Curt had planned that, reminiscent of her first scintillating evening in Hollywood more than half a year ago, they would sound off while dining at *Ciro's*.

Looking ahead, three weeks seemed a century to wait, although Julie's arm, withered and white and still in a sling, needed all of that time to loom fit again. But the days passed all too swiftly, as from her chaise longue Louie moved into the sun each day. Julie watched morning's blue change to bright afternoon, then sunset clouds of rose and amber like plumes designed to trim the purple mountain peaks.

Then three nights before the grand day, Curt saw the preview of "King Of Main Street"; saw Julie Burnett windblown and lovely, ride straight into the camera with a fall so "realistic" that it brought forth a round of applause from the audience. Her scene with Errol Flynn was accomplished smoothly, easily done. In other words the young lady definitely contributed to the production.

With funny little apprehension she hadn't wanted to see the preview herself, though she made Curt promise that he would come immediately afterward and tell her all about it. Hot and cold shivers coursing down her spine, she watched for the light of his car, and when they came waited for him in the open door.

"Wipe the worry off of your face, Missy," he said, by way of a greeting. "As an ingénue in jodphurs you're very okay. (Continued on page 91)



You'll look at any lady who looks like this: Deanna Durbin, Universal star of "Forever Yours," wearing a Hunt-Brockner-Hunt black crepe dinner dress that sets the autumn evening pace. A chiffon yoke, a revealing-concealing bit of feminine witchery, is banded with narrow black velvet ribbon, has an added accent of pleated black and pink chiffon, a combination that gets a girl more dates on any dance floor. The evening gloves, elbow-length and cut-out, turn the final trick, make a sophisticated setting for the bow-knot diamond pin that matches smaller earrings. Jewelry from Trabert & Hoeffler, Inc.—Mauboussin, Beverly Hills

—with a fall future



Be a happy stay-at-home of a fall evening in slacks like Miss Durbin's Agnes Barrett outfit. The suit is beige with red stitching doing startling things at the yoke and a belt that's intriguingly brought from the back, crossed in front, buttoned on the sides with transparent red glass buttons. News below are the "Hollywood Scooter" hand-lasted red and blue slack shoes

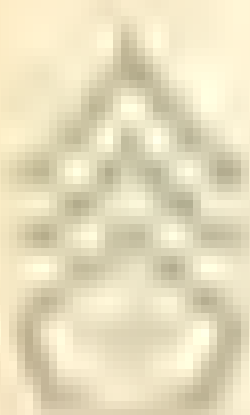
Be a gay young gadabout, come autumn, in a suit like this: A Hunt-Brockner-Hunt black wool crepe with a jacket that has an all-over pattern of smart soutache ribbon. The Francois hat would turn any girl's head—a white coque bird perched on black velour. Deanna's jewelry, from Tra- bert & Hoeffler, Inc.—Mau- boussin, Beverly Hills, is "Re- flection" patterned scroll dia- mond clips worn separately or as a "single note" pin



You can look as smart

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR



 Dotty's soldier took one look at her suit when she got off the train and then rushed her right back to camp for dress parade. The outfit's of smart autumn plaid wool. The trick new trouser pleats in front and back give a swing to the skirt; the jacket has a special-cut neckline and big patch pockets. Said the soldier: "I'm going to see my sister gets one of those suits—even if I have to buy it for her myself!" He won't have to do that, because sister—and you, too—can have it at a budget price.

\$5.95—skirt

\$7.95—jacket

With brown, blue or green predominating in the plaid

as a star

FASHION SCOOPS

...es you'll want to buy at prices you'll want
...y! Each month, we take a reader, dress
...up-to-the-minute clothes, pose her to give
...in advance chance at the headliners of the
...n. October's choice is Dorothy Nugent,
...tary to the dean at Newark State Teach-
...College. She trotted off to camp in these
...es to see her staff sergeant beau, came
...e with a lot of double-barreled compli-
...s from him and his envious khaki brethren

You can buy any of these three outfits
at Saks-34th St., New York City. Just
write, phone or go there—or, for quick,
easy service, use the coupon on page 106.



For a sport out-
fit that will look
just as well at
the "good-by" close-
up as it did for the
gay "hello" scene,
Dotty chooses a vel-
veteen dirndl skirt
with big pockets,
tops it with a
round-neck jersey
blouse; turns herself
into a fall sports
miss who will break
all records, roman-
tic or otherwise

\$6.95—skirt

\$5.00—blouse

Skirt in black, dark
green, wine, royal
blue or brown
Blouse in gold, red,
beige, blue, Kelly
green or black

A promenade
to feed the
camp pigeons—
and a dress to make
a lonesome soldier
come back for more.
Dotty wears the per-
fect date dress—
soft rayon crepe
with a yoke and skirt
trimmed with chic
black braid. The
basque effect does
things for any type
figure; the general
effect rates high in
all uniformed male
observation depart-
ments on land or sea

\$10.95—dress

In red, green
or gold with
black braid

Cary Grant



Matrimony Deferred-

From worlds apart they saw each other, Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton, and waited two long years to be united

BY SALLY JEFFERSON

WHEN Cary Grant married Barbara Hutton under a spreading oak tree at the home of his friend and agent, Frank Vincent, he had proved his love for her in a hundred ways. There was no obstacle too great, no problem too difficult for Cary to face for her.

In the two years he had known Barbara, Cary had undergone many changes. He had become the most generous-minded star in the business, he had taken chances with the career he had worked like a dog to achieve to risk antagonizing the press, especially the camera boys, and he had given up being an Englishman to become an American.

The weaving of the web that drew together the second richest girl in the world and a Hollywood movie actor, born in the dreary poverty of an English manufacturing town, began several years ago in London. The pair met, exchanged greetings, and parted with no definite impressions on either side. Cary, on the one hand, had been deeply interested in blonde Phyllis Brooks. Barbara, on the other, was in the midst of an emotional upheaval, having just divorced a husband for whose sake she had renounced her American citizenship to become a Dane. It was a sacrifice Barbara has regretted with all her heart and soul and one she is striving to adjust by taking out citizenship papers just as any immigrant would do. Just, in fact, as Cary himself did.

It wasn't until the two met, two years later, at the home of Dorothy di Frasso, that destiny took a hand.

"You've met Barbara, of course," Countess di Frasso said to Cary just before dinner. The dinner party was,

in fact, a farewell to Barbara who was sailing with her son Lance Haugwitz-Reventlow next day for Hawaii.

Perhaps it was the heartaches and disillusionment each had undergone that pulled these two together. Or perhaps it was something deeper and less tangible. Whatever the source of magnetism, the dark-eyed, dark-haired actor, who had once performed on stilts at Coney Island for a living, looked at the fabulous golden girl who had inherited millions from one of the great American institutions of five and ten cent stores, and in-

stantly, worlds were crossed. They had to belong to each other.

Across the sea, 6000 miles away in London, in an underground vault lay the first obstacle. Millions of dollars belonging to Miss Hutton. The money had been set aside for the charity nearest her heart, the American Red Cross.

That desire to give the needed aid never could have been realized if Barbara had married Cary Grant when she first knew she loved him. He was still a British subject, which meant that Barbara also, according to (Continued on page 93)



Love is Laughter



JOAN CRAWFORD was supposed to marry (1) Glenn Ford, (2) Jean Pierre Aumont, (3) Lt. Lloyd Freeman, (4) a handsome gentleman in Florida, very rich, (5) a handsome gentleman in New York, ditto, (6) her art.

So Joan married Phil Terry, whom she had known vaguely for six months and intensely for six weeks, and she is in no mere Seventh Heaven about it. Seventh Heavens are for pikers. Joan is in an eighth, moonlight-drenched heaven, and as for Phil Terry, he who was the *Parson* of Panamint for Paramount, he is completely out of this world. To see them together is to know it was a most wise and kind Providence that de-

cided love should never be one of those things weighed in scales like sugar or eggs or unpolished rice.

Because if you could put love in scales and balance it with neat metal weights, you would say, "How can a girl who has been so desperately disillusioned in love as Joan by two marriages fall this completely in love again?" You would ask, "Why Phil Terry, rather than all the other men who clustered about like moths against the flame of Crawford's personality and beauty?"

I saw Joan and Phil at noon of the day that they had been married. We sat in the complete madhouse that was, technically, her dressing room on the set of "Reunion." There were

flowers arriving, there were telegrams arriving, there was the phone ringing constantly, there was Pupchen, Joan's dachshund, barking, there were top movie executives crowding in, Louis B. Mayer, Eddie Mannix, Joe Mankiewicz, who is Joan's immediate producer. There was Mrs. Ray Milland, calling about a wedding reception on Saturday, there was Judy Garland, hopping over from another stage, there was a wedding cake being whipped up in one corner and ice cream in the other. In the midst of all this, there were Joan and Phil, hardly aware of any of it because they were so intensely aware of Joan and Phil, wearing identical bands of wide, yellow gold on the third fingers of

. . . And how Joan Crawford has found it with the man she has just married is revealed in this exclusive interview with one of Joan's closest friends



"Ruthie," only writer to crash Joan's set on her wedding day, beams at the bride and groom.

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Miss Christina sitting proudly alongside in her high-chair was very quiet. After Christina was safely tucked in bed, the three-sided conversation was subdued and Mines and Terry, sensing their beautiful hostess's weariness, took an early departure.

Joan went to work the next morning. She never gave the preceding evening a second thought. The next week she finished up the picture and went back to New York again.

She was talking then, with complete sincerity, of living entirely for her work and for young Christina. It was true that there was a man in New York who was desperately in love with her. When she had been in Florida a few months previously, there was also a man there who was desperately in love with her. That is the way it is with Joan wherever she goes. There are always men desperately in love with her and I suspect there always will be, even when her

birthdays number eighty and she has developed into the greatest character actress the camera has ever recorded. For what attracts all types and classes of men to Joan in private life is exactly what attracts the public to her on screen. There is in her this amazing capacity to be always new, always vital, always growing and that, combined with her beauty, is pure fascination.

When she had first come back to Hollywood, leaving the gentleman in New York and the gentleman in Florida, and had gone to Columbia to make "They All Kissed The Bride," Glenn Ford of Columbia had taken one look at her—and wham!

He is a perfectly grand chap, Glenn, and Joan liked him very much and that was all there was to it, liking. Her name was linked with Glenn's in the columns, but she went briefly back to New York and that subsided. She returned to Hollywood to prepare for "Reunion." Then she met Jean Pierre Aumont, who is new on the Metro lot, and wham! There went

their left hands, their faces beaming brighter than a dozen movie premieres rolled into one.

Joan said, "Oh, darling (meaning, for the moment, your correspondent), I never knew such relaxed happiness before."

Phil said, "I'm thirty-three and I never could find the girl I dreamed of, until that night I walked into Joan's house six months ago and saw her."

Because, you see, it was love at first closeup with Phil, even though Miss Crawford didn't give him much more than a long look that evening.

This is the way it happened. Joan had just come back from New York, where she had been living for six months, to make "They All Kissed The Bride" and had invited one of her best friends, Harry Mines, a Los Angeles newspaper man, for dinner. Harry asked Joan if he might bring his actor friend, Phil Terry, along, and Joan agreed.

Joan was very tired that evening. She had played intense emotional scenes all day and had to get up at six the next morning to do another batch of them. Therefore, dinner in her exquisite Georgian dining room with the candles flickering and little



Turnabout: Joan was one of the first admirers of Judy Garland Rose's ring; now Judy returns the compliment

Mr. Aumont's heart. Joan liked him, too, and liking was all there was to that.

Then she met Lt. Lloyd Freeman and it was the same old pattern and then one night six weeks before July twenty-first, Harry Mines called up and asked if he could please bring his friend, Phil Terry, around again, on account of Phil Terry had never stopped talking about her since that first evening.

It was on the occasion of this second date that Phil reminded Joan that he had been in her picture "Mannequin" some four years previously and that that was when he had first started adoring her. Joan didn't remember him at all, understandably, because they hadn't met at that time. Phil was in scenes in which she didn't appear and before the film was released he was the face on the cutting-room floor. But he was under contract to M-G-M at that time himself, so he could see her from a distance, watch her lovely figure as it disappeared down the long shadowed streets of the lot, hear her exciting voice as she sang in her dressing room. Joan didn't notice him, and he never approached her since she was then Mrs. Franchot Tone.

THE party on Phil's second evening at Joan's was a fivesome, quite typically, Joan and four men. One of the men was a bit on the serious side and began expounding some long, dull theory. The whole idea was so stuffy that it began to amuse Joan. As a good hostess—and she is one of the best—she knew she couldn't laugh,

but at that moment she caught Phil's eye across the room and realized he was collapsing with strangled mirth, too.

"It began right then," Joan explained to me. "I still insist that when two people laugh at the same things they are mentally in tune. The things about which one should be serious are pretty well established by custom, preaching and upbringing, but humor is an individual thing. When I realized that Phil was suppressing his giggles, just as I was suppressing mine—well, right then I knew I wanted to know him better."

That desire of Joan's was very okay by Phil. He called the next morning, which was the tenth of June, and they went out for dinner together that night. The day after that there were flowers, and the next day another dinner, and next day there were more flowers and by the following day they were reading Joan's next script together.

"I didn't want to study and he made me," Joan said. "He sat across the room and said, 'You must learn these lines. Now, I'll cue you and you go to it,' so I did. A little later, he said he was leaving so that I wouldn't be up too late. Suddenly, there was that atmosphere which all women crave and of which I've had so little: the mood of being protected."

They went on for two weeks like that, and as July approached they knew they didn't want to see anyone save each other. They read plays together, Phil playing the male lead, Joan the woman's. They walked together. They swam together.

The amazing history of Joan Crawford has been told many a time, but Phil wanted to hear it from the girl herself. As for Joan, she learned that Phil was that most amazing of Californians, a native son, born in Sacramento, educated at Stanford and brought up in Glendale. She learned how he had always wanted to be an actor, but how he chose to go to England rather than to Broadway to get his stage training, which accounts for a certain purity of accent in his voice, a certain charming reserve in his manner. He told her about his contracts with M-G-M and Paramount. They discovered that they were mutually ambitious to act in fine plays and fine pictures but that there was no jealousy between them as to which one of them might eventually be the "more important."

AT the end of the third week, they knew they were in love but it wasn't until Friday, July seventeenth, that they went up to Ventura County and took out their license to wed, under their real names of Lucille Tone and Frederick Kormann.

"There has been so much misinformation about this whole thing that I'd like you to get it straight," Joan told me, being very serious for the moment. "We were married at my lawyer's ranch in Ventura. He's Neil McCarthy, you know, and he had his friend, Judge Flynn, there at midnight Monday to marry us. Judge Flynn didn't even know what couple he was uniting until he saw us. Somehow, though there were only Neil and Mrs. McCarthy and the Ventura County Clerk there as witnesses, the news leaked out. The radio world heard Judge Flynn's name and broadcast not that he had performed the ceremony, but that I had married Errol Flynn. This morning some of the papers were almost as inaccurate. One paper said Phil was twenty-eight to my thirty-seven. Well, anybody who wishes to do so can go and see the license that proves that Phil is thirty-three and I am thirty-four."

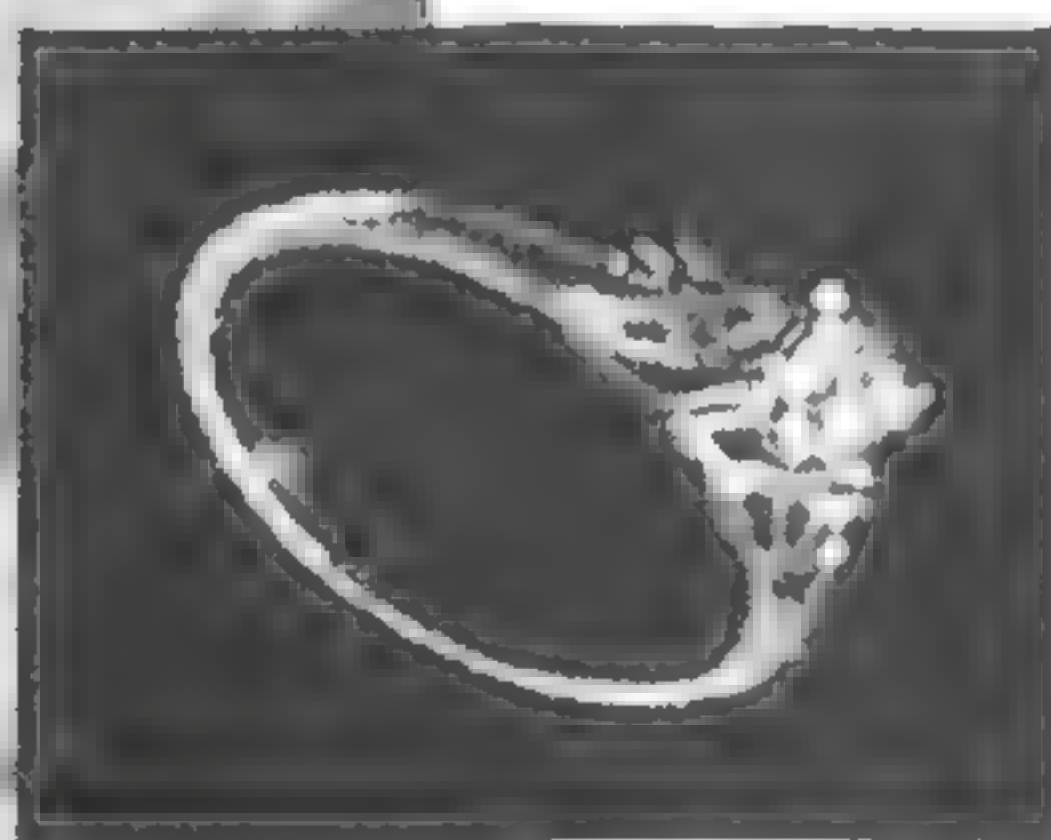
"You know what," said Phil, interrupting. "I told Joan I wanted her to get married in a certain blue and white striped Irene suit she had because I loved the hat she wore with the outfit. Bride-like, however, she had to have something new. So she ordered another suit from Irene, in beige, but she had the hat I liked copied exactly, only in beige, to wear with it."

"Tell about our wedding breakfast," Joan said, laughing.

"We were married at five minutes after midnight," Phil began. "We got back home at two A. M. You know that Joan never drinks and I don't care if I never (Continued on page 90)



HONEY-BLONDE—WITH A FRESH-AS-WILD-ROSES COMPLEXION



Jane's Precious

Engagement Ring is dear and sweet like herself. A Tiffany setting of gold holds the clear, sparkling diamond that once belonged to her fiancé's grandmother.

DAINTY JANE DRURY

of Leominster, Massachusetts—engaged to Loring Harkness, Jr., of New York and Connecticut. Loring was preparing for a teaching career—but, like so many boys now, he's working in a defense plant until the Army calls him.

Adorable, modern daughter of a distinguished New England family, Jane plunged right into war duties after college. She works like a beaver at her Civilian Defense job and nearly dances her feet off "hostessing" at U.S.O.

Wherever she goes, Jane has compliments about her lovely complexion. "I tell all the girls just to use Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "Then they'll see why I say it's so 'super'—and makes your skin feel so soft and spandy clean."

Copy Her Soft-Smooth Complexion Care

First—Jane smooths Pond's Cold Cream carefully over her face and throat—pats with gentle finger tips to soften and release dirt and old make-up. Tissues off well. Next—she "rinses" with more Pond's. Tissues it off again.

Use Pond's Cold Cream as Jane does—*every night*—for quick daytime clean-ups, too. You'll see why war-busy society women like Miss Fernanda Wanamaker and Mrs. Allan A. Ryan use this soft-smooth cream—why more women and girls all over America use Pond's than any other face cream. At your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical the lovely *big jars*!

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S



They love to look at Jane!

Loring and Jane with two Army friends on leave. There's always a "sweet-as-a-pink" look about Jane's flower-fresh complexion. She gives Pond's lots of credit for helping to keep her skin so softly smooth.



IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!



From the Coconut Grove's goldfish bowl Ruth Hussey drew the name of Ensign Donald F. "Sighted sub, sank same" Mason to be her dinner partner

Why Hollywood Hates Me

(Continued from page 35) a myriad of other male and female employees bow and scrape before the successful ones.

Pretty soon, the stars and executives begin to think that such servile adulation is their just due—that they actually *deserve* to be yessed and eulogized. Mind you, not all successful people have this feeling. Clark Gable, for example, never had it, nor has Crosby or Weissmuller or Judy Garland or Jimmy Cagney or many others I could but haven't time to name. The *regular fellows* never go fame-mad, or, as it has long been described, "go Hollywood."

At any rate, those who do feel that they are tin gods, not subject to criticism, resent adverse comment.

I don't know why they should. I adhere to the old saying, which has been credited to P. T. Barnum, George M. Cohan and a few more show-world greats, that anything the press chooses to print is good publicity, so long as the name is spelled correctly.

IN this vein of thought, Marlene Dietrich (whom I like, and I think she likes me—now) once had her press agent ask me why I criticized her in my column.

Now, here let me explain that to a columnist—to this columnist, at least—yesterday is dead and gone. When I write today's column, I don't attempt to remember what I wrote yesterday. I am interested only in making today's column as interesting as possible. So, quite often I may write about the same stars or persons for several days in succession. The items may be humorous, critical, in praise, or satiric.

So it happened that for a brief period, I had written several pointed little darts that got under Miss Dietrich's skin. I hadn't intended to carry on a barbaric campaign against Marlene; it just happened.

So when her press agent asked me to have luncheon with the star, so she could straighten out whatever she might have done to make me dislike her, I replied:

"I will be delighted to have luncheon with Marlene; any male would be a subject for mental investigation were he to refuse such an alluring invitation. But as for my disliking her, tell the lady 'it ain't so.' And tell her this:

"A star has no need to worry when a columnist makes use of her name day after day, but not always in praise. The time for a star to begin to worry is when columnists regard her as no longer important enough to rate mention, good or bad."

That is something Hollywood doesn't seem to understand. I mean, that criticism is very often as good or better publicity than praise. This is why: Criticism starts controversy. Fans of the star resent criticism of their favorites, and such criticism always stirs up a period of special attention to that star. Well, special attention in the form of publicity or fan worship is what makes the movie players' world go round.

Frankly, I don't think criticism can hurt any star. I won't use names at this point, but I think the general public will remember that one actress kept a diary that achieved considerable newspaper quotations and another was involved in an affair with a director at a prominent night club. I haven't named them, but the two players were certainly called by their proper names in newspaper reports. Neither actress was hurt professionally by this most undesirable publicity; in fact, one of them was pulled back from near oblivion by a renewed public interest.

This seems to me a timely place to review what has been termed "the Flynn (Errol) incident" in my life. Readers will remember that there was considerable uproar some months ago because Mr. Flynn set upon this reporter in a Hollywood night club. Following that affair (which I regret because I don't like night-club brawls) newspapers were filled with greatly distorted accounts of the "fight," which wasn't a fight at all.

These accounts included so-called quotes from Mr. Flynn, in which he declared "he did it because he didn't like my testimony at the Washington investigation of the film industry." (Here is a fine place for me to explain, once and for all, that I was *subpoenaed* to Washington as a witness. I had no choice in the matter. One newspaper publisher, who was against the group of Senators conducting the investigation, said I should have ignored the summons.

Well, I am too much imbued with a respect for law and order to ignore a subpoena from the United States Senate. As a former member of the Marine Corps, I have a great respect for duty. I obeyed the summons to Washington, unquestionably, as I would do again.)

To return to newspaper accounts of the "Fidler-Flynn incident," it was claimed that my wife had attacked Flynn with a fork, and no few other weird assertions were made.

The truth is, none of these insinuations published was true. And today, although I have never taken the trouble to deny or reply to the printed statements, I have absolute proof of their falsity and of the organized campaign behind them. Some people wondered why I didn't resort to legal action to clear myself.

Well, I didn't mind. These untruths did me or my career no harm. That was fortunate, for untruths often do great harm, which is where they differ from honest criticism.

But if I should ever carry on a sustained campaign designed to tear down a star or executive, I would expect to be sued.

Fear of legal action, let me say here, is not the reason I have never carried on such a campaign. I have never done so because I have no wish to harm anyone. I do not take out personal peevs in my column or on my radio show. Once, when I was younger, I hot-headedly did such things, but age brings saner thinking and, unless a man is inherently mean, he soon gets over his desire to use his power, as a member of the press, to "get even."

On the credit side of the ledger, let me say in my defense that I have always tried to be helpful to the underdog. I may coin sharp satire at the expense of stars who are on top and can't be hurt by it, but I never do it when a man is down.

ON the contrary, I have gone to bat for veteran stars who were pushed around too much by the industry. For years, I conducted a campaign in favor of oldtimers that eventually forced studios and Central Casting Bureau to give these veterans, who had grown up in the show business and weren't equipped to work elsewhere, jobs, contracts and preferred calls on extra and bit work.

Frankly, I think I risked my career for Lew Ayres, who is one of the most regular fellows ever to come to Hollywood. When Lew, mistakenly advised, was shipped off to a Conscientious Objectors Camp, I felt that an injustice was being done. And as I read editorials and heard radio's barbed comments on his case, I decided that someone should move in and tell the truth about Lew.

I don't claim any nods of approval for my stand, because I am sure any other decent reporter, knowing as much about the case as I, would have done the same. The trouble with Lew's critics was that they didn't know all the facts.

At any rate, I learned through the Selective Service Board how Ayres might enlist in the branch of the service—The Medical Corps—that he wanted, and how he might have done it in the first place without all the sour publicity.

I talked with Lew over long-distance telephone and acquainted him with the facts I had unearthed. It was largely due to this activity and a campaign in favor of Lew which I carried on through my column and radio program, that he was taken out of the Objectors Camp and enlisted in the Medical Corps.

The reason I went to this effort, of course, was that I knew Lew was no coward. He was willing to be shot at by the enemy on any front, as a member of the Medical Corps. He simply was not willing to do any killing on his own.

I am sure Lew Ayres is not one of those who "hates Fidler."

The End.

*Keep 'em
pretty*



Wherever he is, he thinks of you. So stay pretty for him. Dura-Gloss will keep your nails pretty, takes care of your fingers while your hands are taking care of war-work. Its special ingredient, Chrysoilline, gives it exceptional wearing qualities—Dura-Gloss doesn't "get tired" away from you. So whatever happens, keep yourself bright and shining—don't be without Dura-Gloss. It's only fair.

*See how it shines! Dura-Gloss is sold in
Bottles, Tins, and Tubes.*



10c
Full Size

So little means so much

DURA-GLOSS *nail polish*

Cuticle Lotion Polish Remover Dura-Coat

What's Happened to Errol Flynn?

(Continued from page 27) sail from his studio, his home, from Hollywood, regardless of costly delays and the pleading of his bosses. Now, with a legitimate, urgent reason for his leaving the set, Flynn pulled himself together after a few days at the hospital and went back to work to finish the picture, at what cost to himself no one can altogether tell.

WHAT has happened to this man, Errol Flynn?

The answer in all probability is to be found in the breakup of his marriage to the piquant Lili Damita just at the time when Errol was looking forward eagerly to playing the new role of father to his son, Sean Leslie Flynn, born a year ago this past May. The star has remained steadfastly mute on the subject but those close to him say there can be no doubt that for the first time in his devil-may-care life Flynn was hurt, and hurt deeply.

Not that separations for the high-powered pair were a new development by any means. Periodically the newspapers were adorned with colorful accounts of their latest spats. There was the time when Lili chased his plane down the air field on his return after one of their arguments, shouting, "Come on out, honey!" But Flynn, with a swift glance, ordered the pilot to taxi further down the field, where he escaped in a studio car, leaving Lili to wend her way homeward alone.

On another occasion, as the sounds of battle reached a climax in the Damita-Flynn manse, Errol was heard to say distinctly, "In my home, what I say goes—or I go!" And he went—accompanied by his bags—to his athletic club.

But somehow we in Hollywood had come to expect a perennial reconciliation. It was the usual Flynn-Damita routine. Not, however, as matters turned out, in the year 1941.

Flynn was on the high seas when Lili made her announcement to the world that they were to become parents in May. His genuine happiness at the news was not mitigated by the fact that it came as a complete surprise. This, you might well say, is not the usual procedure for couples who have so intimate and personal a communication to impart. But then Lili and Errol could not by the remotest stretch of the imagination be classed as a usual couple.

Something drastic happened between that period of high elation and the day in May when tiny Sean Leslie Flynn made his appearance, for according to Lili's own testimony in her suit for divorce Flynn was not even by her side as she gave birth to their child but was again on his boat. What this final blow was no one knows.

CERTAIN it is, however, that it has left Flynn a changed man. In the old days he laughed at the hoary critics who hurled their scorn at him for his acting ability, because he considered himself an actor not at all. Acting to him was simply an easy way of making a good living and what he lacked in technique he compensated with a canny sense of showmanship before the cameras. If in the process he stepped on somebody else's toes that was too bad. Let them call him a lens hog. Pictures were a dog-eat-dog business at best, he felt, and there would be none to mourn his passing when he ceased to draw at the box office. What did it matter if his

fellow workers called him stingy? Life was not to be lived entirely behind studio walls—not for him.

This is not true of Flynn today. Ronald Reagan was one to feel the change in their last picture together, "Desperate Journey," just before Ronnie joined his cavalry unit. He had never known Flynn well, but had suffered from being overshadowed by the Flynn name as has every young male player on the Warner lot.

They had been out on location and on their return Flynn invited Reagan to stop off at his Mulholland Farm for rest and a cool drink. Reagan stared about in amazement. Here was no swashbuckler's eyrie but the home of a man of quiet culture. Books on philosophy, adventure, the best fiction; trophies that bespoke travels in foreign lands; a musical

library of the best symphonic records for the radio-gramophone; everywhere the evidence of taste and thoughtful living.

Omnipresent was Flynn in his eagerness to serve the comfort of his guests with his special gift of making one feel completely at home. Reagan mentally revamped his idea of Errol. Here was a man with a capacity—and a need—for friendship.

As to what Errol Flynn will finally do about his share in the war, later reports say that after a brief period of recuperation when his present picture is finished, he will seek a post as foreign correspondent on the Russian front. In any event, rest assured he'll be in action somewhere.

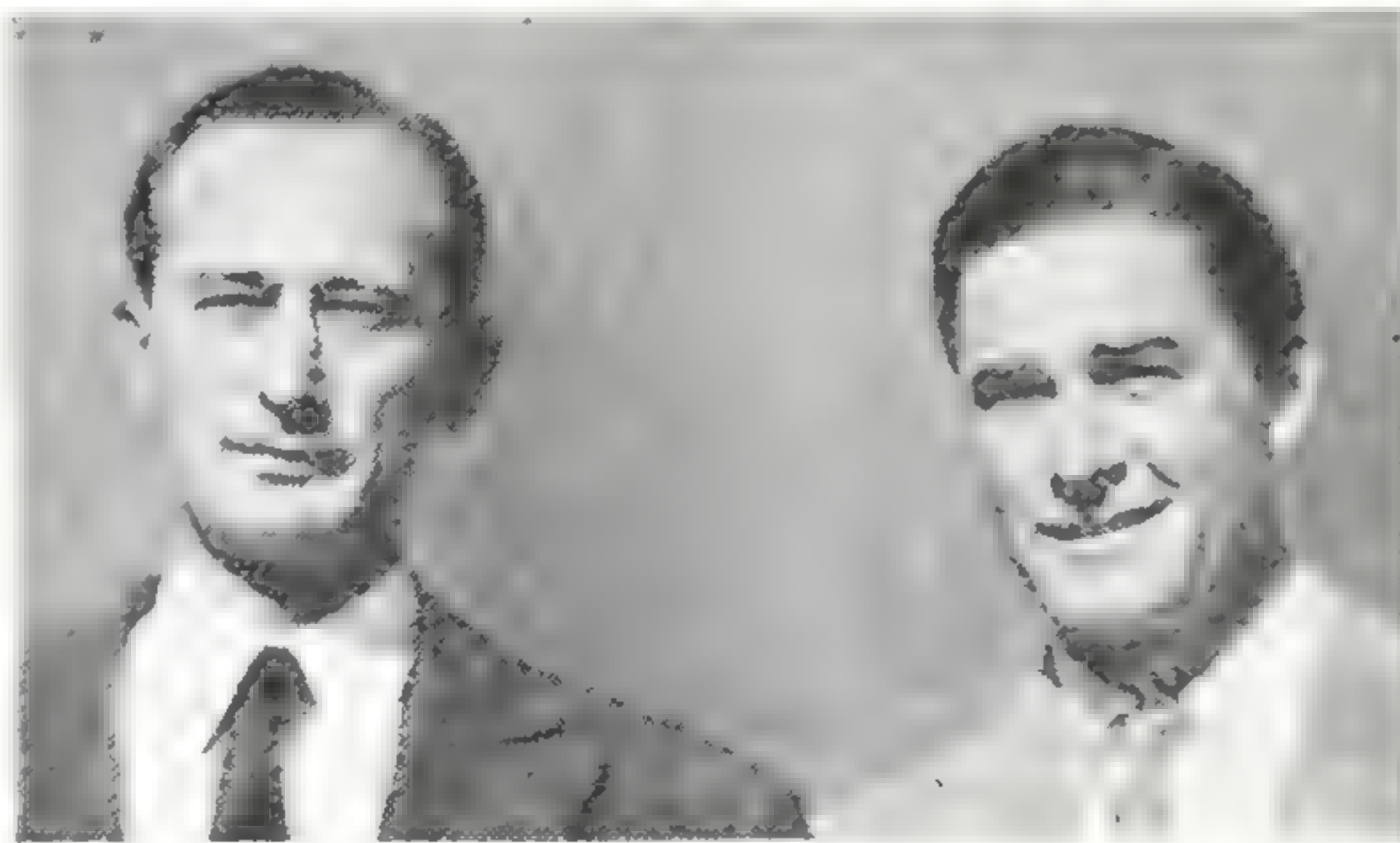
He's built that way.

THE END

In the Shadow of the Flynn Man

ANOTHER VIEW OF ERROL FLYNN

BY JIM FLEMING



Jim and Flynn

I AM Errol Flynn's stand-in. I believe that I have been more closely associated with Errol Flynn for over a longer period of time than anyone—since his arrival in Hollywood, that is.

My first recollection of Errol is that of a shy and rather reticent young man of fine build and handsome appearance. He had just finished "Captain Blood," the picture that had skyrocketed him to fame.

I had been interviewed by Lili Damita, Flynn's lovely wife, one day in January, 1936. Errol needed a secretary; he was doing quite a bit of writing at that time. I was told, "Come back at six this evening and meet Mr. Fleen."

I was there at six and "Mr. Fleen" showed up a little after seven. They lived in a hillside home and the living room was downstairs. The front door slammed with a bang. "Errol darling, come down here." Errol galloped down the steps and I was introduced as, "This is James. He does what you call the quick hand."

"Glad to know you, Jim," said Flynn with that warm smile of his. We shook hands. I liked him instinctively. "Well, I'll be seeing you," he said and galloped back up the stairs. I assumed that I was hired.

The first six weeks were rather hectic. I quit six times and was fired at least twice. However, things settled down to a roar and I've been around in one capacity or another ever since. I like to consider him as one of my best friends. In spite of anything anyone wants to tell you he hasn't changed much since that first day.

He is a much maligned young man. I know him to be an honest and serious person, really unaffected by his success. He is appreciative, thoughtful and kind with those with whom he works, although a deliberately mischievous sense of humor often seems to belie this.

He takes the greatest delight in lousing people up. In my case he tells some of the most fantastic stories about me to his friends. I never know exactly how I am going to be greeted by any one of them. It's liable to be "Fleming the Fighter," or "Sailor," or "Lover."

Very little ever escapes Errol's attention. He recalls the most minor details and incidents. He is particularly good at remembering names of people that he may not have seen for years.

On the other hand, however, this happens to him often: He phones someone whom he knows very well and then when the person answers he forgets whom he is calling. In this event he gives a very good imitation of a Chinese houseboy and says, "Long numba. Velly solly," and hangs up. When he remembers he calls again with the name written on a pad.

Flynn's nature is most friendly and his manner is generally that of a "hail fellow well met" sort. But sometimes when you meet him he may stare you right in the face and pass you by with no sign of recognition—just because he's so preoccupied he really hasn't seen you. This causes him no little embarrassment when brought to his attention, and has also sometimes earned him the reputation of being "high-hat."

He used to frighten me somewhat with his "What the devil do you mean" expression. I soon learned, however, that this was a fake, used to avoid answering some embarrassing question or to gain his point. It works very well too.

I have seen Errol in gay moods; I have seen him in somber moods. The happiest I have ever seen him was when he received the news of the birth of his baby son, Sean (pronounced Shawn). The most somber was during the conference with his attorney anent the separation from his wife Lili Damita—a culmination of unfortunate circumstances and conflict of temperaments.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Errol does not throw his money away foolishly, much to the disgust of the would-be parasites and hangers-on that are always around high-salaried people. Yet he is very charitable. I wish that I could tell you of just a few incidents when he has befriended people in dire need. He is very reticent on this point.

He has a tendency to go overboard on gifts for his intimate friends. On the other hand, he takes keen delight in shopping around and drives a shrewd bargain. He bargained for three days a few weeks ago before buying a \$15.00 bathroom scale. He saved a dollar and a half.

As to his supposed "conceit," this is strictly a cover-up for his shyness. Believe me—I know. Innumerable times people who have come to know Flynn have said to me, "Gosh Jim, he isn't anything like I'd imagined. He's really a helluva nice guy." And he is.

Recently a young player did a small part in Flynn's latest picture. He was so nervous that Raoul Walsh, the director, was doubtful of his being able to handle the part. "Leave him to me," said Errol. "I can still remember how it feels."

Thirty minutes later the boy turned in a fine performance. Flynn had taken him to his dressing room and regaled him with amusing stories of his own early struggles. He instilled confidence in the lad and made a friend for life.

Flynn actually is an adventure-loving person. He loves honest-to-goodness thrills, romance and danger. Studio restrictions placed on him of late years have irked him a great deal.

His adventures would make several good picture scripts if he ever had time to whip these stories into shape. He has a natural flair for writing and a good plot mind. He has sold three or four scenarios for pictures. The best of these, "The White Rajah," has not yet been produced.

CONTRASTINGLY enough, he loves the ease and comfort of his farm life, too. He lives simply though well. His house is rather large and is situated on a hilltop overlooking San Fernando Valley. There are four bedrooms in Mulholland Farm but he has converted his library into a bed-sitting room. His bed is a couch by day. Here is where he spends most of his time. It is a very lovely room reflecting Errol's charm, filled with ship models, books, paintings and trophies.

When Arno, Errol's dog and best pal, was drowned off Newport Beach, some caustic remarks were passed around town to the effect that Errol, who had used his dog to gain so much publicity, was too callous even to go and see his body.

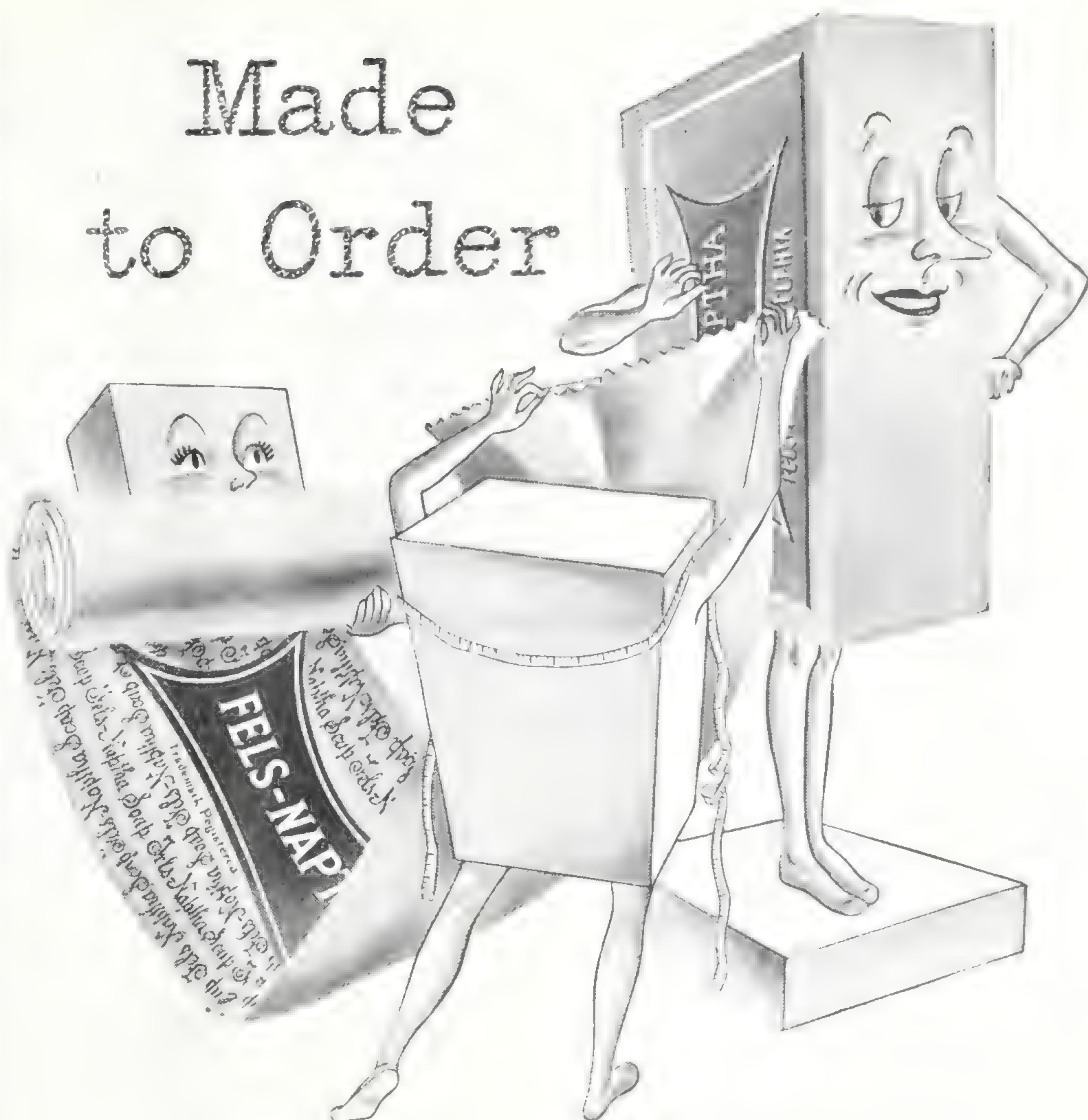
At the time "They Died With Their Boots On" was being filmed. One afternoon I took a phone call for Flynn. It was the Harbor Master's office at Newport. They reported finding Arno's body. He had been washed ashore. Errol was in his dressing room when I broke the news. All he said was, "Are you sure?" I could only nod. Tears welled into his eyes. "Poor little chap," he said huskily, "I hope you're happy, wherever you are." I eased out before I broke down myself.

Arno was more than a dog. To Flynn he was a friend. A loved companion that never failed or crossed him. Errol could not bear to see the ravaging effects of three days in the ocean on his pal. He prefers to remember him as he was.

A remarkable fellow, this Flynn, in the land of the double cross.

THE END

Made to Order



It's a fact. The washing and cleaning job in most homes today is 'made to order' for Fels-Naptha Soap. Take your own home for example. You have less time to give to housekeeping. It's hard to get help. And you can't just let things slide.

So you use Fels-Naptha for the family wash. To get grimy work clothes cleaner. To wash linens and dainty garments (especially baby clothes) whiter. To get the whole week's wash done quicker.

You use Fels-Naptha Soap to make windows and glassware sparkle. To keep paints and porcelains bright. To take the backbreak out of heavy cleaning. And always—to save *time*.

We hope you use Fels-Naptha Soap like this. We know it's what many other women do in these strenuous times.

IMPORTANT! Today's Fels-Naptha Soap is better than ever. Making richer suds. Making them quicker. More helpful in reducing wash-day wear and tear.



Their First Dates

(Continued from page 55) deaf, dumb and blind, especially dumb, but didn't quite dare, not on that, our first date. I waited for the next one," smiled Ty.

"How it was with me," Jack Oakie came in on the beam, "I met Venita the way and the place a movie actor should meet his tootsie wootsie—at a dinner party given by a producer! Venita had come to the party with six other guys. I was dancing with Hazel Forbes at the time I first lamed her and, pronto, went on a campaign for an introduction. Finally, someone did the honors. Just as pronto I wanted to take her to dinner the next night. Even more pronto Venita told me she'd have nothing to do with me, she'd heard I drank and, she said, she didn't like drinking men. For a lesser man than Oakie, that would have been that. But it was Oakie operating and so I managed to get her telephone number, never mind how, and called her anywhere from six to sixteen times a day for three weeks, without result or response.

"At long last, as the Dook once said, I got her on the phone, said 'I'll be over for you in fifteen minutes,' and hung up before she could even tell me she already had a date. Well, I don't like to brag n' boast but she hung up the other date and went to the Cocoanut Grove with me where, ostentatiously, I drank so many chocolate ice-cream sodas she was afraid I'd be ill. And so was I. And I was. That was our first date and, with no disrespect to Venita, I don't know which made the deeper impression, her or that soda hangover I got. But as I also got Venita, what's the difference?"

THERE were quite a few of the "when we were a couple of kids" first dates.

"We were both going to the McKinley High School in Marshfield, Wisconsin, when we first met, my wife and I," grinned Dennis Morgan. "I was kind of big shakes on the basketball team at school and that gave me quite an 'in' with most of the girls but not, it seemed, with the one girl I wanted to knock wacky. I'd been watching her for a long time, wanting to make a date with her. But every time I looked at her, she looked the other way. I wasn't wise to feminine wiles in those days and got the idea she liked the view better when I wasn't in it.

"Came the day of the big game. I knew she would be there and I really knocked myself out that day. During a lull on the field, I got up nerve to send her a note, asked her if she'd meet me at the ice-cream parlor afterwards. She sent back one word, 'yes.' Gee, I thought, what've I been waiting for?"

"But when I got there, darned if she hadn't brought her little sister along. And what was more, little sister had her homework with her and we spent our first date helping little sister with her lessons. You wouldn't think that date would open any door, now would you?" Dennis laughed.

GIRLS do seem to have a way of including others in just at the moment when, logically, you'd think, they'd include others out. Or maybe it's the come-on? Louis Hayward still doesn't understand why.

"Ida," he said, "was quite young when I asked her for a first date. I was to take her dancing, but when I got to her house and she opened the door,

I found she'd assembled quite a party to go along, her mother, her sister and her best friend, Frances Robinson. So there I was with four women, on my hands instead of one. I countered by calling my best friend, Felix Tissot, to join us and, since two men cannot very well dance with four women, mathematics being against it, we had a gala evening doing the concessions at the Venice Pier. But love works in mysterious ways its wonders to perform, I must say, for it was when Ida clung to me, going through the dark and watery alleys of the Red Mill, that I got the idea I wanted her to cling to me through life."

"I MET Betty at school," Bob Young recollected. "We had our first date when I was fifteen and she was thirteen. In those calf days we were only allowed to go out on Friday and Saturday evenings. So, during class one day, I wrote her a note and asked if I could come to her house on Friday evening. She spelled 'yes' with her fingers, in the deaf-mute language.

"Come Friday evening, I arrived, we turned on the victrola and started to

~~~~~

*One of the most beautiful  
portraits of  
Ginger Rogers  
ever to be published  
is our  
November Cover*

~~~~~

do a little rug-cutting, but literally. Presently her mother came in and, not unreasonably, I am sure, said we were making too much noise and, besides, were wearing out the new carpet. She suggested that we try the kitchen linoleum. Dancing the spots off the kitchen linoleum was, then, our first date. It was, by the way, our first date not only with each other, but with anyone. And Betty is still trying to teach me to dance and doesn't know, she often remarks, that I do any better at Ciro's than I did, in my calf days, on the linoleum!"

BOB TAYLOR'S first date with his Barbara was a dancing date, too, or was so intended!

"I asked her to go to the Troc with me," Robert recalled. "I know, now, that she'd heard I was no great shakes as a dancer as, indeed, I was not and am not. But despite the fact that she must have looked forward to an evening of booms-a-daisies, toe-crushings and other minor casualties, she dreamed herself up in a gorgeous white gown, slippers and all. I sent her flowers and we stepped out, à la mode and de luxe!

"Since it's turned out to be the love-that-led-to-marriage I can now say that both of us were, naturally, doing our

darndest to make an impression on the other. So you may imagine her embarrassment when, just as we were getting out of my car at the Troc, the exhaust from the car ahead of us backfired and smudged her lovely white gown from hem to neckline. Meaner than heck though it was of me, I couldn't help feeling a sense of relief that here was the perfect excuse to sit out all the dances plus a fine chance for us to get acquainted. Barbara couldn't, after all, do a black-face on the floor.

"We," said Bob, with a knowledgeable wink, "got acquainted—and stayed that way. As a postscript: I am still no Nijinsky as a dancer and, after years of lessons, Barbara is still trying to teach me to do the rhumba. It's not so much that I don't take to dancing as that I can't get interested in it. 'But you sure sit out a beautiful dance,' Barbara said, not long ago. That's enough for me, let the others jive as they may."

"I MET Ilona, briefly, on the M-G-M lot when we were both under contract there," Alan Curtis reminisced, "but at that time I was still married, though separated from my former wife, Priscilla Lawton, and merely thought Ilona was so breathtakingly beautiful as not to be flesh and blood at all. Then, two years later, we found ourselves on a train bound for a preview at Sun Valley. Between publicity appearances we learned how to ski, took terrific tumbles, had our first date, you might say, up-ended in a snowdrift. And I found that, besides her almost inconceivable beauty, I was impressed with her intelligence, her Continental graciousness, her capacity for making everyone feel friendly and at ease, even on their ends in the snow—and I knew that I was in love with her, all the way, for all time.

"But not until we got back to Hollywood did I tell her. And I told her on the night of our first real date, when I took her to Ciro's one night. I recall that she wore a white dress trimmed with gold and looked just as queenly as she had looked gamin in her ski things. I was so much in love with her we just danced, and danced some more, and held hands, and talked in a language no one on earth but ourselves could have understood, mostly about how, when, how quickly, we could get married . . . our first date contained, besides such beauty as made the world all over for me, my proposal."

GENE RAYMOND, now taking direction from his Uncle Sam, said, "My first date with Jeanette was what you might call a flopperoo. We'd met just once before, at a party, and then I was invited to dinner at her home, which was our first date. Jeanette has since told me that she'd heard I was rather quiet. She rather likes quiet, reserved men so it was certainly not putting my best foot forward when I was so talkative no one else could insert a syllable into my verbal syllabus. What is more, I went to positive lengths to impress her mother. Mrs. MacDonald played up to me and the two of us practically excluded Jeanette from the conversation. When I left, so in love by this time that I was wacky, I turned to Mrs. MacDonald and said, 'I'll call you tomorrow!' then to Jeanette I added, carelessly, 'See you soon,' and was gone. Later events have proved that, eventually, I righted myself but that first date can only be described as a dilly!"

THE END

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRRORS

CANTEEN-JOB TESTED

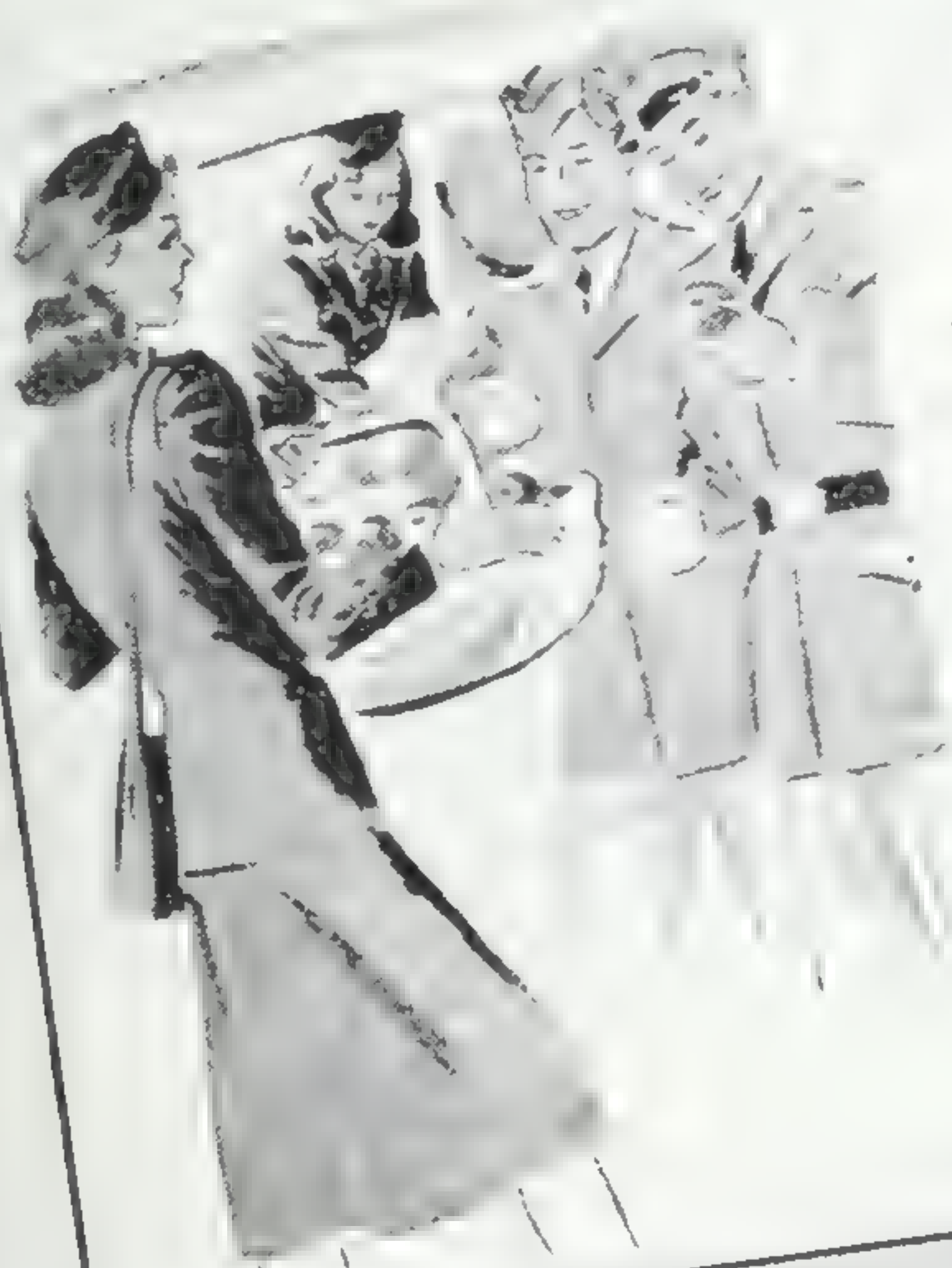
" AFTER A WHOLE WEEK
OF K.P. DUTY I DIDN'T
NEED A MANICURE "



Beatrice Mann



NEW CUTEX ALERT RIGHT AFTER MANICURE



"Rolling sandwiches and rolling out in a mobile canteen to the boys on sentry duty... leaves little time for manicuring!" says Beatrice Mann. "Cutex is a lifesaver. Imagine 30 hours a week as cook-and-bottle-washer without a manicure!"

SAME HAND DAZZLING THE DOUGHBOYS 7 DAYS LATER



A week later Beatrice's polish is still dazzling the armed forces! Try Cutex Alert, Young Red, Saddle Brown, Black Red or Gingerbread! Their beauty lasts on war-busy hands! Only 10c (plus tax). Northam Warren, New York

Wear

CUTEX

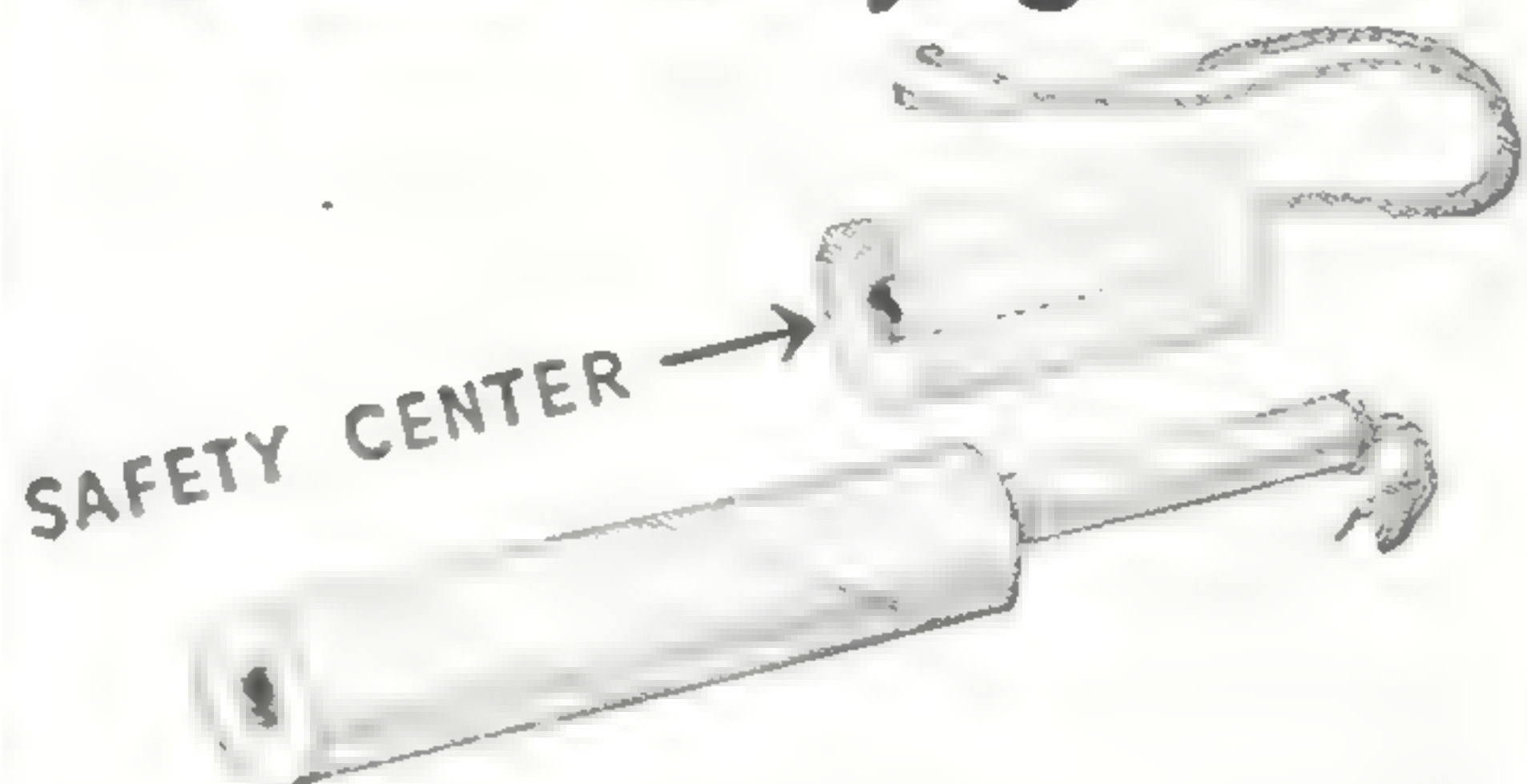
THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING NAIL POLISH

At last I know what "tampon" really means!



I've heard the words "internal protection" and "tampon" often. But I never guessed how *much* they could mean to me! For I've just found a tampon that has everything—all the wonderful comfort and freedom we women have *always* wanted. From now on "tampon" means "Meds" to me, and . . .

No more worrying!



Because you're secure when tampon absorption is *quick, sure!* Meds, with their exclusive "safety center" feature, absorb *faster!* Meds, made of finest, pure cotton hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture!

Wonderful, new comfort!

When fit is right, you can *count* on comfort and freedom! Meds were scientifically designed by a woman's doctor! No bulges, pins, odor, chafing! Each Meds comes in an individual applicator—quick and easy to use.

No extra cost!

Meds actually cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators! Try Meds—for protection, comfort, value!

BOX OF 10—25¢ • BOX OF 50—98¢



The Modess Tampon

The Story Behind Lana's Madcap Marriage

(Continued from page 32) Punk," but the warmth in his voice when he says it makes you know that is only a disguise for the affection he feels for this girl who owes her career more directly to his belief in her talent than to any one person in Hollywood. "Hollywood started yelling at Lana in the days of her first hit and they've been yelling at her ever since. 'Be dignified,' they yell, 'be quiet.' Don't they know the ones who are big stars are always like that when they're young? I can remember Ginger Rogers when she was the same age. She was the same kind of a kid. Here's Lana today, just twenty-two. She works all day and then they expect her to sit home nights, in a library, I suppose. The kid is nuts for music, nuts for dancing. She's young and she loves a good time. What else did they expect?"

THE first night she ever dated Artie Shaw, she eloped with him. That marriage was bound to collapse as it immediately did. It is significant, though, that during its brief months Lana honestly talked of giving up her career for matrimony exclusively. Tony Martin succeeded in her high-gear affections. Probably if Tony had been a hit and stayed in Hollywood, they, too, would have married. But just about the time Tony joined the Navy, Lana met Tommy Dorsey. His music got her until she met Gene Krupa and fell for his drum beats. Gene thought she was going to marry him but she met Buddy Rich, another drummer boy. They do say that Buddy was so infatuated that he even brought his parents all the way across the country to meet what he thought was his affianced bride. But before Buddy or his parents knew what was happening, Lana was seeing Bob

Stack, who plays no musical instruments, can't even croon, but who is a lot of fun, nevertheless. Bob lost out in the competition to that perennial millionaire escort, Howard Hughes. Howard Hughes was still head man—Hollywood thought—until the night of July seventeenth.

Yet with all this, she is calming down and growing up. After Carole Lombard's death, she was all tact and kindness to Gable on that "Somewhere I'll Find You" set. Ordinarily she clowns every minute, plays the record machine in her dressing room eternally, tells jokes by the score. But she was a deliberately subdued Lana those days and Clark appreciated it.

RIGHT now, she is going through the phase that Joan Crawford went through at her age. She is deliberately trying to improve her mind and be high-brow. "I like classical music besides swing," she announces proudly, all unaware that by the very use of the label "classical" she is admitting that such music is new to her. She is seriously taking up painting, oil painting, no less, and while her efforts in this field are as yet very amateurish they are nonetheless sincere. She had taken a demure house in the most collegiate section of Los Angeles, the so-called Westwood Village, and was living there with her mother.

Lana has now turned this house over to her mother for her exclusive residence and for the present she and Steve have taken a small Beverly Hills apartment.

Meanwhile, you undoubtedly are wondering what about Stephen Crane, where he came from, where Lana met him and how long all this has been going on.



Cake cutting ceremonies for the newly married Stephen Cranes have an interested spectator in Linda Darnell, one of the few people in the know about Lana's and Steve's wedding plans

So far, Hollywood doesn't know much about the fellow, except that he is handsome, very likable and ambitious. He came to Glamour Corners about six months ago, trying to break into movies. At that time, he explained that his home town was Crawfordsville, Indiana, and that his father was a wealthy Indiana tobacco magnate. A few unkind souls have since made cracks to the effect that Steve's only relationship to tobacco is via packs of cigarettes, but be that as it may, he seems to have much money. Certain it is that he was graduated from Butler University in 1936, that he worked for a time on both the New York and Chicago stock exchanges, and that, like Lana, this is his second marriage. He was divorced from an Indianapolis society beauty, Carol Kurtz Crane, two years ago. He is just twenty-seven years old.

He and Lana first met a year ago at the Beverly Hills Hotel, being introduced to each other by Sammy Weiss, the song writer. They kept on meeting at parties after that for the next four months, until the time came when Metro clamped down on Lana's going out so much. It was then that Steve asked Lana if he might call on her at home and it was then that he first met her mother, who liked him on sight.

AFTER that, things began really to speed up. Steve, who is now a junior executive with a Los Angeles beverage company, told Lana he wanted his parents to come West so that they could meet her. Then one night in June he formally proposed to her.

They intended to make it a formal wedding, late in July, but to keep the papers from learning their secret, they ordered their wedding rings made with the names left blank in the engravings. Steve's to Lana said "To _____ with all my love"; hers to him said, "To _____ I'll always be yours."

They began moving the wedding date forward, from the thirty-first of July to the twenty-first, from that Monday back to Saturday, from Saturday to their elopement on Thursday midnight.

They decided so late to fly to Las Vegas that they almost missed the plane. It was already taxi-ing across the airfield when they arrived, but stopped and came back for them. They were so excited they couldn't talk, so jittery that they couldn't even hold a cup of coffee still long enough to drink it. On the morning that they came back to Hollywood, Lana felt very fine and bridal, cooking Steve's breakfast in the small apartment they have taken in keeping with his salary rather than hers.

Late that afternoon of their first day of marriage, Lana took their wedding rings down to have the names inserted and at the same time bought Steve a very beautiful watch. She had it engraved, too, very simply. "To Steve, forever, Lana," it says.

Maybe it will be. Maybe the unpredictable Miss Turner will make up her wild, young mind and stick to her decisions.

But whatever happens I am willing to bet that ten years from now—even five years from now—she will be up there on the night of the Academy Award dinner holding an Oscar in her lovely hands, looking as dignified as all get-out and concealing with magnificent art the devilish light that will still be sparkling in her provocative eyes.

You might even bet that Stephen Crane will be at the dinner applauding with the rest.

THE END

Are you sure of your present deodorant? Test it! Put it under this arm.

Put FRESH #2, the new double-duty cream, under this arm. See which stops perspiration—prevents odor—better!



Use Fresh and stay fresher!



FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

PUT FRESH #2, under one arm—put your present deodorant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which stops perspiration better. We feel sure that FRESH #2 will!
2. See which prevents perspiration odor better. We're sure you'll feel complete underarm security with FRESH #2.
3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how delightful to use! Never greasy, gritty, or sticky, FRESH #2 spreads easily—smoothly!
4. See how convenient FRESH #2 is! You can use it just before dressing—it vanishes quickly!
5. Revel in the fact that FRESH #2 won't rot even delicate fabrics. Laboratory tests prove this.

MAKE YOUR OWN TEST! If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best underarm cream you have ever used, your dealer will gladly refund your full purchase price.



FRESH
#2

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR

ODORONO CREAM

SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION
1 TO 3 DAYS



AND THIS IS WHY...

- * WON'T IRRITATE SKIN
- * WON'T ROT CLOTHES
- * NON-GREASY—VANISHES
- * NON-GRITTY—VELVET SOFT
- * NO WAITING TO DRY
- * SAFE RIGHT AFTER SHAVING

* 50% MORE FOR YOUR MONEY
THAN OTHER LEADING CREAMS

The Odorono Co., Inc., New York

**ALL THIS
FOR ONLY 39¢**
PLUS TAX



The movie colony has had an unusual opportunity to see and appreciate how fine a job the USO is doing for our men in the army and navy—through USO clubhouses, camp shows and many

other services that make the life of service men easier and brighter.

Because we know this and believe in it so strongly, all of us in Hollywood are giving everything we can to support this great undertaking.

Won't you join us? Whatever you can give will help.

Bette Davis

Send your contribution to your local
USO chairman or to National Headquarters,
USO, Empire State Building,
New York City.

Who Said Women Aren't Men's Equals?

(Continued from page 39) European want to marry an American girl? Because the American girl has everything. She has a sense of humor; she's alive awake and aware.

"Anyway, the argument that women wouldn't have stepped out of their boudoirs if they hadn't been spoiled by men is silly. More men have been spoiled by women than women by men.

"Mothers, more than wives, spoil men. A boy grows up as the male in a household. He gets the education, the opportunities. All the giving goes to the boy. "Then, boom, he falls in love and marries; and his wife takes over. Sometimes she has quite a job! Of course, if a woman's smart, she begins re-educating her man during the courtship stage.

"A woman who has stuck strictly to the parlor, wouldn't be able to handle these spoiled men properly—and I must admit, much as I love men, that the great majority of them are spoiled by doting mothers.

"Women are able to do everything. They have always been. But like everything else, women follow the law of supply and demand. When the demand changed, women changed.

"Why talk about what women didn't achieve in the days when they weren't allowed out of the house and weren't allowed to study? If a woman of even the past generation had a grammar-school education and could sew beautifully, she was considered fit. Fit for what? To be a wife and mother! What else did a woman have to be?

"And then suddenly the world was shaken by the first World War. Women whom men had previously thought of as helpless turned out to be as sturdy as stevedores, as capable of doing all kinds of work outside the home as men who had been trained for years.

"Women helpless? They proved during the last war, they are proving again during this war how far they are from being silly, coy, childish creatures. Ask the men who run the war plants. Ask the men who manage the airplane factories. The man behind the man behind the gun is often a woman!"

"In any crisis men need women far more than women need men. In a crisis such as war, women have always been equal to the tasks that men wanted them to perform. Some women have stepped ahead of the procession, and performed feats that men didn't dream they could do.

"It would be superfluous to list all the great women. Everyone knows that there have been women like Elizabeth of England and Catherine the Great of Russia and Joan of Arc and Clara Barton and Florence Nightingale. But here is one name I should like to mention.

"We have Elizabeth Kenny. For years the doctors have been trying to lick infantile paralysis. So who licks it? A man? No, Elizabeth Kenny does.

"The men just couldn't believe that a woman had discovered a successful treatment for infantile paralysis, when they themselves had failed. Now her methods are considered the best by the Medical Association. She is going to be decorated by the President. Maybe she should have stuck to the parlor. But you can't blame the thousands of victims of infantile paralysis for feeling otherwise."

There Rosalind Russell rested the case for the women.

THE END

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Round-Up of Pace Setters

Continued from page 51) he came on to find out why and luckily enough began his career of losing Ginger Rogers in six straight films, mainly to Ronald Colman, much to his mother's disgust. "Why should Colman win her from a big strong boy like you?" she'd demand. The family, you see, have become reconciled to Jack, the actor.

He met his wife when she appeared on his radio show as a singer. He rehearsed three nights a week and all day Sunday at the radio station and made movies every day on the side, as it were. He wears a wedding ring on his finger, eats very lightly, especially at lunch, and has managed to take off forty pounds over a period of two or three years.

He likes to argue, keeps his private life apart from his work, thinks Madame Schumann-Heink the warmest, kindest person he ever met, liked his roles in "The Strawberry Blonde," "Arsenic and Old Lace," "The Hard Way" and "Gentleman Jim." In the high stiff collars and tight suits epics he's a riot.

He could be an Elk, a potentate of any shrine, a Kiwanis or member of a Better Business Bureau, he's that natural, real and—yes, by gum—American. Anyway, a little kid he used to play with in Milwaukee thinks so. Only he's grown up now and is known as Dennis Morgan.

Small, Fair and Wonderful:

Irene Manning played *Fay Templeton* in "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and leaped to instant movie prominence. Her voice, her twinkly eyes, her fine figure, her fair skin and hair have marked her for movies' own. There's no escaping it this time.

We say *this time*, because Warners tried to sign Irene five years ago when they first thought of "The Desert Song." But the tests took too much time and Irene walked out to keep appointments in New York.

You will know, of course, the studio finally got over its mad-on at Irene when we tell you she is now making "The Desert Song" five years later and has a grand part in "The Big Shot" to start her on her way.

Irene was born in Cincinnati, the home town of Tyrone Power and the Reds. We mean the baseball Reds, naturally. But her real-estate father moved his family of two girls and two boys to Los Angeles soon after his wife's death and Irene, with her great urge to sing, grew up near movie city. But always her mind and heart were on her voice and after high school she graduated from the Eastman School of Music—and with grades that would make your hair curl, don't forget that.

Then came road tours, with Irene singing opposite such favorites as John Charles Thomas, Mario Chamlee and Paul Althouse of the Metropolitan. Road companies of "The Great Waltz," "H. M. S. Pinafore," "The Gypsy Baron" and "The Chocolate Soldier" took her all over this fair and wonderful land of ours.

Radio, a job as church soloist and night-club entertaining in the Persian Room of the Plaza Hotel have all been a part of her road up.

It was while she was appearing not so long ago in light opera in Los Angeles opposite John Charles Thomas that Warners decided that although they still were a mite peeved at Irene, they had to

have her. They couldn't have done better.

She's the only girl we know who can wear her hair up, set an enormous hat squarely on her head and look utterly charming. While she looks delectable, believe us no truck driver could eat a bigger lunch of everything from steak to apple pie than Irene. What's more, she stays a measly 112 pounds. Good, healthful, nourishing food, sunshine and exercise are her beauty secrets.

She's married to Het Manheim, former head of a studio publicity department and now of Uncle Sam's forces, and happily so.

She is taking Spanish lessons preparatory to a South American tour (they'll go wild over her fairness) and in between her singing lessons and moving-picture work, she studies dancing, too. She's a busy little bee, this Irene, isn't she?

The sugar rationing frets her not a whit. She learned from John Charles Thomas to take honey in her tea and coffee. Good for the throat or something. Now she likes it and wouldn't have sugar if you coaxed her. We could, of course, say something about a honey using honey, but we won't. Not with the black looks you might send in through the mail.

Small, Terrific and Corn-Fed:

"Can she bake a cherry pie, Billy boy, Billy boy?"

Yep, she can bake a cherry pie, she can preserve berries, cook for thrashers, milk a cow, plant a field and melt any number of male hearts on the side. Donna Reed, M-G-M's dark-eyed, dark-haired lovely, is the only genuine R.F.D.

When big hits get together

RAY BOLGER, CONSTANCE MOORE, BENAY VENUTA and RONALD GRAHAM—four bright stars in "By Jupiter" playing at the Shubert Theatre in New York City.

★ ★ ★ ★
Here you are, folks . . . a couple of the biggest hits ever. "By Jupiter" for grand entertainment

—and Pepsi-Cola for grand drinking. Pepsi-Cola's got everything. Grand taste, grand flavor and grand size—12 full ounces to the bottle. Step up today . . . and treat yourself to a *real drink*. A nickel gets you plenty, plenty, plenty.



★ Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast. ★



After 113 washings, Linit-starchings, ironings, this inexpensive little dress was examined under the microscope for signs of wear. No slightest sign of fraying. (Test No. 24747 by United States Testing Co., Inc., Feb. 6, 1942.)

Child's Dress Passes Linit Laundry Test

**Washed, Linit-Starched, and
Ironed 113 Times; Looks
Perky and New**

The child who wears LINIT-starched clothes looks smart and well-groomed. Her clothes stay clean looking longer. They're easier for Mother to iron. AND they're easier on Mother's clothes budget. For LINIT-starched fabrics wear and wear. LINIT penetrates the fabric, covers tiny fibres with protective coating.

Free! The helpful "LINIT LAUNDRY CHART". Write Corn Products Sales Company, 17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y., Dept. LC-10.

ALL GROCERS SELL LINIT



**PENETRATES THE FABRIC
PROTECTS THE FIBRES**

No. 1 beauty in the business, despite all those publicity pictures you've seen of other so-called farm girls. What's more, Donna's heard all about traveling salesmen (in Hollywood they call them wolves) but she has her own method of dealing with same. It consists of living at the Studio Club for Girls, the doors of which close at an early hour against late callers and male escorts.

She began where most people leave off—as a twice-crowned queen. At Denison, Iowa, Donna was crowned queen of the high school. Two years later, after she'd thrown her baggage into an old car and headed for an aunt and Los Angeles City College she again found herself queen of the campus. The morning after, her picture appeared in all local papers and Donna was besieged with phone calls from studios. But did she accept? She did not. She stayed on, graduated the following February and then took a month's extra work to brush up on diction and dramatics. You see, up until the offers poured in, Donna had concentrated on a secretarial course; but now things were different. When she felt ready for a try, she notified M-G-M who gladly gave her a test with Van Heflin, also a newcomer. Both were signed for the same picture "The Get-Away," but it wasn't until Donna made "The Courtship Of Andy Hardy" that she began to attract attention. Since then she's made "Shadow Of The Thin Man," "The Bugle Sounds," "Mokey" and "Random Harvest." She's always on the alert for new stories, talking to the publicity boys and directors about roles. She'll get ahead, that one.

Donna was born not Reed, but Mullenger, on an Iowa farm seven miles from Denison. Her early duties were to look after her younger brother Keith and her two younger sisters Lavonne and Billie. Of course, there was lots of time in between to ride her pony and snitch rides on hay wagons. As Donna grew older she helped in the kitchen when the thrashers came, helped in the orchards and berry vineyards and aided her ma with the great fluffy loaves of home-made bread. During the really bad weather Donna stayed in town with her grandmother and went to the town high school. Up until then Donna had attended eight grades in a little one-room country schoolhouse. Trips to town on Saturday nights were wonderful events in those days, with maybe a picture show thrown in. Always Donna dreamed of the day she'd be an efficient and clever private secretary in some busy city. Movies, of course, were just too beyond anything in this world even to mention in a whisper.

Back in Denison special seats are always reserved at all Donna's movies for the Mullenger family, who attend en masse, pleased as punch. Every week a telephone call keeps Donna in touch with the family she's about to see and visit with for the first time in over two years.

She still talks of her first and only real beau, Jack Naw, now a flyer for Uncle Sam. When the war is over Jack Naw may be remembering the little brown-haired girl who ran over the acres of her father's farm. From R.F.D. No. 1, Iowa, to Ronald Colman and Greer Garson is a long cry. But this is America where Cinderellas ride pumpkin coaches every day.

Big Blond Bombshell:

Leif (pronounced Life) Erikson makes a great big noise; boom-boom, raz-a-ma-tazz. Like a young tornado he roars into one's life, whirls and churns like fury and

then exits with lean-tos, cowsheds, pigstys and whatever happens to be twirlable, gyrating about his tremendous being. His 6 feet 4 inches of height, his wild and uncombed blond hair that stands up like a fright wig, his simply awful plaid wool shirts, his bright blue eyes—something to behold. Movies somehow fail to catch the roar and thunder of his personality.

He used to be married to Frances Farmer. That was back in his "political convictions" days. He doesn't have convictions any more, however. He doesn't have Frances, either, as far as that goes. In fact, he's got himself a new bride, Margaret Hayes, who used to be engaged to Jeffrey Lynn. And there's the calm before the storm for you.

He met Margaret, almost a stranger to him, at a theater in Hollywood. For some reason, he imagined her name was Emerson and tried all over town next day to reach her. Meanwhile, she tried and did get him by phone. Whoowie, did those pieces of dynamite connect! What a romance, with Leif getting his divorce in Reno, because Frances was busy, and then riding all the way back from the Nevada wedding on a motorcycle beside the new bride, who drove the station wagon.

HE was born in California and attended military school and later Beverly Hills High, until one day he up and quit. "Okay," Dad said, "it's school or you're on your own." So our hero went to work ushering in local theaters, was doorman at one, sang bass in a midnight mission harvested wheat in the grain fields of Texas, came back and acted as houseboy in exchange for lessons with a noted Hollywood singing teacher. Leif, in white coat, would open the door for Joan Crawford and other famous pupils, then rush around through another door and pretend to be a new pupil practicing like mad and then come back and admit the visitor. All this for effect, you understand.

One night in a Hollywood night club Leif got to feeling good and began to sing. Ted Fio Rito heard him and offered him a job as soloist with his band. Leif stayed a year and then tried out for a role in the Max Reinhardt production of "Midsummer Night's Dream" that started Olivia de Havilland on her way. He got the part and when the company finished its road tour, Leif joined the comedy team of Olsen and Johnson, tooting a bass horn or some loud brassy thing in people's ears as he paraded up and down theater aisles.

It was then an executive of Paramount prowling through a drawer, came upon a photograph he mistook for Erikson. A wire had Leif on the next train for Hollywood and he'd almost finished his first picture and already signed a contract before the executive discovered his mistake. It was too late then.

Four successful years on the New York stage happily interrupted a movie career that was bad and growing worse. His career will be once again interrupted when the actor leaves to join the Navy Reserve as a photographer. Collecting motorcycles, which he rides like a wild man, is his hobby as well as photography. He liked best his roles in "H. M. Pulham Esq." and "Eagle Squadron." His latest are "Pardon My Sarong," "Are Husband Necessary?," "Arabian Nights" and "House Of Mystery," which he loves because he plays a sex maniac. Well, for heaven's sake!

And, oh yes, his real name is Bill Anderson.

THE END

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRRORS

Let's talk about Kisses



Mature technique, matched up to Latin Mamy Cortes in "Sweet Or Hot"

EVER think about the different types of kisses delivered by different stars on the screen? For instance, there's the "blitz" kiss that belongs strictly to Clark Gable. It's a sudden swift onslaught like a tank division in action.

The deliberate advance that led to decisive masterfulness belonged, of course, only to Valentino; a trick that placed him in a special niche in feminine hearts. Ask Mama about him, someday. His present-day runner-up is the fabulous Vic Mature who hypnotizes his victim with those smoky eyes, then moves in for the kill.

There's the I'm-a-patient-man-but this-is-it-sister kiss that belongs to Spencer Tracy; and there's the quiet, gentle kiss of English Ronald Colman; and the longer-it's-postponed-the-better-it-will-be kiss of Boyer.

The "grab" kiss typifies Cagney to a "t." It's grab and kiss as far as Jimmy is concerned and no preliminaries about it.

With Tyrone Power it's the thoughtful-procedure kiss and with Bob Hope it's the I'm-only-doing-this-for-the-laughs kiss.

This-can't-be-happening-to-me is revealed in every kiss delivered by Gary Cooper. Watch it carefully and you'll discover this fact to be true.

What really brought on all this retrospection is the fact we've just been informed Mickey Rooney received what is termed the "psychological kiss" from Esther Williams in "Andy Hardy's Last Fling." Esther slips up to Mickey while he's asleep, plants a kiss on his lips and then watches his psychological reactions. Might try it with the boy friend, girls!

If you like Rachel,
you'll **LOVE** this New Rachel!

Pond's New Dreamflower Powder

Fragile and Creamy as exquisite bridal lace... Pond's new Dreamflower "Rachel" powder is deftly keyed to your most exotic skin tones—the rich, luscious *ivory* tones. As you smooth it on, you'll see Dreamflower "Rachel" lend your skin a look of mysterious new beauty—delicate... creamy-clear... tender...

New Dreamflower Smoothness gives your face a dreamy "misty-soft" appeal—

"Pond's Dreamflower Rachel is the loveliest, creamiest Rachel I've ever tried! It makes my skin look different, somehow—richer in tone, more dramatic—even softer!"

MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III

New "know-how" lipstick

Pond's "LIPS"—stays on longer!

5 gorgeous Stagline Shades. Wear Pond's "Lips" with new matching Pond's "Cheeks" (compact rouge).



Enchanting New Dreamflower Box
—big dressing table size—only 19¢! Two smaller sizes, also. 6 shades—each lovely!

FREE! All 6 New Dreamflower Powder Shades

POND'S, Dept. 8MM-PK, Clinton, Conn.

I'd like to try all of Pond's glamorous new Dreamflower Powder shades including "Rachel." Will you please send me **FREE SAMPLES** of all 6 Dreamflower Shades right away?

My name _____

My address _____

(This offer good in U. S. only)

Now Is The Time For Love



The past is behind us. The future is not yet here. We live in the present. Now Is The Time For Love. That was the great heartbreaking lesson that Bert and Monica had to learn. A lesson in life, more important than a diploma in high school, more impressive than a college degree. For it was a lesson in love, a lesson for every girl, every young man, every married couple, a lesson for everybody.

It has tears and sighs, kisses and promises, and a many colored rainbow. It's your lesson and my lesson. Now Is The Time For Love — a book length true novel, complete in the big new October True Story magazine — out now.

GROWING PAINS ALIAS "ROMANCE"!

"I'm 18 and I'm gonna take out real girls," Bud boasted! But what happened to his new-found confidence when he dated the town vamp — with a handful of restless soldiers on their trail? Read "Sweet Sorrow", a grand story of a boy who fell out of love with a thud!

RICH MAN—POOR MAN

Jeannie was looking for a prince with a golden chariot. Yet Tom's six-feet of plain goodness, millions of freckles and rough, red curly hair almost made her forget... until a flashing convertible coupe stopped beside her one day... Here is a girl, a boy and a dream man you'll never forget. Don't miss "Rich Man — Poor Man".

Wedding Rehearsal—You Are My Wife—Kisses That Claimed Me — In the Language of Sweethearts — All glorious stories of romance for dozens of delightful reading hours!

True Story

OCTOBER • NOW ON SALE • GET YOUR COPY TODAY! 10c

The Hard Way

(Continued from page 46) Too bad. The girl in the plane turned with a dry catch in her throat to the window. For the rest of her life would Albert's eyes haunt her as he'd said, "Why, sure, honey, you go ahead. I'll pick up the old act with Paul." She'd seen him off on the train and cried at the unhappiness in his face when he said, "I'll send for you as soon as your show closes." Like a man making a date to follow his date with the electric chair.

But it passed with the excitement and thrill of her first Broadway show. Rehearsals, which she had loved. Her irritation when Helen had insisted that she learn Lily Emery's songs and dances as well as her own chorus work. Her delight when Shagrue had told her that he had dismissed Lily from the cast and was going to feature her in Lily's place and her gratitude to Helen for having suggested that she rehearse Lily's role. Opening night and her realization that she and not the star was the hit of the show and the party in Shagrue's apartment after the performance. It was at the party that Helen had said, "Shagrue has promised me that he will star you in his next production." The party, the promise, everything came back to her mind now as clearly as though it had just happened, but with it came a bewildered fear that perhaps she had been selfish in wanting a career separate from Albert's.

He had hated the separation and the loneliness, had wanted her with him. The last time she had seen him he had asked her to leave the show so they could be together again. She had been annoyed by the realization that he was so jealous of her success that he wanted her to give it up, and she had refused. But then, he had been drinking that night. He wouldn't have been so unreasonable about her career or Helen, either, if he had been sober. She remembered how he had said, "It's Helen who's keeping us apart. She wants to separate us for good." Angrily she had sent him back to Paul and they had never had a chance to make up. Now she wondered whether they ever could have picked up the pieces of their lives and put them together again. If only their last meeting hadn't been a quarrel!

AS the plane landed, Paul was waiting for them at the airport. His coat collar was turned up against the wind and he was bareheaded. Though his hair was just as dark as ever, his face as deeply bronzed, there was something about him which was strange to her, and all at once she realized what it was. He was grieving for Albert, who had been his best friend, and she had never before seen the cocksure Paul unhappy. But the familiar cynical mask returned as he came toward them.

"Hello, Katie. Hello, Helen," he said quietly and led them to a car that was parked near by.

They drove straight to the cemetery and during the ride she found herself wondering if Paul was glad to see her or if he had met the plane only out of a sense of obligation to Albert. She couldn't tell, but then she'd never known just where she stood with Paul. Sometimes he seemed to dislike her as much as he disliked Helen, but yet there had seemed at times to be flashes of friendship between them. But not once had she been able to get past his armor of cynicism to find out what the man inside was like.

During the short burial service she could feel his eyes on her. Were they

accusing or pitying her? When it was over he walked with them to the car that was waiting to take them back to the airport. His conversation was studiously impersonal, obviously devised to fill an uncomfortable gap. Not until he was helping them into the car did he turn to Helen and say, "We found Albert in the dressing room. There was a picture of Katie on the table and the victrola was still playing one of her records from the new show."

Some warning note sounded inside her while he was speaking, but before she could brace herself for his next words he said, "The world is full of murder."

Murder! She could feel the word squeezing her heart and brain until they were empty of everything except awareness of that dreadful charge. Paul felt she had murdered Albert! In vain she tried to tear her eyes away from his. Helen screamed, "Stop it, Paul!" and banged the door shut as they drove away, leaving him there.

BUT not leaving those eyes or their accusations. They followed her to New York; haunted her day and night. Paul hadn't meant to be so brutal, she told herself; he'd just been so upset by Albert's death that he hadn't realized what he was saying.

But somehow it didn't help much.

Her work began to suffer. She began to go up in her lines. One night she fumbled so badly that after the performance Shagrue reprimanded her sharply.

"What's the matter with you, Katie?" Helen asked when they got back to their apartment that night. "You're slipping." "I know it, Helen," she answered dully. "I'm sorry." She stood looking out of the window, wondering if she dared suggest the idea that had been forming in her mind, and at last she said, "I want to leave the show, Helen. Give up my career."

"Give it up?" Helen said incredulously. "And go back to wearing made-over rayon dresses, I suppose," she went on in cold anger. "We haven't saved money enough for you to retire on, you know. Music and dancing lessons, clothes, this apartment—they've taken a lot of what you have made. Had you thought about that?"

"I'm so tired, Helen," she said in desperation. "You don't know how tired."

"I do know, Katie," Helen said in a sudden rush of sympathy. "But I can't let you throw everything away. Try to stick it out until the end of the show and then we'll see what we can do. Shagrue has commissioned Laura Bithorn, the best dramatist in town, to write a play especially for you," Helen continued more sharply. "It's all ready to go into rehearsal as soon as this one closes, but he won't take a chance on starring you again if you don't pull yourself together."

"But I don't want to go into another play, Helen," she said wearily. "I told you I wanted to get out of the theater as soon as this one is over."

"Well, you're not going to," Helen said flatly. "I've made too many sacrifices for you to have you throw everything away now."

Suddenly Katie felt as though the chains of the world were weighing down her arms and legs. Without the strength to protest further she dragged through the remaining performances, each one a little worse than the preceding one, and finally the closing night came.

Saturday night—
but NO DATE for Ellen

Drab-looking
HAIR
Stole her
APPEAL



"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME?" cried Ellen as she gazed into her mirror. "Why don't the boys ever date me?" Just then Joan walked in. Joan, Ellen's best friend, worked in a beauty shop.

"Nothing's the matter with you," Joan said. "It's your hair! It's dull and mousy-looking. Men go for girls whose hair is full of sparkle and highlights. Why don't you try Nestle Colorinse? You'll be thrilled at the difference it will make in your hair." That very night Ellen used Colorinse and listen to what she told Joan—



"I NEVER THOUGHT my hair could look so lovely. Colorinse has given it a warmer, richer tone—filled it with highlights that catch the light and sparkle every time I turn my head. And now my hair's so much softer and silkier—easier to manage, too."



PLENTY OF DATES NOW! For Ellen's learned that one guide to glamour is hair made lovelier by Nestle Colorinse.

P. S. Take a tip from Ellen. Use Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinsing.

Buy WAR SAVINGS STAMPS at your favorite 5 and 10¢ store.



"Why can't my friends and the calendar get *together!*"



SO it's happened again, young lady? The invitation says "... a week-end with us in the country." And all you can see is three bad days—three days of functional periodic pain, of headache, cramps and dull inaction.

But don't blame your friends and the calendar for not getting together. Just blame yourself, for never trying Midol!

By its quick relief of the needless functional pain of menstruation, Midol redeems "lost days" for active, comfortable living. Among many women interviewed, 96% of those who reported using Midol at their last menstrual period had found it effective.

You, too, should discover fast and welcome comfort in Midol, if you have no organic disorder needing special medical or surgical care. Try it. Put confidence in it. Midol contains no opiates. Of its three active ingredients, one relieves headache and muscular suffering, one is mildly stimulating, and the third—*exclusive* in Midol—acts directly against spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual process.

Look for Midol tablets on your drugstore counter, or just ask for Midol. Two sizes—a small package containing more than enough Midol for a convincing trial, and a large package for economical, regular use.



MIDOL



RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

It was no surprise to Katie when Shagruel telephoned the next day and said that he had decided not to star her in the Bithorn play, and she didn't care. Not so Helen. She wasn't even interested when Helen called Laura Bithorn and asked her to have dinner with them that night, and she went with Helen to meet Laura only because she was so tired that it was easier to do that than to argue.

And that night Katie met Paul again. She was in a cocktail lounge with Laura and Helen. She heard Helen say vehemently, "Laura, I want to produce that play of yours. You wrote it for Katie and Shagruel is all wrong in thinking that she can't do it. She can, and I won't let him produce it with somebody else in the lead." And then, before Laura could reply, she saw Paul walking across the floor toward them.

At first she didn't dare meet his eyes, afraid of what she would see in them, but when he said, "Ah, the Angel of Death," she felt at ease. That was his old name for Helen and if he was going to spar with Helen he probably wouldn't bother with her. She was even able to smile inwardly at the startled way Laura opened her eyes and at Helen's baffled fury when she said, "Miss Bithorn and I are talking business," and Paul retorted, "Then it's lucky for Miss Bithorn that I came along to throw a monkey wrench into the works." It was that, she knew, that made Helen afraid he might really say something that would spoil her plans. And she knew Helen was afraid, for nothing else would have made her control her temper and say, "Katie, why don't you and Paul go over to the bar and have a cocktail?"

SHE found herself thinking, as they walked across to the bar, that it was the first time they had ever been alone together. After he had ordered cocktails, he turned toward her and for the first time she looked straight into his eyes. They weren't as she had feared they might be. Maybe he had forgotten that he had once accused her of murder.

Her tense nerves relaxed and when he began to talk she thought they might have been any two casual friends, meeting after a long separation. He told her he'd left vaudeville and started his own orchestra and that they were leaving the next day to play for a few weeks at the Cape Cod Hotel. "It will be a relief to get out of New York for a while," he said.

She smiled, thinking how wonderful it would be if she too could find relief on a quiet New England shore. Then she heard him say, "I've always thought I'd run into you like this someday."

"Why did you wait for that?" she asked. "You could have dropped in backstage or telephoned." He picked up his glass and looked at it thoughtfully. Her nerves tensed again. "Why didn't you?" she said challengingly.

"Maybe because I don't go looking for trouble," he said slowly.

So that was it. He thought she meant trouble, just as he'd thought she meant trouble for Albert. She'd been foolish to think he might have forgotten that. Strange that she didn't resent what he thought of her, that she could sit there, knowing what he was thinking of her, and feel no anger, but only dumb despair.

"This isn't a very sparkling conversation, is it?" he said abruptly. "Your regular beaux are probably much gayer."

"I haven't seen a man I've been interested in for over a year," she answered wearily. "I'm so tired all the time that I'm not interested in anything."

"I'm sorry, Katie." For a moment she thought the sympathy in his voice was real and then, with the cynicism she remembered so well, he said, "Poor little star. Penthouses and jewels and furs—and all she wants is to get away from it all."

She slid slowly off the tall bar stool. "I suppose I had that coming to me, Paul," she said, "but that doesn't keep it from hurting."

"Wait a minute." He caught her arm and she could feel strength and peace beating in his pulse so near her own. "I am sorry, Katie. Really sorry." They stood for a moment, close, and aware of each other as they had never been before. Then he said lightly, "Shall we call a truce and have dinner together?"

The invitation surprised her, but what was more startling was her own realization that she wanted to accept. "I'd love to, Paul," she said.

THEY had dinner at a restaurant near the waterfront where the decorations were terrible and the food delicious and when they finished they walked slowly along the docks with the June night warm against their faces. She felt peace stealing over her as it had when his hand was on her arm, so that she was content just to be at his side, with hardly a word between them. But as they walked a question formed itself in her mind and at last she had to say, "You thought I murdered Albert, Paul. Do you still think so?"

"I don't know," he answered slowly. "I wish I did know. I don't think so at the moment, but I've always been so mixed up about you—" he stopped and then said as though the words hurt him—"The first time I saw you, there in the ice-cream parlor, I thought you were wonderful. I wanted to run across the room and grab you."

Her pulse hammered in her throat, choking her, and her heart cried, "Oh, Paul, Paul! If only you had done that!" If only it had been Paul. Through the numbing misery of awareness of what it would have meant had Paul and not Albert walked toward her that night she heard him say:

"I didn't want to be tied down. Didn't want to fall in love. And by the time I found out that those were the very things I did want, you and Albert were married. I still thought you were wonderful, but, later on, when you wanted a career of your own, I didn't know what to think."

She waited, half-sick with longing to hear what he would say next, and when he said nothing at all she whispered, "I could still be that girl in the ice-cream parlor, Paul." In the darkness she could feel his arms moving toward her, then the violence with which he pulled them away.

"No, you couldn't!" he said harshly. "It's too late for that, even if you wanted to."

She wanted to scream at him, to tell him that that wasn't true. But she knew there was no way she could make him understand that now. His bitterness was like an armor and she knew no words that would penetrate it.

They didn't talk on the way to her apartment, then he said, "Good night, Katie. Maybe we'll meet in another year or so." and the cruel casualness of that was like a whip cutting across her face.

"Good night, Paul," she said quietly. She watched him until he was out of sight, but she couldn't see him very clearly through her tears.

Helen was pacing the floor with long, angry strides that made her

heavy satin housecoat stand out stiffly around her. Katie had expected Helen to be angry, but when Helen screamed, "How dare you disappear with Paul?" the anger seemed so out of proportion to what had caused it that for the first time it had no effect. She started toward her own room, without answering, but Helen caught her arm and said in that same shrill voice, "You listen to me. I've sacrificed everything for you and I won't have you throw it all away on Paul. I forbid you to see him again!"

Suddenly Katie's self-control vanished. Forbidden to see Paul, who didn't care whether he ever saw her again or not! She began to laugh at the irony of that, heard her laughter turn into long shuddering sobs that she couldn't control, then she laughed more hysterically than ever when she saw Helen's face change swiftly from anger to fright and heard her say, "I'm sorry, Katie. I didn't mean to lose my temper. I didn't realize how nervous and upset you are." She quieted down at last and let Helen put her to bed, listening apathetically to Helen's running stream of apologies. But when Helen said, "I think you ought to go away for a while, somewhere quiet so you can rest," she began to work out a plan.

She thought back over the last few hysterical moments, trying to remember whether she had said anything about Paul's going to Cape Cod. She didn't think she had, but to be on the safe side she made her voice sound completely listless when she said, "Maybe you're right, Helen. Maybe I'll go to Cape Cod."

She left for Cape Cod two days later. On the train she began to be afraid that he might send her away again—and he was, she knew now, the one man she wanted to be with every moment of her life.

He was on the beach when she first saw him. Quietly she watched him for a moment, seeing as if for the first time the strength of his broad shoulders and the dark crisp hair, wanting and yet dreading to call him. For he had to know, as soon as he turned and saw her, why he was there. He had to understand, without any words from her, that she had come because she loved him and because she had put out of her life forever ambition and success and everything that stood between them.

"Please make him understand," she prayed. Then she said, "Paul."

He turned around then and she saw the startled surprise in his face, saw it give place to radiance; and then she was in his arms.

THE days that followed were the most perfect she had ever known. All of the past with its mistakes and misery had been wiped out and nothing had any meaning except the fact that she was with Paul. He taught her to swim and to sail a boat and these were wonderful not only because of the fun of doing them together, but because she would always have in her memory the picture of his bronzed face against a white sail or laughing at her from the waves. Most wonderful of all, though, were the moments when they talked and planned about the future. "We'll have a white house with a lawn and a garden," he said one day. "Are you sure you want that? Sure you wouldn't rather have your career instead?"

She laughed in utter contentment. "I was never surer of anything in my life," he answered. "I never want to see or hear of a career again."

In her happiness she had put off writing to tell Helen that she was going to marry

Romance can be divine



"Be sure
your Hands are
delightful" —
says

SONJA HENIE
(Glamorous Hollywood Star)

Sonja Henie and John Payne, 20th Century-Fox Stars, in "Iceland". You can have love-inviting hands; use Jergens Lotion.

FOR lovely protection of your hands? Youth-like smoothness—for help in preventing degrading rough, chapped hands—use Jergens Lotion regularly. It's easy! Jergens Lotion leaves no sticky feeling.

You give your hands practically professional care with Jergens! Two of its secret ingredients are the very ones many doctors use for helping harsh skin become heavenly soft. Take Hollywood's way to darling hands—use Jergens Lotion!



Sonja Henie's Charming Hands

7 times as many of the Stars in Hollywood use Jergens as any other lotion! Smooth Jergens on your elbows, too!

Jergens Lotion

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 3539, Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada: Perth, Ontario)

I want to try the favorite hand care of the Stars. Please send me a free bottle of Jergens Lotion.

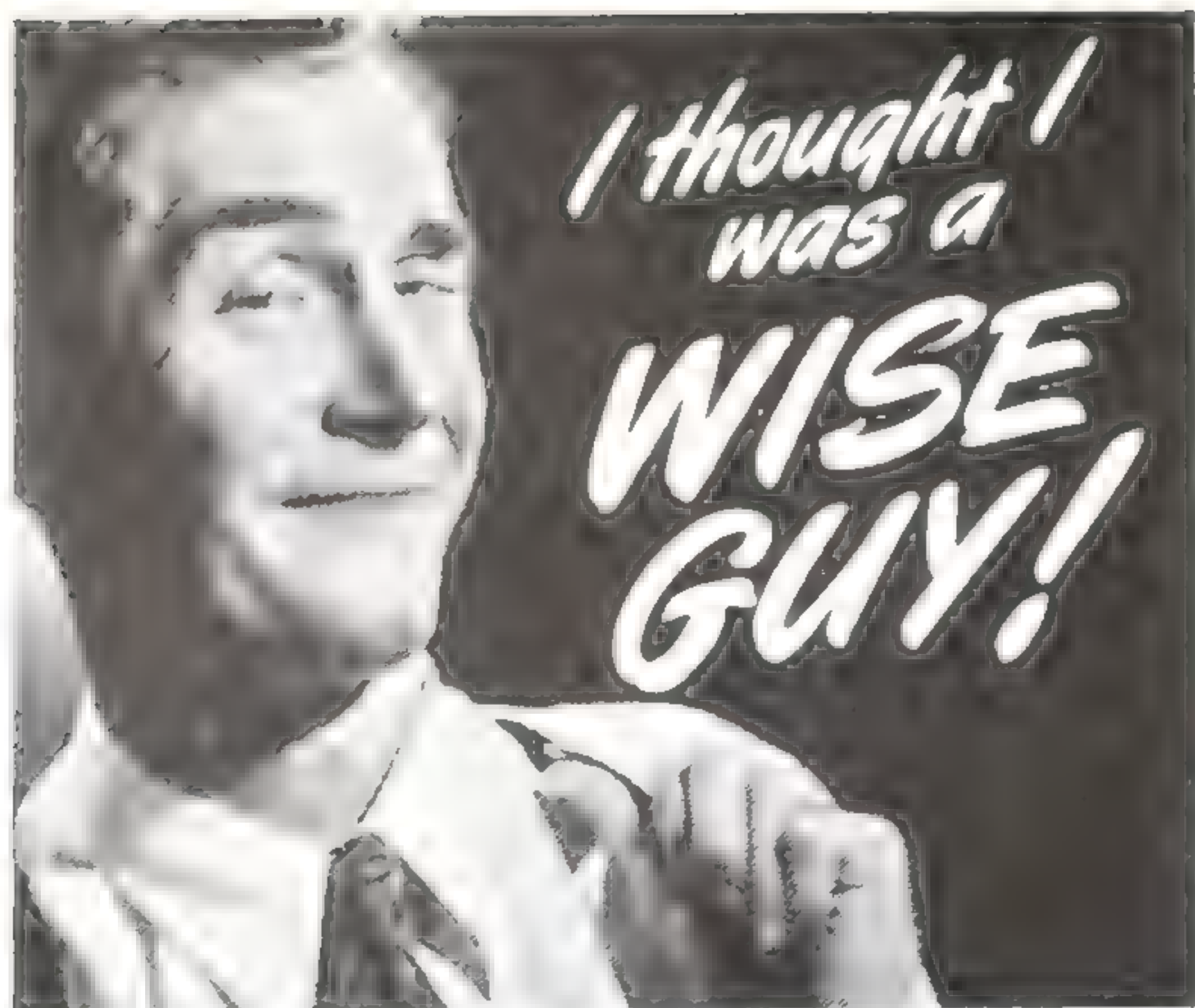
Name _____

Street _____

City _____

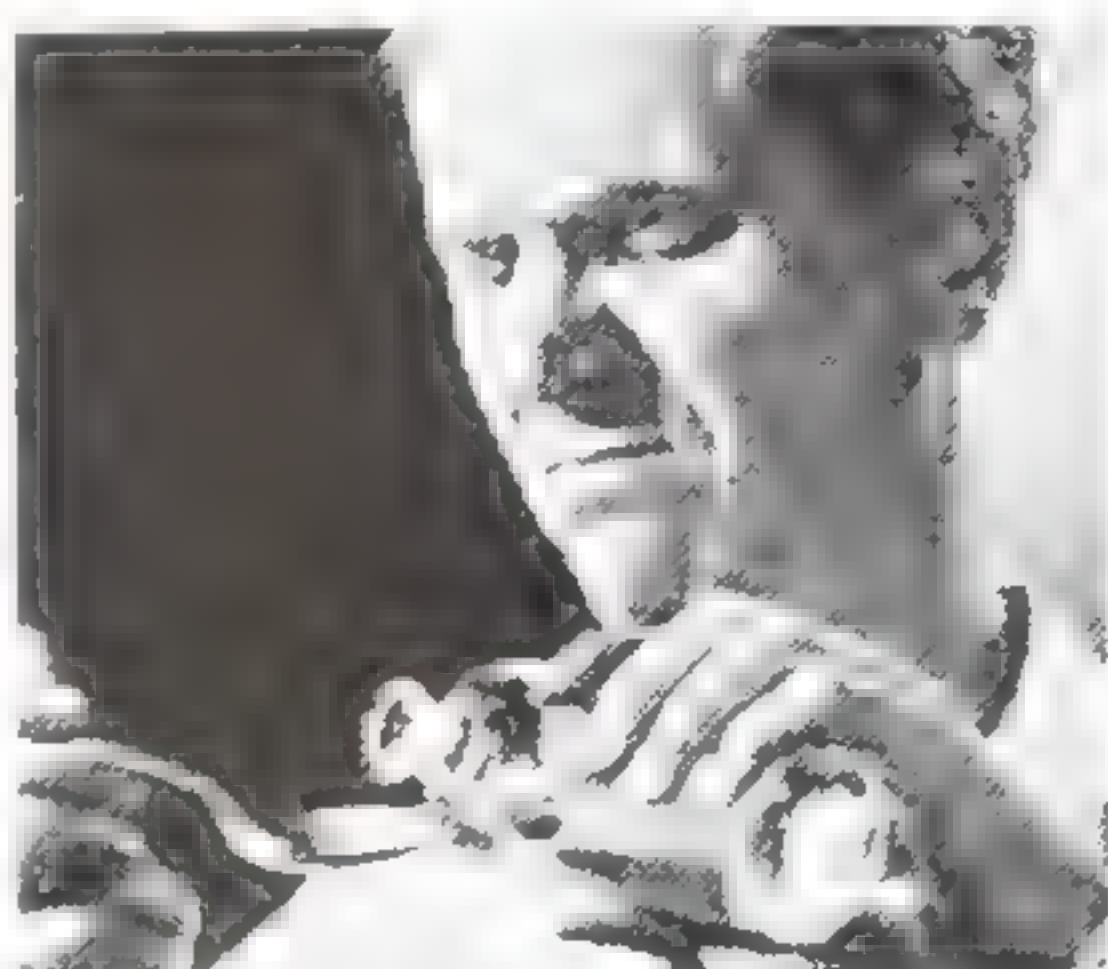
State _____





LIKE A LOT of other fellows, I used to take what I thought was a "he-man's" laxative. And, boy, what awful punishment I'd take with it. The stuff tasted terrible — and acted worse. It was just *too strong!*

THEN I SWITCHED to another brand. It tasted pretty bad, too. But I wouldn't have minded that so much if it had done me any good. Trouble was I didn't get the proper relief. It was just *too mild!*

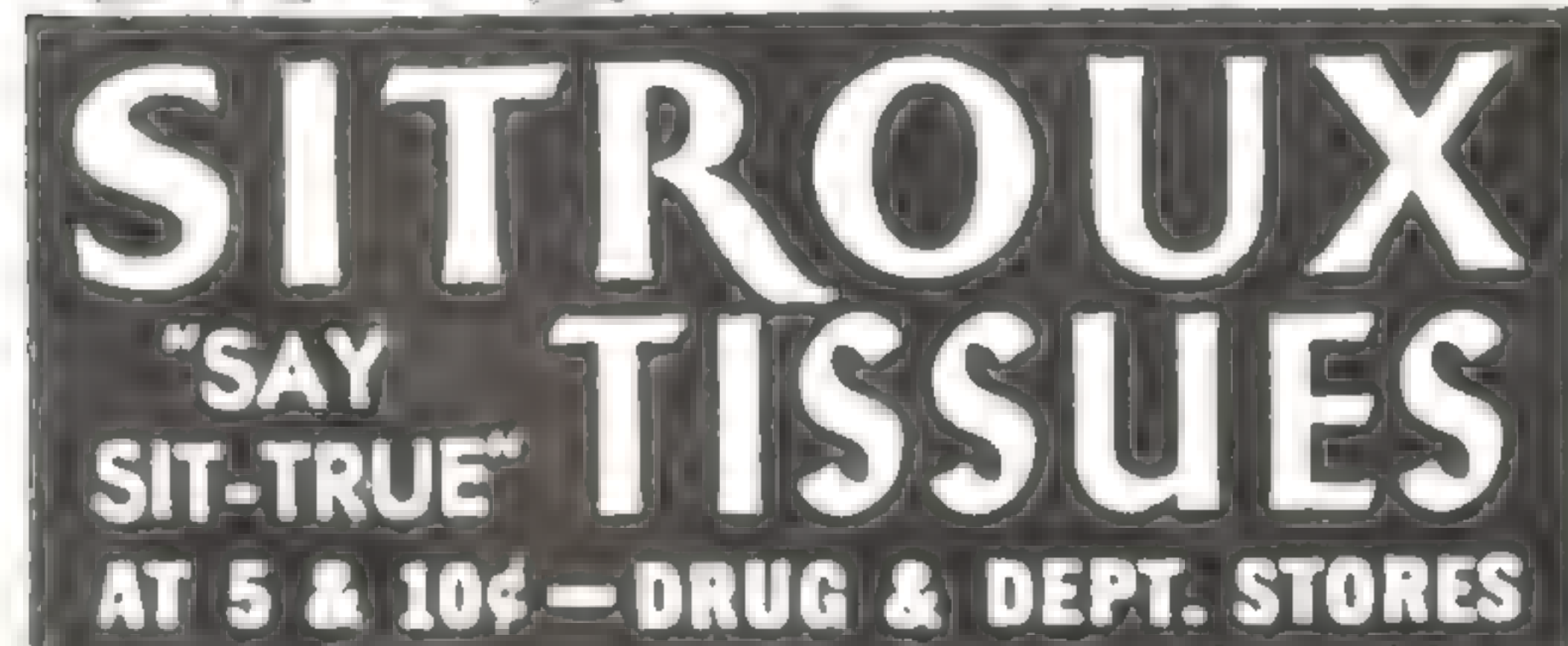
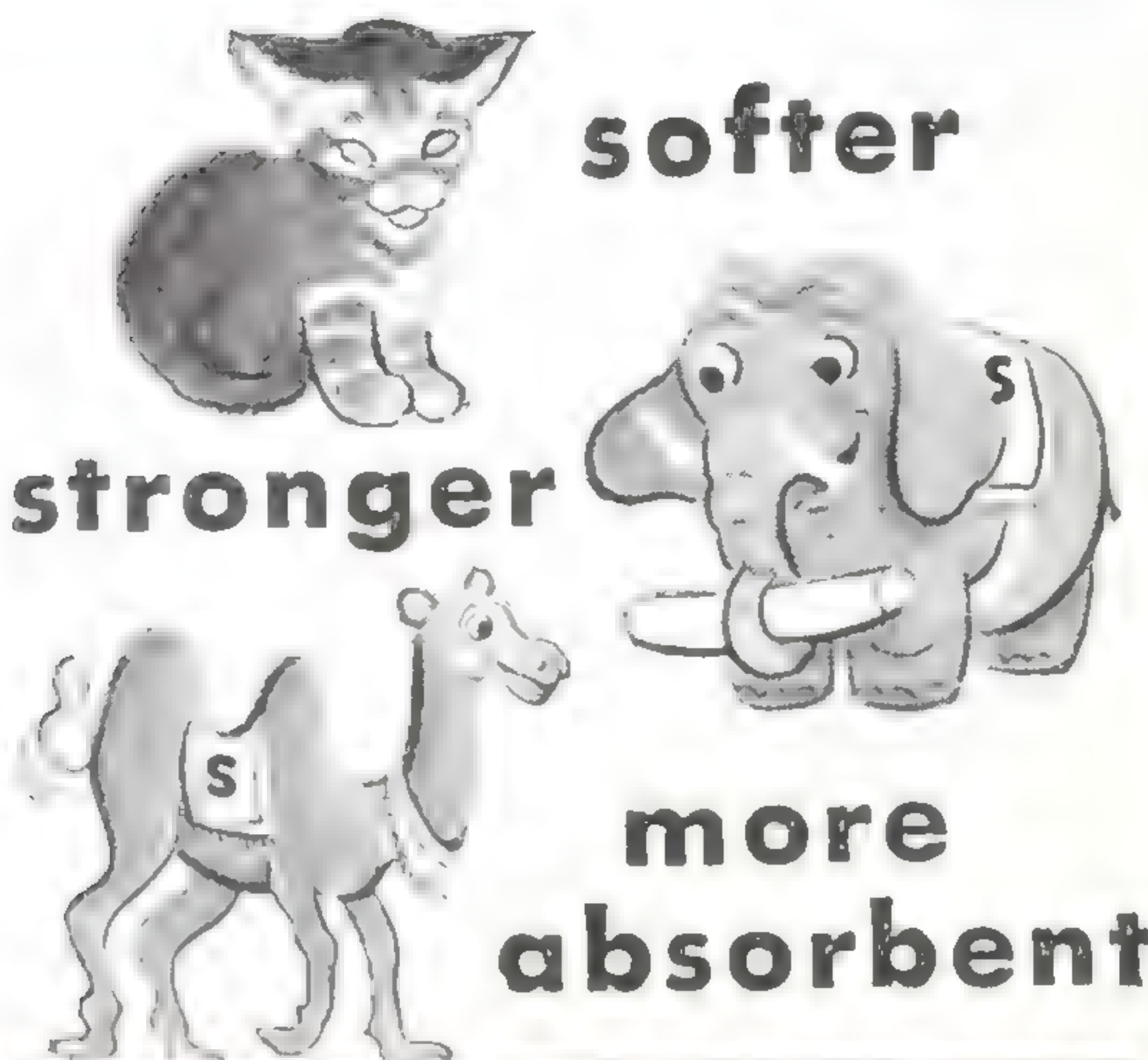


FINALLY, A FRIEND suggested Ex-Lax!... "It's so easy to take," he said. "Ex-Lax tastes like chocolate and it works like a charm!"... Well, I tried it and I knew right away that I'd found MY laxative. Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild—it's *just right!*

Ex-Lax is effective, all right—but effective in a gentle way! It won't upset you; won't make you feel bad afterwards. No wonder people call it:

The "HAPPY MEDIUM" Laxative

Naturally, like any effective medicine, Ex-Lax should be taken only as directed on the label.



Paul, and so it was that one day a tight-lipped Helen arrived unexpectedly. She held her temper in check, though, until she and Katie were alone, then she said peremptorily, "Go pack your bags. You're going back to New York with me this afternoon."

Katie shook her head. "Not this afternoon or any other time, Helen," she said distinctly. "I'm going to marry Paul. I'm leaving the theater." She sat quietly after that, marveling that Paul's love had given her the strength to listen to the recriminations and arguments that were pouring from Helen's lips and know that none of them was important. At last Helen's fury subsided into defeat.

"All right, Katie," Helen said. "Marry Paul if you like. But wait for just one more play. Laura Bithorn is letting me produce the play she wrote for you. If you will do that, we'll make enough for you to retire on, as you want to. But if you fail me we'll lose everything, because I've put every cent we have into it. Please, Katie, don't fail me now. I need you."

Katie knew then what she would have to do. She got up and started toward the door. "All right, Helen," she said wearily. "I'll do it. I promise you. But it's the last play I'll ever be in."

She found Paul on the beach and with his arms around her, it was easier to tell him why she must do this thing. "I know you don't like Helen," she said. "But she has made sacrifices for me and I can't let her down now. You understand, don't you?"

He kissed her very gently. "I understand, Katie," he said.

That afternoon, she went back to New York with Helen. As soon as she reached her apartment she put in a long-distance call for him, but when the connection was made she was told that Paul had turned the orchestra over to his assistant and left the hotel and that he had not left a forwarding address. She smiled happily. He must have returned to New York to be near her. He would probably phone her in a little while.

But he didn't call, that day or the next.

SHE began rehearsals for the new show and went through them doggedly, growing more frantic as days went into weeks and she neither heard from Paul nor could find any trace of him. Realizing that he had been hurt by her leaving him she knew that somehow she must find him and clear up the misunderstanding. Only this determination and the fact that she had given her promise to Helen carried her through rehearsals.

On opening night when they were sitting in her dressing room waiting for the curtain call she said to Helen, "I promised you I'd go through with this play, Helen, and I will. But as soon as it's over I'm going to find Paul and when I do nothing will ever separate us again." She picked up a powder puff and leaned closer to the mirror trying to concentrate but seeing only Paul's face before her.

There was a knock on the door, but it wasn't until she heard Helen say furiously, "How did you get in here?" that she looked up. Paul was standing inside the door.

"Why shouldn't I be here?" he retorted and even though she knew the answer was for Helen and not for her its contempt cut into her. "Isn't the whole world supposed to honor the new producer tonight?" She tried to call to him, to stop the dreadful savagery in his voice, but she couldn't utter a sound. "Helen Chernen, Broadway's newest producer,"

he went on relentlessly. "She's got just what she's always wanted. She's come all the way from Greenhill to Broadway, walking over everybody who ever stood in her way!"

"Paul!" She got his name out at last. He turned on her then and she felt the full fury of his scorn. "You're just as bad as she is," he shouted. "You knew what she was doing, knew she wanted power for herself and that she was using you and your career to get it. And you didn't try to stop her. You didn't care what she was doing, because you were getting what you wanted out of it, too!"

His words beat on her with all the savagery of physical blows, sickening her with their meaning. "Stop, Paul," she begged, "you've got to listen!" She caught at him frantically, clinging to him and using her body as a weight to anchor him so he would have to listen. "I can't let you go," she cried. "I need you, Paul. I love you! You can't go!"

"That's where you're wrong," he said, and his sudden quietness was more terrible to her than his anger. "I can go. I won't stay and let you destroy me as you destroyed Albert." He pushed her hands away and walked out of the room and she had no strength to stop him.

She stood where he had left her, unaware of Helen's anxious, "Are you all right, Katie?" Some part of her, automatic and well-trained, made her answer when the callboy called, "Curtain!" Made her go and stand in the wings and wait for her cue, and walk onto the stage when it came. But when she reached the center of the stage she couldn't remember what she was supposed to do or say. She heard herself fumbling for words that were never the right ones, saw the panic of the other performers, even saw the curtain go down hastily.

She never knew how she got back to the dressing room and into her street clothes. She wasn't conscious of anything but her heart crying, "Paul, come back to me. I love you!" and of the terrible, quiet way he had said, "I won't let you destroy me." That was what her love meant to him. Destruction. But she was the one who was being destroyed.

It was the sight of Helen, slumped in a chair, rage and defeat making an ugly mask of her face, that brought her back to reality, that and Laura Bithorn's voice, saying, "Helen, I told you I didn't think you ought to force Katie to do this play. I hope you realize now that I was right and that you won't try to make her do the other ones you planned for her."

IT took several minutes for her to realize what Laura's words meant, but as soon as Laura was out of the room she turned to Helen. "Were you planning other plays for me?" she demanded accusingly. "Did you tell Laura I was going to stay in the theater?" Helen didn't answer, but the very silence answered, and it created a suspicion that made her say, "Did you tell Paul, too, that day you came to the hotel? And is that why he left?"

"What if I did?" Helen's sullen response was an admission of guilt. "You never would have been happy with him."

Happy! She wanted to shout with the happiness that they had had together, with the happiness she felt surging over her again. Paul hadn't gone away because he had stopped loving her, but because Helen had lied to him and made him think she would rather go back to the stage than to marry him. And if she could find him again—when she found him—she would make him listen

her until he knew that it was all a lie. "I knew you'd never be happy away from the theater," Helen said insistently. "I was doing it for your own good."

Doing it for your own good. How many times Helen had said that, and how casually she had accepted it. I'd sacrifice everything for your career, Helen had said, and she had believed that, too, but now the word sacrifice took on a frightening new meaning. She began thinking back over the past, remembering obstacles and people that had stood between her and success and the magic with which they had disappeared, and suddenly the realization that Helen had deliberately removed them came to her.

The very thought sickened her, but she had to know the truth and she said, "How many people and careers have you sacrificed for my good, Helen? How many people have you walked over so that I could be a success? Albert was the first one," she went on relentlessly. "You broke his heart so I could have my chance with Shagrue. Lily Emery was in that first show. Did you have something to do with her being dropped from the cast?" Other names, some of them half forgotten, poured out, until at last she was ashamed to go on.

"What difference do they make?" Helen cried. "You were the one who had talent. They were stupid and weak!"

Stupid and weak. But no more stupid than she had been, not to know what was going on; no weaker than she had been, not to stop it. She was agonized with guilt and remorse, with loathing for the cruelties Helen had committed.

"Come on, Katie," Helen's voice cut through her thoughts. "Let's go home." She got up and followed her out, too immersed in her own thoughts to think how strange it was that with all this bitterness between them they should be parting home together as they had done so often in the past. Paul's words were turning in her mind and when they got out onto the street she stopped and said, "Were you doing it for me, Helen? Or because you wanted power for yourself?" They were standing by a store window and as the light fell on Helen's mask-like face she had the feeling that she was going to hear truth from those rigid lips for the first time in years. "I thought it was for you at first," Helen said slowly, "but later on—I don't know. Maybe I was doing it for myself." They stood in silence for a moment, then Helen said, "I suppose you hate me."

"Yes, Helen, I hate you. Not for what you have done and tried to do to me, but for what you have done to everyone else." He spoke without passion and Helen made no protest. It was as though they both knew that their quarrels, Helen's dominance and her own submission, were over. She said, "I never want to see you again." And then she walked away.

She didn't know that there was anyone else on that deserted street, didn't even see Paul until he stepped out of a doorway and called her name. The miracle of this being there was almost enough, but the greater miracle was to have him take her in his arms and say, "I heard what you told Helen. I've been waiting years for you to say that." He kissed her then and for a moment she clung to him, half-hysterical with the wonder of having everything right between them again, and then they walked away together as they would walk for the rest of their lives.

They didn't look back at Helen. If they had they would have seen her standing alone before the store. There was a white organdie dress in the window.

THE END



WARM EVENINGS THREATEN YOUR *Fresh Summer Loveliness!*

—Safeguard it Luxuriously with this
Finer Body Talcum of Face Powder Quality

YOUR WHOLE BODY is at its freshest after you've bathed. Gone is perspiration staleness . . . Tension too. You're rested—relaxed—ready for the evening.

BUT HOW FLEETING IS freshness after a dance or two—even in your sheerest summer frock. So before you dress—whisk Cashmere Bouquet Talcum luxuriously over your person. Compare its silky feel, its exquisite face-powder softness with body talcums you've been using. Note the absence of gritty coarseness. And see how Cashmere Bouquet's finer talcum dries up lingering moisture; then magically disappears, leaving a satiny film of protection for sensitive, easily-chafed areas.

AND FOR DRAMATIC CLIMAX . . . see how thrillingly Cashmere Bouquet Talcum endows you with the alluring "fragrance men love." Insurance that no hint of perspiration staleness will brand you as the "lady who forgot."

In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.

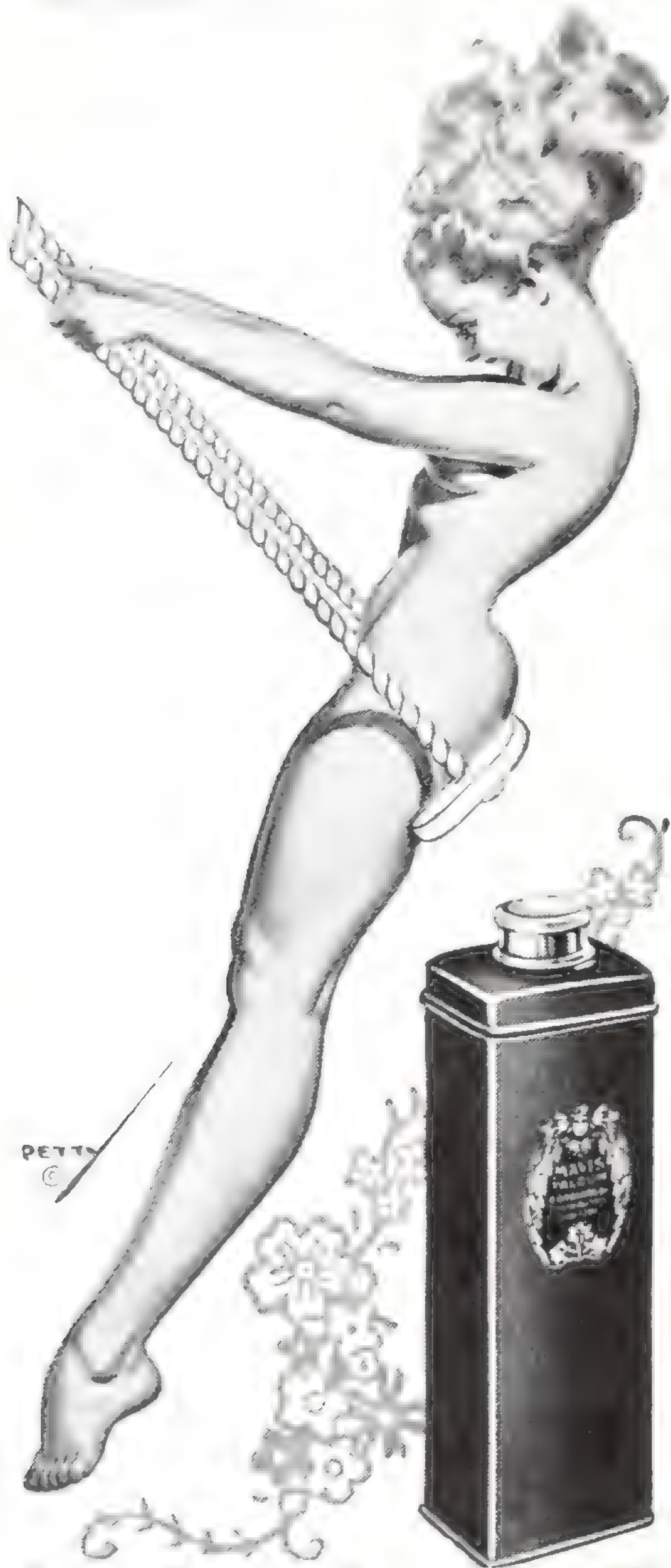


Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder

A Member of Cashmere Bouquet—the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations

MAVIS TALCUM FOR BODY BEAUTY

clothes you in a beguiling film of fragrance . . . keeps you daintily fresh for hours. Use Mavis lavishly, every day. Buy Mavis today . . . at all cosmetic counters.



MAVIS
THE FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS
talcum
V. VIVAUDOU, INC.

Dr. Dafoe's New Baby Book

Yours . . . Practically as a Gift

Here it is mothers—the book you've always wanted—and it's yours practically as a gift. In this new book, *How to Raise Your Baby*, Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe gives you the very help you've always wanted. This world-famous doctor answers the problems that face you daily. He discusses breast feeding—bottle feeding—first solid foods—toilet training—how fast your child should grow—new facts about sunshine and vitamins—summer complaints—sensible clothing—diarrhea—jaundice—infection—nervous children—skinny children. While they last you can get your copy of this big, new book entitled *How to Raise Your Baby* for only 25c—and we pay the postage. Mail order TODAY.

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, Inc., Dept. PM-10
205 East 42nd Street, New York, New York

Bewildered Knight

(Continued from page 29) the summer, and they had done things he had never done and knew things he had never heard of. He was fourteen, the age at which to be in any minority is torture, to be like the others, glorious and necessary.

Wherefore the following summer, faced with the prospect of another vacation at the Fort, he asked and got permission to spend at least a few weeks at Virginia Beach.

On the fourth day there, he was offered a job on a hemp boat, to Havana and back. Hemp, it appears, as it lies under the tropic heat, is liable to burst into flame. John's task was to foil the hemp by keeping it sprayed with water. In Cuba he had two weeks, a devouring curiosity and a few dollars. He got into three waterfront fights and won two of them. In the first, remembering the good Dr. Block's stern admonitions, he fought fairly, which was a mistake. One of his shipmates, a crusty old salt who had developed a protective liking for the lad, found him battered and half-conscious in the shadows of a warehouse. The next few days were spent teaching John certain ingenious tricks which both horrified and intrigued him. Fortuitously, three nights later when he found himself embroiled in a free-for-all, he remembered them in time. As he stood bloody but triumphant over the recumbent forms of two thugs who had attacked him, he reflected that in this case at least it was indeed better to give than to receive.

In retrospect, however, the events of the summer bewildered him. When he thought of those fights he could feel still the mounting excitement that had swept him at the height of the melee, and it was impossible to reconcile this reaction with the turn-the-other-cheek philosophy of his religion. If he could not honestly feel or practice that philosophy, how could he make a life's work of teaching it?

The question remained unanswered during the following year. Much—too much—has been written about the strange mood of the Twenties, then half gone, but it must be mentioned here for the effect its tempo and its viewpoints had on John's personality. About him, during his most formative years, he saw the undisciplined standard formed by his generation, his companions, as they sowed the wild oat harvest F. Scott Fitzgerald waited to reap. Every healthy instinct of a lusty, inquisitive nature bade him pattern himself after those of his friends who went out of an evening with flasks in their hip pockets, to meet precocious little girls who did their hair like Clara Bow's.

BUT his shyness, his conviction that such antics were off the beam, and the still visible goal of the ministry combined to restrain him effectively. He turned to other activities as an escape-valve for his energies. In his room at night he read pulp magazines of the Amazing Stories variety, even began to write new ones for himself. Once he decided that the story he had just completed was good enough to sell, and it did. After that he wrote dozens per month, out of which he got a surprising number of acceptances.

The following summer he set about building a glider. It was such a success that a month later, having attached a two-cylinder motor and a home-made propeller to his glider, he prepared to expand his conquest of the air. Shortly after he took off, the motor broke loose and

went whirling away on its own. The plane, some twenty feet in the air, hit tail-first and the rest came slapping down like a sack of meal.

In much the same way his world, as he had known it, let him down that autumn when his father died.

GEORGE PAYNE'S estate, then at its peak in value, provided liberally for the education of his sons. John enrolled at Mercersburg Academy at Hagerstown, Pennsylvania, and went there with a pocketful of spending money and a clearer notion than ever of what he wanted to do. He found out very shortly, however, because he fell in love.

It was a boy named Jimmy, his tennis partner, who was indirectly responsible for this. All the way back from the courts, one afternoon, Jimmy spoke ecstatically of his newest girl friend, red-haired honey who went to Steward Hall, just over the line in Maryland. "She's invited me to their pre-Christmas dance next month," he said finally. "Only there's one hitch. She's got a roommate, named Jane Something-or-other, and Jane hasn't got a date. Either I bring a guy for Jane, or—else."

"I'm late for my biology lab," John said hurriedly. "See you next week."

Jimmy grabbed his arm. "You got to do it for me. You gotta."

"But I can't dance. I never—"

"That's Jane's worry. All I have to do is bring a fellow. John, I'll give you ten bucks."

There had been that new racquet John had wanted, a week before his allowance was due. "All right," he said.

"I suppose she's got buck teeth?"

Jimmy smacked him on the back. "You knew you'd do it, pal. She's probably not so bad. . . ."

She was not so bad. She did not have buck teeth. She did have wide, candid gray eyes, a gay little nose with three freckles on it, a figure that belonged in a bathing suit and laughter in her voice. She was stunning, in fact.

"I can't believe it," John told her, when the introductions were over. "Blond dates never turn out like this."

The gray eyes regarded him, taking in his height and the breadth of his shoulders and the way his hair curled. "I was just thinking the same thing," she said.

He had led her to the floor and had even taken a couple of steps before he remembered. He stopped, looking miserable. "I should've told you. I—I've never tried this dancing business before."

She smiled. "I knew that when you started. It's easy. Just walk at first in time to the music. I'll show you what to do."

By the end of the evening he could manage a simple fox-trot, and she had taught him the basic step of a new thing called the blackbottom.

As the months passed he discovered that she was intelligent and sensitive to beauty in addition to everything else. As a result, having fallen hard, he did not as usual with his first love bounce normally back again after a reasonable time. This, he was sure, was why they made their plans: To go to college together, to be married, to travel for a while, to live in New York. He would go into business with his share of his father's estate, he supposed.

The executors did not tell him what had happened until he came home, after his graduation from Mercersburg. When '29, land values had crumbled, carrying

with them the structure of his father's fortune like a great edifice built on quicksand. There was enough left to keep his mother in comfort, but the Fort must be sold, even at a loss. As for John, he had \$1000 in insurance and the AT&T stock he'd been given one birthday. Six shares, which he'd better hold until it went up again—the depression couldn't last forever, after all.

It took him two days to write his letter to Jane. After a dozen false starts he set down in simple terms the facts as they were, explaining that now he had to think of college as a training period for some profession or other, that the only thing he knew anything about was aircraft and that he had decided on Massachusetts Tech. Here was an end to their plans, at least until he'd finished school and got a job. He did not ask her if she would wait that long. If she wants to, he thought, she'll let me know.

Her wire came the next night. "I've only one life to live," it said, "and I want to live it with you." Reading it, he felt suddenly that the world was okay after all. His oyster, in fact. He would make it so, justify her faith in him. . . .

THAT fall he failed the mathematics entrance exam and Massachusetts Tech turned him down. He spent the next week in a kind of daze, making—and rejecting as fast as he made them—alternative schemes for a future which now unbelievably was without security. His confidence in himself was gone, at least for the moment. The one thing that remained, on which he could anchor his belief in a good Providence, was Jane and his love for her. This was eternal, this was sure.

He still had come to no conclusion when, one evening, she drove into the motor court of the Fort. "Let's go for a drive, and talk," she said. She slid over in the seat, leaving the wheel for him, and sat curled up in the corner saying nothing.

He found a hilltop, shut off the motor and the lights. "You didn't answer my letter," he said.

"I wanted to talk to you—have you got a cigarette?" He lighted two, putting one between her lips. "Johnny, now that Tech is out, what are you going to do?"

"I haven't made up my mind. Of course I'd like to write, and Columbia's got a good school of journalism. But that's in New York, away from you."

For a moment she regarded intently the glowing end of her cigarette. "Things have worked out differently," she said. "We've always been honest with each other. I—there's a man I met this summer in New Orleans. He's asked me to marry him." Sitting up, she flipped the cigarette away. "I told him I would. So you see, you can go to Columbia after all. It won't matter."

Weeks later, as he lay awake on the train that was carrying him to New York, he remembered the end of that evening. She had been crying, and he had put his finger under her chin, lifting it. "Stop it," he said. "I don't want to remember you bawling your head off."

And she had stopped at once. As she'd moved over and put her head on his shoulder, she'd said, "You won't have to remember that." For an instant—But he'd been suddenly aware that his throat was aching, that he was tired and that he didn't care, one way or the other.

He'd said, "Skip it," and started the motor.

Now, with the past gone and the fresh new future in New York beginning tomorrow, he thought about that and said

Maria Montez
Co-starring in Walter Wanger's
Technicolor Production
"Arabian Nights"
A Universal Picture

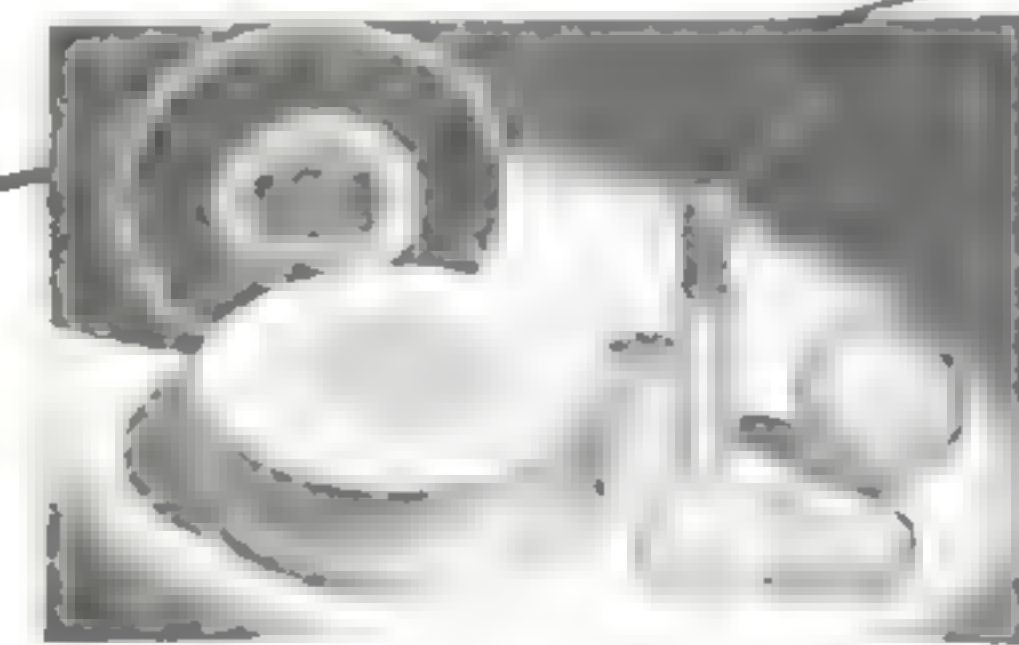


Color Harmony Face Powder!

...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
...it clings perfectly—really stays on



Imagine finding a face powder with all of these features! Yes, it's one of Hollywood's make-up secrets. You'll be thrilled the very first time you make up with this powder... created by Max Factor Hollywood. You'll find that it gives a lovelier, youthful-looking color tone to your complexion. Remember, whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead, there's a color harmony shade of Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder for your own individual type. \$1.00



Complete your make-up in color harmony with Max Factor Hollywood Rouge and Tru-Color Lipstick.



Max Factor * Hollywood



Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, 1115 REXFORD BLVD., NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS: ☐ FAIR ☐ FAIR-ROSE ☐ ROSE ☐ ROSE-BROWN ☐ BROWN ☐ BRUNETTE ☐ REDHEAD

HAIR: ☐ BLONDE ☐ BROWN ☐ BRUNETTE ☐ REDHEAD

Eye Color: ☐ BLUE ☐ BROWN ☐ GREEN ☐ GRAY ☐ HAZEL

Age: ☐ 18-24 ☐ 25-34 ☐ 35-44 ☐ 45-54 ☐ 55-64 ☐ 65-74

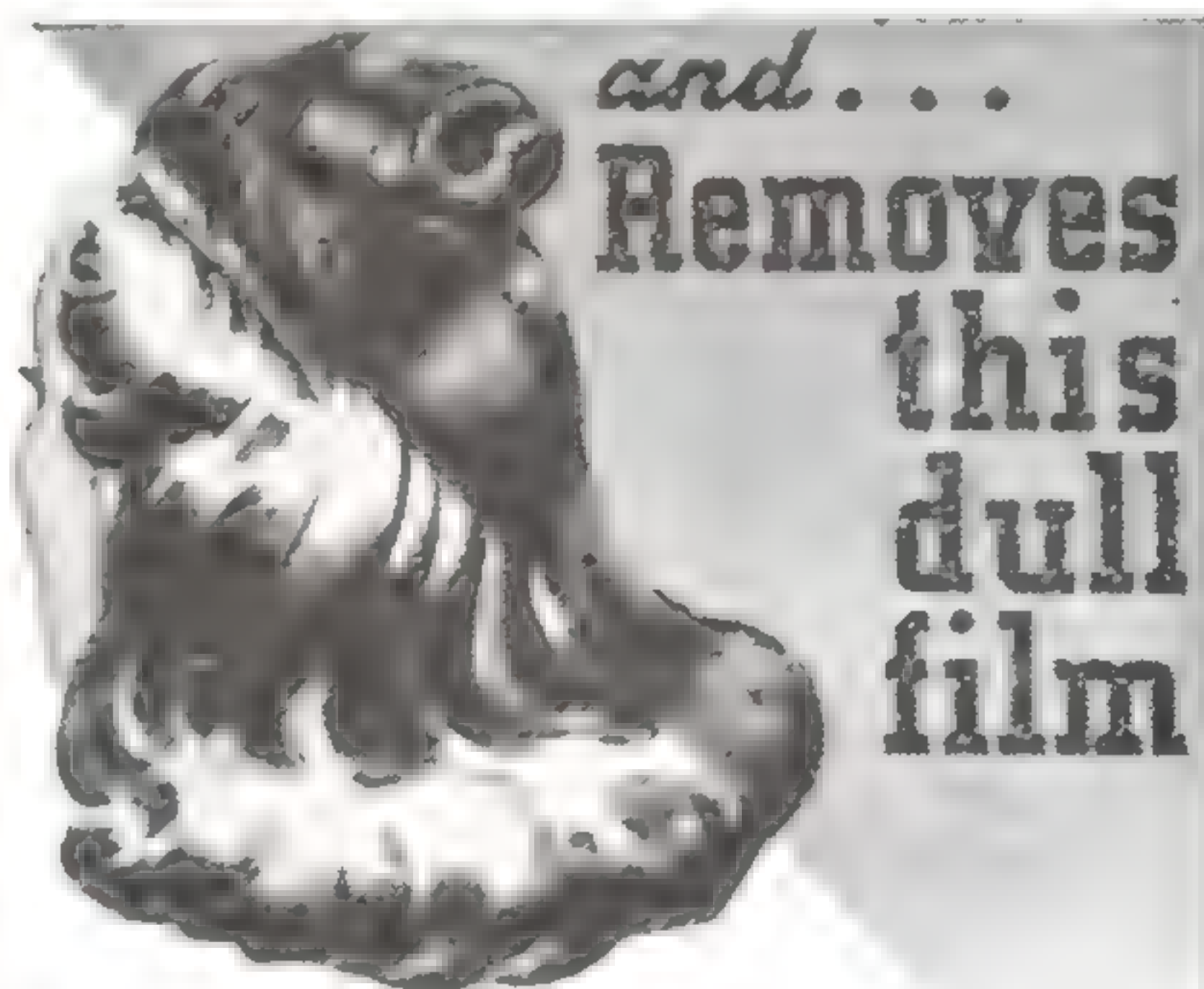
Occupation: _____

City of Birth: _____

Country of Birth: _____

Enclosed: ☐ \$1.00 ☐ \$2.00 ☐ \$3.00 ☐ \$4.00 ☐ \$5.00 ☐ \$6.00 ☐ \$7.00 ☐ \$8.00 ☐ \$9.00 ☐ \$10.00

New—Hair Rinse safely Gives a Tiny Tint



and...
**Removes
this
dull
film**

1. Does not harm, permanently tint or bleach the hair
2. Used after shampooing—your hair is never dry, or unruly
3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely effect obtained from hours of vigorous brushing...plus a tiny tint—in these 12 shades.

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| 1. Black | 7. Titian Blonde |
| 2. Dark Copper | 8. Golden Blonde |
| 3. Sable Brown | 9. Topaz Blonde |
| 4. Golden Brown | 10. Dark Auburn |
| 5. Nut Brown | 11. Light Auburn |
| 6. Silver | 12. Lustre Glint |

4. Golden Glint contains only safe certified colors and pure Radien, all new, approved ingredients.

Try Golden Glint... Over 40 million packages have been sold...Choose your shade at any cosmetic dealer. Price 10 and 25¢—or send for a

FREE SAMPLE

Golden Glint Co., Seattle, Wash., Box 3366-FF

Please send color No. _____ as listed above.


Name _____

Address _____

GOLDEN GLINT



Keep in mind

these two important blocks of sterling silver. They are inlaid at the backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks  for more lasting beauty.

HOLMES & EDWARDS STERLING INLAID

NO FINER SILVERPLATE THAN THIS

Copyright 1942, International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Division, Meriden, Conn. In Canada, The T. Eaton Co., Ltd., Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

ruefully aloud, "Payne, you're a fool."

The first year was an easy let-down from the old life to the new. He didn't meet any girls, which was an economy. Besides journalism, he studied music and a little drama, with emphasis on Shakespeare.

THE head of Shakespearian research, Mrs. Davis Coit, thought he showed promise and after watching him for some time at the school's laboratory theater got him a job in a production of "Hamlet" at the Roxbury, Conn., Little Theater.

Another teacher, Roy Campbell, with whom he studied voice, told him he had commercial possibilities as a singer; in the evenings, therefore, John began hanging around radio stations, filling in for regular performers when they didn't show up. He haunted C.B.S. and at last they offered him a spot three times a week, for fifteen minutes. He called himself the "South Singer" and was paid three dollars a broadcast.

When he returned from spending Christmas in Roanoke the following year he had, by selling the rest of his stock and borrowing a little money from his mother, the price of his tuition for one more year at Columbia. It was his last. Through the college employment service he picked up odd jobs, sometimes singing with a second-rate band, more often running the Columbia switchboard. That summer he went back to Roxbury for the summer theater again, and he enjoyed that. The other members of the cast were fun to know, particularly a lovely red-head who was a pianist and in whose company he managed a certain amount of rationalization.

When fall came he went back to Columbia broke, and let the employment office know he would accept any kind of a job it could find for him. While he waited he began wrestling again, giving a few exhibition matches with other undergraduates. Once, after he won such a match, a gentleman wearing a derby hat and biting hard on a piece of cigar came up to him, introduced himself, gave him a card and said, "If you ever feel like it, look me up and we'll do business, Bud."

John thanked him, explaining that he'd

probably have no time for professional fighting. But he saved the card. The matches had another, though indirect outcome: the employment office called him to say that although there was a dearth of decent jobs because of the depression, they could get him one as a bouncer in a joint that sold chop suey and beer. It would be steady, and it would pay two dollars per night.

He grabbed it thankfully. Within a few weeks, however, the office had a request for a tall young man who owned a tuxedo and could sing a little. John qualified. When he saw that the address was a theater, he had an hour's grace in which to believe that the break had come at last: then he arrived at the marquee, which said MINSKY'S BURLESQUE in lights.

The first evening was not so bad. He had to stand near the wings and sing ribald little numbers while the girls did a strip act, and he found it amusing. Directly the number was finished the manager took him into his office for further instructions, remarking that he'd do. But the next night there was no escape. The girls, still damp from their exertions, swarmed around him; he was, after all, tall, dark, handsome and clean-cut, and they had not come so near his like since they had left the farm. When, having disengaged himself with some difficulty, he stepped out into the fresh air of the theater alley he felt queasy and in need of a bath.

HE went back the next night, and the next, irresistibly drawn, hating himself. On the fifth night, as he was dressing, the card the wrestling promoter had given him fell out of his billfold. He picked it up and stared at it. Finally he took off his dinner jacket, pulled on a sweatshirt and a pair of slacks. With the card in his pocket, he went resolutely out, pausing only at the dormitory phone to inform Minsky's that he was through.

From Minsky's to Hollywood via the wrestling route—a long hard road to travel, but a fascinating road, too, as John Payne will point out to you in the November installment of his life story in PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR.

Love Is Laughter

(Continued from page 68) see another highball, so we sat in the kitchen and drank glasses of milk. Then Joan had to curl her hair, because she had to get up at six to be on the set at eight."

"He liked me even with those hair-pins bristling all over my head," Joan said. They looked at one another and dissolved with laughter at the memory of it.

"Next morning we were so excited that we completely forgot to eat breakfast," Phil continued. "Then we came on the set and saw the garlic baloney and French bread Joan was supposed to eat in her first scene of the picture with John Wayne. I wish you'd seen her wolfing it down. I got so hungry watching her that I asked the prop man to bring me some too, and while she ate it on screen I ate it off screen."

Outside Director Jules Dassin called that Miss Crawford was wanted on the set. "The idea of making a bride work on the first day of her marriage," Phil said mockingly.

"Well, I get a whole hour and a half off for lunch," Joan remarked, and then they laughed again at the sheer ludicrousness of such studio generosity.

We left the dressing room together. Joan walked across the huge sound stage and over to the gate of it with me. I knew her when she was married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and when she was married to Franchot Tone, and I have spent many an evening with her in recent months, with her and Christina all alone in her big house. So I think I understand her rather well and to say that I admire her and respect her is complete understatement. She has conquered handicaps that would have killed a dozen less valiant souls; conquered poverty, loneliness, disillusion, heartbreak; earned fame, fortune, and beauty in their places.

She leaned over to bid me good-by. "Oh, Ruthie," she said, "to be in love and to be laughing . . ." She paused. "Come back when I've got a little time, when I've become a little more used to the happiness of it."

Laughter is a gift no other man has ever brought Joan before. If Phil Terry with his protective love can keep on bringing Joan laughter, I think she will be his to have and to hold for all the years hereafter.

THE END

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Highroad to Hollywood

(Continued from page 58) Life or Hollywood or something has certainly taught you things about acting. I'll eat my last dollar if you don't get another studio call before this picture is a week old!"

He recounted every detail, answered all her questions, then, by request, told it all over again.

But when she wanted to hear it a third time, he registered an objection.

"Now look," he said, "you definitely rang the bell. The studio is pleased. I'm pleased. The public will be pleased. And that's that. But there's something else that needs to be talked about tonight. I want the dope on this fellow in Ohio. I want to know where I stand. Did he build that house out there because he expects to marry you? Are you going home to Gladstone or are you sticking with pictures? I was all set to go back with you, if going back was what you wanted, but according to Dr. Mac, maybe I'm not going to have the chance. I want to know the worst. Is it the other guy who's the lucky one?"

They were sitting on the doorstep, Julie wrapped in a rug, for California nights are chilly even in August.

"To tell you the truth," she said, "Tod has never asked me to marry him."

Curt's visage brightened considerably.

"Then I'm speaking my piece again right now," he replied. "Let's take the thrills and spills together, what do you say? The last time I brought up the subject, you said 'No.' But I hoped I could change your mind. I'll be putting on a uniform pretty soon now," he said, holding her two hands very tightly in his own. "I'd like to go away knowing you're the girl I've left behind."

Both Curt and Julie had expected that he'd be in khaki soon. Julie had also been pretty sure he would ask her, again, to be Mrs. Melbourne. She had pictured him many times as her man, going away. Despite which she felt that she must think it all over again, when Curt's hands were not closed about her own, when starlight was not above, with the eerie beauty of Hollywood lights below. So she asked for a little time . . . a day or two.

"Now there's a woman for you," Curt responded. "All right . . . but three days is the limit. I'll be after an answer, seventy-two hours from this minute, and that doesn't mean perhaps."

SCOTT was waiting up to hear about the preview. She was also entertaining thrills on her own account tonight, for after despairing months, she had just been called on an eight weeks' location in Sun Valley with her skis! Miss Moe had already engaged a substitute waitress. Scott was now packing her trunk. Julie took over folding undies into the top tray, as she reported on the preview, repeating the unexpected news that her performance had even rated applause! And then she confided that tonight Curt, about to leave for the Army, had again asked the all-important question.

"But how can I answer him," she demanded somewhat cryptically, "when Tod has never said a word, but I know someday he will?"

At that moment Scott was fitting her portable typewriter into its case.

"Pinch-hitting for Doris Blake," she remarked, pausing to rattle out two lines on a sheet of paper, "my advice is to mail the following."



Live life fully . . . thrillingly . . .

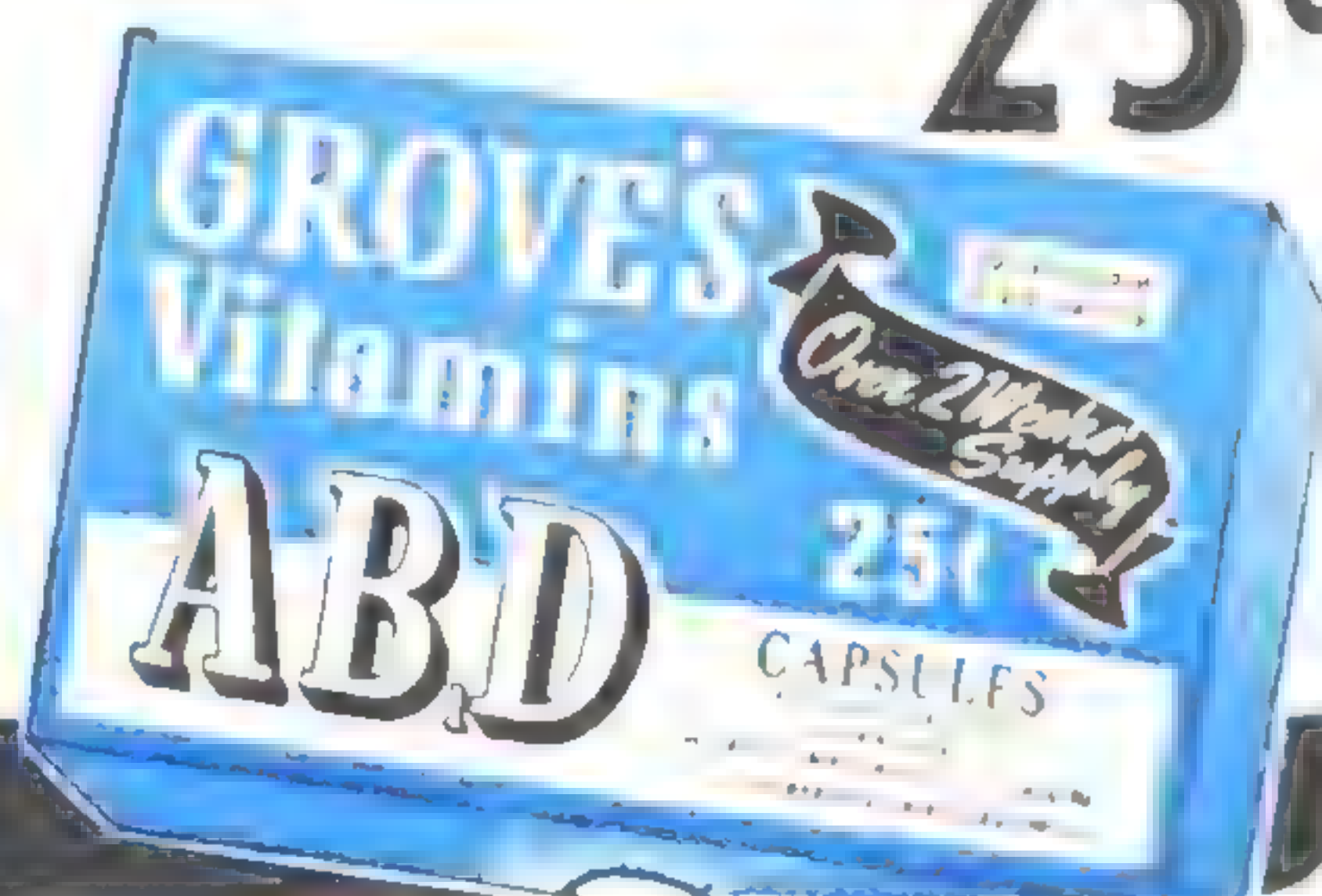
Is your life dull . . . drab? Don't let vitamin deficiency rob you of that buoyant, glad-to-be-alive feeling, a feminine charm that brings untold happiness—makes life stimulating, joyous! Let GROVE'S Vitamins help guard your lovely attractiveness. GROVE'S Vitamins cost less than 1½¢ a day in the large family size—an amazing low price. One tiny capsule daily gives you plenty of vitamins to help maintain body resistance, build well-formed bones, sound teeth, help keep your skin naturally healthy, aid your nerves . . . yes, help you keep a radiant glow of health. You can't live life fully suffering with vitamin deficiency. Play safe! Get GROVE'S Vitamins today!

GROVE'S
Vitamins

DISTRIBUTED BY MAKERS OF GROVE'S "BROMO QUININE"

UNIT FOR UNIT, YOU CAN'T BUY FINER QUALITY VITAMINS.
POTENCY GUARANTEED

Over 2 Weeks Supply **25¢**



ALL THE BOYS
"CUT IN" ON THE GIRL
IN THE RED DRESS

Thanks to RIT, she had a heavenly time in a dress that everybody thought was new

• Join the fun with clothes made gay, youthful, sparkling with RIT. A single package of RIT can change your dress—your evening—your entire life! Take those old frocks out of the closet *tonight*—give them a once-over with RIT—and see if life isn't gayer. Buy Defense Stamps with the savings!

• Just be sure you get RIT. No boiling needed. Colors "take" beautifully. Perfect results.



NEVER SAY DYE . . . SAY

RIT

TINTS & DYES

New NEET DEODORANT



**FOR UNDER THE ARMS
of a
NATION UNDER ARMS**

Whether you're engaged in war work . . . or the important job of being a woman, the sensational new NEET Cream Deodorant will preserve and defend your daintiness.

New NEET Cream Deodorant is a sure way of instantly stopping under-arm odor and perspiration from one to three days! A featherweight, stainless, greaseless cream, that vanishes almost instantly, makes armpits dry and free of odors. Will not irritate the skin or injure clothing.

Buy new NEET Cream Deodorant in the Blue and White jar today. *Does not dry or cake in jar!* Generous 10c and 29c sizes plus tax.



KEEP NEAT WITH...
New Neet Deodorant
GUARANTEED BY THE MAKERS OF NEET DEPILOTORY



**MAKE THESE
GAY CREPE
PAPER ROSES
YOURSELF
AT VERY FIRST TRY**

Even if you've never made crepe paper flowers before, you'll be amazed how easy it is to enjoy the fascinating popular hobby. A snip of your scissors starts you. So simple to brighten your home—delight your friends with bouquets that last! Inexpensive, too, with Dennison Very Best Crepe Paper. 48 colors, at stores everywhere.

EASY-TO-READ INSTRUCTIONS

Dennison, Dept. X-145, Framingham, Mass.

Send me **FREE** Instruction Leaflet:
"How To Make Queen Mary Roses."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

For more detailed Dennison-Craft Guides, check those you want; enclose 5¢ for each.

☐ Craftwork ☐ Flower Making
☐ Party Table ☐ Gay Decorations

For one thing, I help out the teacher
By seeing good pupils are starred.
The kids who get high marks
Can glory in my marks—
But no one with merit is barred.

USE DENNISON GUMMED STARS



For Julie's consideration, she offered a page which read:

Dear Mr. Jenkins: If you intend proposing to me, kindly do so.

Yours very truly,
J. BURNETTE.

"Of course you're so close to the rainbow yourself tonight," laughed Julie, "that you couldn't possibly be any good to me in a commonplace matter like being in love. It's hard for either of us to consider the future in practical terms when the present is a thrill a minute."

Indeed, in true Hollywood fashion, these two who, little longer ago than yesterday, had dreaded waking to a day's new discouragements, now found good fortune materializing on every hand . . . Scott assured Julie she would give the matter of Curt versus Tod her best consideration, in order to be of help if possible. But hours raced by until time for Scott and her skis and her trunk to bid The Chateau a gay good-by. And on the very heels of this event came the premiere.

Julie was radiant and beautiful in the studio's point d'esprit and white fox fur, orchids nestling upon her shoulder. Curt was even a little bit more handsome than usual, she thought, in his tails and his topper. In fact tonight, Hollywood seemed more like a dream than ever as during a brilliant and glittering three hours, Julie was introduced to an applauding audience, thereafter seeing herself upon the screen; an important player in a picture boasting Miss Bette Davis as its star.

Yet strangely enough, as Julie told Miss Moe afterward, when she found that good lady waiting up to help her out of the evening's finery, she felt more like herself now that it was over, than at any time since the night in Gladstone when she had first heard the startling news that all this glory was to be hers.

"I think being in Hollywood is like going to a fascinating play, Henrietta," she said, sliding her feet out of satin shoes and chiffon stockings. "It sort of holds you in a spell and the final curtain has to fall before you can be yourself again. Now that tonight is safely over, I have a horrible feeling that it wasn't talent but only colossal good luck which brought me through two parts without embarrassing anybody . . . I'm afraid it's quite likely," she added, as Miss Moe turned down the bed and put her into it, "that a third performance would find me on the cutting-room floor!"

SHE intended sleeping until noon the next day, but she awakened at nine instead, to join Henrietta Moe and Louie in The Chateau. She was just finishing a breakfast of waffles and strawberries when the special delivery mailman arrived bringing a bulky envelope addressed to Miss Julie Burnette. Louie's carving knife cut the string, and Julie broke the seal to bring forth a dozen enlarged pictures of a house and its various rooms.

"Oh, it's Tod's house," she exclaimed. "Look how cleverly he's built it! Here are all the ideas I sent him, a sunken living room like Ann Sheridan's and a fountain in the library like Hugh Herbert's. Here's a round kitchen exactly like Zasu Pitts'. He even has Sterling Holloway's garage roof made of sod and flowers! . . . But why on earth is my elm tree cooped up in a space marked off with strips of cloth tied around little stakes!"

"Something is written on the back of

the elm tree picture," remarked Miss Moe. "Let's see what it says." Turning it over, she read aloud:

Here's the house, Dear, with everything you told me about excepting the oval swimming pool. I tried to find a spot for the pool without taking down the elm tree, but there's no other place, so I've staked it out as you see. We'll cut the tree down on Thursday and begin the pool right away.

Julie stared at the majestic old elm already looking caught and beaten in an enclosure of what appeared to be a checkered tablecloth torn into ribbons.

"Cut that tree down!" she cried. "My hundred-year-old elm tree! When is Thursday? . . . I can get home by Thursday. And I'm going! Miss Moe will you help me pack? Louie, will you ring for a Western Union boy? I'll wire Tod to meet me at the Cleveland airport . . . No never mind, Louie. I won't wire, I'll telephone . . . and reverse the charges!"

WITHIN the next sixty seconds she was calling long distance, asking for Mr. Tod Jenkins at the lumber yard in Gladstone. But there she was given the fantastic information that Mr. Jenkins was in Hollywood!

"In Hollywood!" she objected. "That's ridiculous! He can't possibly be in Hollywood because . . ."

But at that precise moment she saw a taxi arriving, Tod Jenkins climbing out of it and striding up the path to the open Chateau door. Julie stood transfixed beside the telephone.

"Hello, Beautiful," greeted Mr. Jenkins. "I see you got the photographs."

"I was just about to telephone for a plane reservation home," Julie replied haughtily. "Maybe you can build clever houses, but only God can . . ."

" . . . make a tree," Tod finished, with the little salute he reserved just for her. "I kind of depended on that swimming pool plan to bring you home. You see I had already sent the pictures before your letter came asking me to propose to you. When I got that letter I . . ."

"Scott mailed it, the wretch!" Julie cried.

" . . . I didn't want to lose any time," Tod continued, disregarding the interruption. "I wanted to ask you long ago, but I wasn't quite sure that I should expect you to give up a chance in Hollywood for me . . . But would you?"

With restraint and dignity, Julie waited for one long minute before she replied. Then that sudden unexpected smile of hers heralded the answer.

"As a matter of fact, I'd love to," she said.

One second later the gentleman from Ohio had covered the distance across the room and Miss America was in his arms.

"Have you never noticed, Mr. Jenkins," she remarked, her head fitting ever so cosily into the hollow of his shoulder, "that in stories about Hollywood, the heroine always goes home in the end?"

Indeed she wondered how she could possibly have considered any other ending, when all the time she must have known that it would have to be this one!

THE END

(In "Highroad to Hollywood," any motion pictures mentioned as in production, are purely fictitious.)

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Matrimony Deferred

(Continued from page 65) English law, would have become a British subject and the money would have instantly become frozen—doing good to no one in its impounded, inactive state.

A greater love, then, than the love of this man and this woman, the love of helping humanity, stood between them. Barbara had not yet achieved her final citizenship papers. Cary, years before, had taken out his first papers but not his second ones. He couldn't. It meant derision, criticism, and scorn by those who would claim Grant was escaping duty to his native land at the time it needed him most.

But Cary was not the man to give up in the face of obstacles.

He began his campaign by carefully dividing between the two countries huge sums of money for war relief. There was a time when Cary Grant was not noted for his generosity. His early life, which had been anything but luxurious, had taught him some harsh lessons. Love worked its charm, however, and opened not only his heart, but his purse. A man earning huge sums of money, he gave lavishly, wholeheartedly to both causes, British and American. He applied for his final papers, not only because he wanted to make possible his marriage to Barbara, but because he wanted to be an American, to belong to her country, and despite the criticism directed at him by close English friends, he became an American.

With the United States at war, no one could any longer accuse him of trying to escape active service for his former country to hide behind citizenship in a non-belligerent land. But Cary didn't let it go at that. He made sure that once he was an American he could fight for his new country, the one to which his true love was striving to come home. At the end of his present picture, "Once Upon a Honeymoon," Cary, we are told, will leave to bear arms for America as so many other Hollywood actors have done.

ARCHIBALD LEACH is a man of simple, honest, straightforward values. Hollywood, even when it changed his name to Cary Grant, failed to alter him. Everyone liked and had a good word for the lad who was co-operation itself. Cary knew the meaning of hard work, no jobs, awful jobs, hunger, and the slow climb to fame. He had gone through years of struggle, from the time he ran away from his none too affluent home in Bristol, England, at fifteen, to the position of being booked up for pictures two years ahead, all made at the choice sum of \$150,000 a film.

To jeopardize the work he loved and struggled for meant something. And yet he faced even that when Barbara feared the publicity attached to being seen with a movie star might harm her with a press already antagonistic. So Cary decided to go Barbara's way even if it meant losing every Hollywood friend.

Many times Cary the clown, the life of the party, the pet of the press, walked to the door of a cafe, asked if he and Barbara might be allowed to enter quietly without being noticed or photographed. He knew it meant ill feeling from reporters and camera men. But he proved again his love for Barbara was greater than all else. If photographers drew near, he would leave the room. Once he created a scene that must have been humiliating to him by leaving hurriedly through the kitchen door of a cafe, infuriated photographers in hot pursuit.

He tried desperately to bring his



Colorful

BEAUTY FOR YOUR KITCHEN

6 cents... all it costs
6 minutes... all it takes

"I saw a fine, new house in the country yesterday. It looked raw and uninviting, for no shrubs and flowers had been set out. It made me think of so many shelves I've seen; either bare, or painted a monotonous shade, or even 'dust-proofed' with aging newspapers! Why, oh why, such a lack of charm and beauty in closets and cupboards... when any nearby store will give 9 feet of cheerful Royledge shelving for just a few pennies?"

"I lay it in a couple of minutes, no tacks. The bright embossed edge folds down, doesn't curl. It shoos dust. Laundry? Nonsense! Each season I change my color scheme and buy a brand new pattern for 6¢!"

"A smart decorator told me about Royledge; now I wouldn't embarrass my shelves by leaving them drab and bare!"

Try Royledge in your own kitchen. You can select a charming new pattern—either modern or period design—from the large assortment at any 5 and 10¢ neighborhood or department store. The big 9 foot package costs only 6¢.



Royledge SHELVING • 9 FT. 6¢

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



New Soap Clears SKIN

Ugly pimples, blemishes and itching skin rashes, impetigo, ringworm, eczema, externally caused, often quickly relieved by new medicated TALLY SOAP. Tally Soap must show as much as 50% improvement or money back. Ask for Tally Soap at chain, drug and department stores everywhere.



CHARM DROPS

An enchanting perfume of irresistible charm, clinging for hours like lovers loath to part. Just a tiny drop is enough. Full size bottle 98¢ prepaid or \$1.32 C. O. D. Directions free. One bottle FREE if two are ordered. Box 124 Dept. 251 Huntington Station, N. Y.

MAKE MONEY CHRISTMAS CARDS

Easiest money-makers! Show famous Christmas Card line. Large selection of big values, latest designs, 11 smart assortments—Gift Wrappings, Religious, Greetings, Humorous, etc. Big profits. Experience unnecessary. Samples sent on approval. Write, CHILTON GREETINGS, 147 Essex St., Dept. 23-S, Boston, Mass.

FREE MUSIC LESSONS

Learn to play your favorite instrument in a PROVEN way... special talent needed! Win... popularity! Choose your instrument—Banjo, Clarinet, Trumpet, Cornet, Voice, etc. FIRST 3 LESSONS FREE! Also FREE Catalog. Write today. If juvenile, parent's signature must accompany inquiry. NATIONAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC 1525 E. 53rd St. Dept. 207-N CHICAGO, ILL.

5x7 PHOTO ENLARGEMENT-FREE

ANY SUBJECT OR GROUP

Send any clear snapshot, photo, bust, full length, groups, scenes, baby, mother, dad, sweetheart, soldier, etc. We will enlarge to 5x7 on salon quality photographic paper FREE. Just send print or negative. We will also include information about our other services when you order. Life-size enlargements and



FREE FRAME OFFER

Your original returned with your FREE enlargement. Send now and kindly enclose 10¢ for return mailing. (Only 2 to a customer.)

IDEAL PORTRAIT CO.

P. O. Box 748 K-10, Church St. Annex, New York

HIGH ATOP NOB HILL

You see more of San Francisco when you stop at the "Mark"

★ HOTEL ★

MARK HOPKINS

SAN FRANCISCO

RATES \$5.00 AND UP

GEO. D. SMITH
General Manager

THE
New Freedom
1934



Link Lovelier

High tempo marks today's living. More than ever keep yourself lithe and lovely — in day, sport, evening, or uniform wear. The New Freedom Bra aids beautifully because it has exclusive CONTROLLED UPLIFT, and fit-for-size adjustable back. In ALL sizes, small, medium, large, from \$1.75 at better stores, or write...

TRE-ZUR BRASSIERE CO.
407 E. PICO ST., LOS ANGELES
222 W. ADAMS, CHICAGO



Free HOLLYWOOD ENLARGEMENT

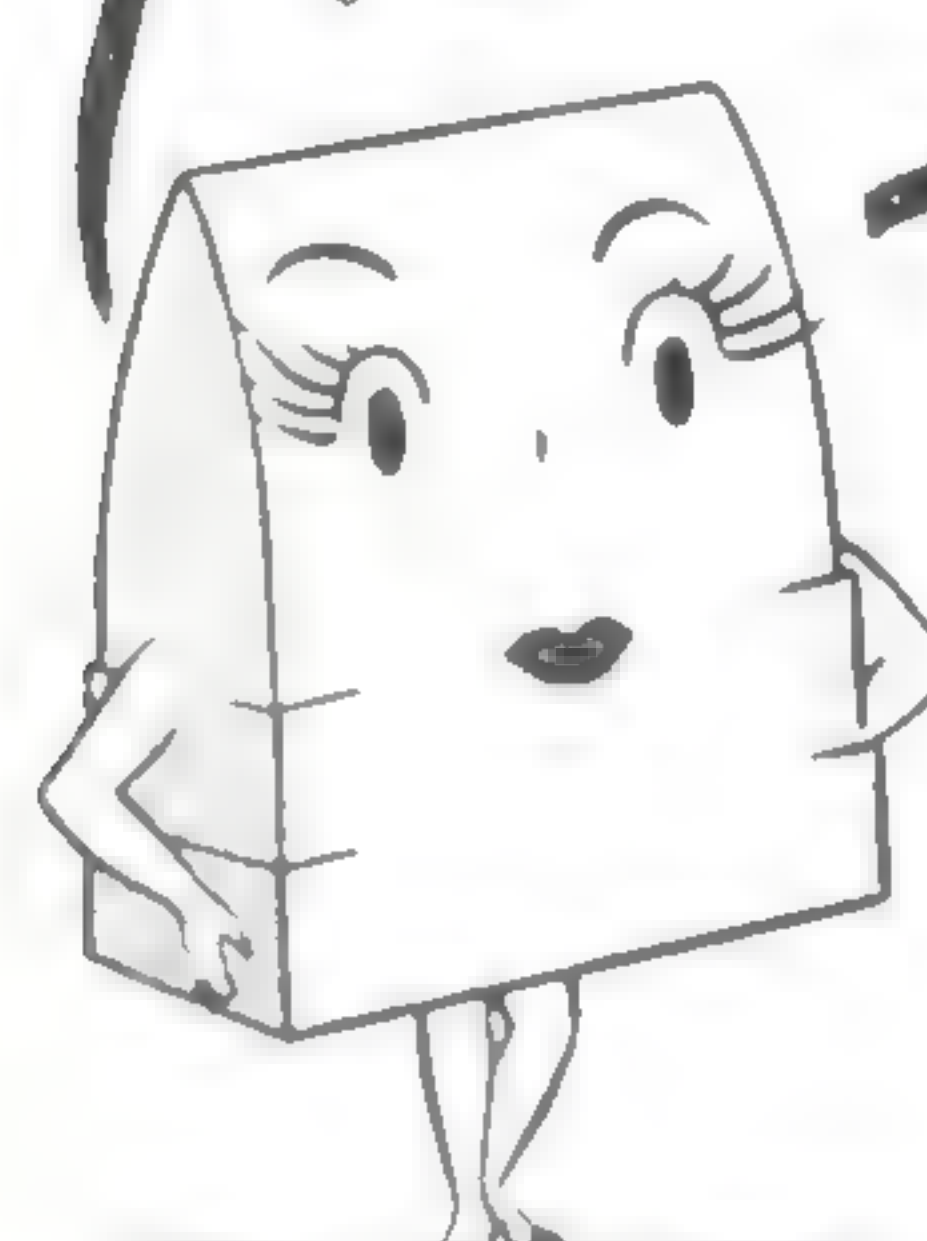
OF YOUR FAVORITE PHOTO

Just to get acquainted, we will make you FREE a beautiful PROFESSIONAL enlargement of any snapshot, photo, kodak picture, print or negative to 5 x 7 inch. Please include color of eyes, hair, and clothing for prompt information on a natural, life-like color enlargement in a FREE FRAME to set on the table or dresser. Your original returned with FREE enlargement. Please send 10c for return mailing. *Act Quick.* Offer limited to U.S.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. 431, Hollywood, Calif.

"I keep your make-up flower FRESH
So flatt'ring to your face —
I lend the shine
that bothers you —
I'm Hampden's Powder Base."

I'm FRESHIE



A 5-second application of HAMPDEN'S powder base helps hide little lines and blemishes, makes skin look softer, smoother. In 5 subtle "tints," one for every complexion.

POWD'R-BASE
hampden

50c also 25c & 10c
Over 20 million sold

OUTSELLS ALL FOUNDATIONS

world and Barbara's together by inviting in the press to meet the woman he loved. There is no doubt, however, that even if the press, the public, the whole world had turned thumbs down on Barbara Hutton, it would have made no difference to Cary.

Interviewers who had been friends with Cary met the same fate. When it came to talking about himself or his career, Cary was free, open and easy. One mention of the name dearest to him and he closed up instantly, risking misunderstanding and criticism on the printed page. He loved Barbara Hutton more than himself or his work, and he was proving it every hour of the two years he had known her.

Ten days after he was given the right to say "I am an American," on a Monday morning early, Cary telephoned a studio publicity head and invited him to lunch. Together they went into the small private dining room of the studio and closed the doors.

"Barbara and I are going to be married Wednesday," he said. "I have the day off."

The wheels of a great motion picture studio began turning quietly and efficiently. The secret must be kept at all cost. These two wanted no part of the usual Hollywood ballyhoo. Fame and wealth had taught them the value of simple things. They are simple people, Barbara and Cary, for all the glamour and notoriety that surrounds them. Those who know them well, know this above all, and appreciate their wishes.

For all the secrecy, Barbara begged to be allowed to mail a few notes to close friends telling them of her plans. There must be no element of the usual Hollywood elopement, either, as far as they were concerned.

On Tuesday evening Barbara, the several servants who had been part of her various households for years, and her close friend, Madeline Hazeltine, wife of the sculptor, motored to the home of Frank Vincent at Lake Arrowhead. That same evening, a car bearing the studio executive in whom Cary had confided, a studio press agent, cameraman and laboratory expert, pulled out from the studio sidegate. None in the car but the executive knew where he was going or why.

On Wednesday morning, Cary and his secretary left his beach home, for the last time, and started for the mountain lake. At a Beverly Hills florist shop they stopped for the flowers, Cary remaining halfway down the block in the car, while his male secretary did the ordering.

Orchids for the women, carnations for the men, and a bridal bouquet drew quizzical glances from the florist.

"My sister's getting married in Long

Beach," the secretary fibbed. "I'm getting the flowers for her."

Then came the tussle to carry the boxes, with the florist winning by a mile, struggling all the way to the car. The cowering Cary watched the weird procession down the block with mingled surprise and humor. For all the world like a scene from a sophisticated Grant comedy, the two approached, still tussling with boxes, until the florist finally peered triumphantly in at Cary, and with an "Ah, hah, I thought so!" marched back to his shop.

Champagne and caviar from the groom reached the press boys at the Northshore Tavern, who still waited to be informed of their mission.

Several days before, Mr. Vincent had gone down to the San Bernardino courthouse and acquired a marriage license, with the names left blank. Sealed within an envelope and placed unopened in Mr. Vincent's pocket, the license was never opened for the signatures until an hour before the wedding.

The ceremony was simplicity itself. A famous heiress and a great star standing beneath an Eastern oak tree, on a small terrace to the left of the porch; standing before the young Lutheran minister, repeating the words that made them man and wife.

Those who saw Cary's face when promptly at 12:30 Barbara, in her blue moire suit and cyclamen blouse, walked out the front door and down the steps to take her place beside him, those who saw the mist gather in his dark eyes when he said, "I, Cary Grant . . ." will not forget it.

The ring was a plain gold band. "But," as Cary said, sheepishly, "it's got things written in it."

Only he wouldn't say what.

With a shy gesture Barbara took a rosebud from her bouquet and presented it to the cameraman. "With so many thanks," she smiled.

The secretary and servant who had been with Cary for years, and Barbara's household servants, were present, invited guests at the wedding.

They came down to Barbara's home that night, Cary having taken over the lease. Young Lance, who has grown to love Cary, was waiting for them.

Until he leaves for the Army after his current picture, "Once Upon a Honeymoon," is finished, they will live like thousands of other young American couples, waiting for the parting that's so inevitable.

Until then, and beyond, all Hollywood wishes them well, knowing Cary Grant has married not only the woman who loves him, but the woman for love of whom he has won through every hazard.

The End

Ronald Colman and Lady Korda (still Merle Oberon to her fans) united to uphold British tradition at the Coconut Grove's War Heroes' ball



PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Beloved Lug

(Continued from page 47) consisting chiefly of "Don't."

The pictures, always trying to reflect the opinions of their public, although frequently by devious and confusing methods, decided that Nolan should do a goodie picture. Accordingly, he was cast as a good, true and generous character in "I Married A Nazi." At once the letters flooded in, demanding that he be retained in these parts and ninety percent of the letters were from women.

If his studio, however, was reluctant to surrender their top-flight thug to heart throbs, it wasn't half so backward about it as Nolan was about being surrendered. Nolan, a shrewd, cagey young man, knew, as he said, that he was no Robert Taylor. He also knew that his studio had access to Tyrone Power, John Payne and other male lovelies, whereas there was only one male goon in the top fan-mail brackets.

Moreover, he had an artistic interest in remaining where he was. He felt that if he portrayed villainous characters so as to excite sympathy for them, he was stirring a noble human emotion.

"To my mind," he says, "it's better to make people sympathize with other people, regardless of their degradation, than to make them hate."

It may be this vaguely Elbert Hubbardian gentleness that has made Nolan one of the personal enthusiasms of practically every player and director in Hollywood, male or female.

Off the screen he is a calm, straightforward, soft-spoken citizen with a variety of interests ranging from sports to giant avocados. His most compelling interest is his home, presided over officially by Mel Effird Nolan and unofficially by year-old Melinda Nolan, his only child.

Mel Nolan is a slender, vital gentlewoman. He met her in his first Broadway play, "Sweet Strangers." She was in the play, too, an office girl to his office boy. After knowing her exactly fifteen minutes, he was eminently satisfied with the sweet idea, but he couldn't reconcile himself to the stranger angle. So he began to rectify that and nine months later they were married.

The Nolan romance is one of the happiest in Hollywood. Mel Nolan is still youthful today, but she has no desire to return to the stage. She wants to be

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

NEXT MONTH

Broadway and Hollywood's

sprightly columnist

DOROTHY KILGALLEN

picks

"My Ten Favorite Movie Men"

and gives some intriguing

reasons why

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



"Thanks
for buying
that Bond."

"SALUTE TO OUR HEROES" MONTH!

**Buy a Bond to honor every
Mother's son in service**

*Sponsored by the War Activities Committee of the Motion Picture Industry
in co-operation with the Treasury Department, War Savings Staff*

A Glamour Tip
from Hollywood
Holly-Pax
TAMPONS

THEY'RE REALLY EFFICIENT
AND SO COMFORTABLE!

NEXT TIME, ask for Holly-Pax—chosen by so many glamorous movie stars. Dainty, super-absorbent, soft and tiny—they're really comfortable. You'll find them the ideal tampon for sports, dancing, the office—wherever you need to look your best!

HOLLY-PAX PROTECTION
SAVES YOU MONEY!

They require no applicator and they're thrifty, too. 12 for 20c; also 10c (purse size) and 59c (cabinet size) packages.



Send for free booklet
"New Facts You Should
Know about Monthly Hygiene"

Holly-Pax
Box H-11C
Palms Station
Hollywood, Calif.

Hair OFF Face
Lips
Chin Arms Legs

Happy! I had ugly hair... was unloved... discouraged. Tried many different products... even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 285, Chicago.

Eyes win Prizes
in CAMILLE CONTEST

Look for winners and prize awards of the Camille 'Beautiful Eyes' contest in the December issue of this magazine.

Reward your eyes with more natural-looking loveliness! Start using CAMILLE cake mascara, cream mascara, eyebrow pencil—each 10c.

CAMILLE

GLAMOR-EYES MAKEUP
at 5 & 10c stores and
many drug stores.

Mrs. Lloyd Nolan and to have a son to complement the fascinating Melinda Nolan. They had been married almost a decade before Melinda arrived, but now that Lloyd's career is settled, only a son will give Mel the feeling of having accomplished her destiny.

Titian-haired, with brown eyes matching, to the tiniest fraction of a shade, the color of her hair, she is a stimulating foil for her husband. Her sense of humor is more ebullient than his. He chuckles at a joke. She laughs. She moves quickly, uses her hands in her conversation with effective grace.

Lloyd, on the other hand, is a static type, physically, when he relaxes. He speaks slowly, in his deep, rich baritone voice; has a habit of looking straight ahead as he talks. When he does elect to look at a companion, he looks at him steadily out of his level, friendly brown eyes. There is, usually, a suggestion of a smile around his mouth and when there isn't, and he grows too serious, Mel is likely to walk over to him and hoist his mouth up at the corners with thumb and forefinger.

Success in pictures, and on the stage, was not handed to Lloyd Nolan on a silver platter. Nor were any of the better things with which his talents have endowed him. He began life in a reasonably secure economic environment. His father was a shoe manufacturer. Lloyd went to good schools, became a good student and a fine athlete and was popular with his schoolfellows.

Five feet ten inches tall and surprisingly compact and muscular, he was a top-flight prep football player. When he entered Leland Stanford University he was looked upon as one of the best football prospects the veteran coach, Pop Warner, had picked up in years. Then, by one of those unaccountable breaks that are forever lurking about, his father's business collapsed and he was left without funds to continue his education.

He had become interested in the Ram's Head, a dramatic society at Stanford. He now had to earn his schooling, however, and he couldn't play football, make money and belong to Ram's Head at the same time. He chose the Ram's Head over football, amid the derision of the athletically minded in the student body. In his spare time he wrote for near-by newspapers, principally sports news, and

in this way eked out a precarious existence.

Troubles piled up at home. His father, broken by his financial reverses, fell ill. Lloyd had to leave school in his junior year to help support the family. Turning to the thing he felt himself best fitted for, he went East and, luckily, found several opportunities in stock companies. He reached New York and an uncle named O'Donovan, who owned a Gaiety Theatre bite of Greenwich Village, learned of his presence, sent for him and told him that he would advance money for him to continue his schooling.

Lloyd hustled back to Stanford without delay, but by the time he had finished and was ready to repay his uncle, O'Donovan had died. Finding no disposition had been made, in the will, of his indebtedness and aware that the beneficiaries of the document got more than plenty, Lloyd hit upon a plan for repaying the money that is, quite obviously, an indication of the character that has made him the favorite he is with men and women alike.

He determined to pass the money on to other students. Out of his screen earnings, he established a fund equal to the sum his uncle had advanced him plus interest and a contribution of his own. This singular foundation has now become one of the big interests of Lloyd Nolan's life.

SO far as he himself goes, though, Nolan is no profligate with his goods. When Mel, hospitalized at the time of Melinda's arrival, was surrounded by three nurses at all times, he refused to have a special nurse during a recent dry-docking because of an injured leg and the flu. Instead, he asked that the floor nurse attend him, which they did with an enthusiasm that frustrated his original hope of privacy.

Although his income warranted the usual Hollywood architectural indulgence in home-building, Lloyd Nolan and Mel were more conservative than is customary. They didn't build a new house at all, but bought an old one in fashionable Brentwood and converted it to their own taste. They're still converting, but they have, at a minimum of expense, succeeded in putting together a home as livable as a pair of corduroy pants and as exciting as a peep show.



From bad man to gardener: Mel and Lloyd Nolan enjoy working in their lath house for plants almost as much as Lloyd's fans enjoy the Nolan super-villainy in M-G-M's "Apache Trail"

TEETHING PAINS

RELIEVED

QUICKLY



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums
Buy it from your druggist today

They ignored a swimming pool (Melinda would find some way to get into it, extemporaneously, to her possible detriment), tennis courts, projection rooms and electricity operated entrances and concentrated on avocado trees, lath houses for sprouting plants, a library and comfort. They eschewed the gaudy modernistic trend in furnishings and concentrated on early Americanisms, acquiring these pieces as they came to hand, or could be had at a reasonable figure.

"I want a home for Melinda and that son, when I get him, that will be a home, not a showplace," he says. "I've always thought of a home as something you built from day to day, like the family in Louis Bromfield's 'The Farm.'"

He was asked if Melinda, or the hoped-for Nolan son about whom he speaks so glibly, would go into the theater.

"That's going to be strictly up to them," he said. "Once Mel said that she wasn't going to allow Melinda to be an actress. Then I asked her what would have happened to me if her mother had put her foot down and refused to allow her to become an actress. Since then, she's seen things the way I do. But whatever my kids are, I hope they're tops."

His closest friends in the movie colony are MacMurray and Oakie among the players. He has many friends among directors, producers and writers and often plays golf with them or regales them with tales of his behemothic avocados.

He has a passion for paisley dressing gowns. When he sniffs out one he likes, he buys it and a duplicate. Says he never knows when he might lose one, or a cleaner might lose it, or Melinda might eat it, or something.

As the most successful non-arrestable gangster in America, it would seem that Lloyd Nolan has done all right for himself. He is, however, restless and somewhat disappointed with himself. He admits that the success of his marriage is a partial alleviative, but he feels that he was intended to be, and do, more. And, believe it or not, regards becoming an author as doing more. He wants to write novels and plays. He'd also like to have them published after he writes them.

"When, and if, I make enough money to assure Mel and the kids (he adheres to the plural with ambitious tenacity) of everything they need, I intend to devote most of my time to writing," he says. "I'm not kidding myself about the life. I realize that it's tough and I may miss entirely. But I'm going to have the satisfaction of trying seriously."

He has a singular problem in the autograph field. Because, off the screen, his hair is quite gray, whereas his face is fuller and more youthful than with grease paint, he is likely to walk through a convention of autograph hounds (who'd beg the donkey in an Army-Navy newsreel for a signature) without being noticed.

When he is recognized, however, he is likely to be greeted with a "Please sign this, Mr. Shayne" (for Michael Shayne, his detective character at Fox).

He has, in his gallery of stage and picture memories, two outstanding mementoes. One is of the part of the hard-boiled reporter in "The Front Page" road company, which was his favorite role and the other is of the time he was billed over Bette Davis in a theater. In fact, Bette wasn't billed at all while he got a small, slightly-over-agate line on the program.

"It was in the Dennis Theater on Cape Cod," he explains. "I got a job there as a stage hand and finally they gave me some small parts. But I had billing over Bette. She was an usher!"

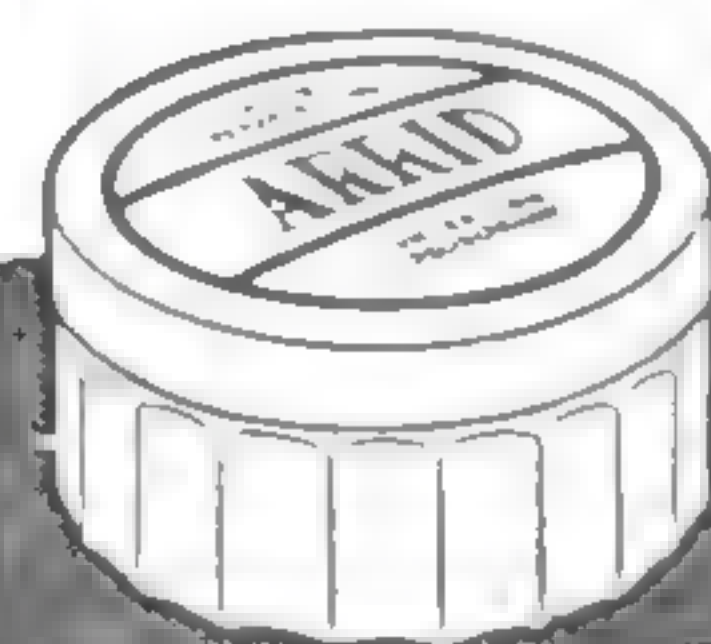
THE END

New under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.



ARRID IS THE
LARGEST SELLING
DEODORANT

ARRID

39¢ a jar

(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)

Buy a jar of ARRID today at any
store which sells toilet goods.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out
of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

MONEY
FOR
YOU!



Show New Eye-Catching
PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Take orders for most unique, sensationally different Christmas Cards! All EMBOSSED designs printed with name, 50 for \$1! Amazing value. Big profits for you. Complete line of Assortments—21 Christmas Cards, Etchings, Religious, Humorous, Gift Wrappings, etc. Also Personal Stationery, \$1. Samples on approval. Start earning now—write! FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS, 495 Adams, Elmira, N.Y.

50
for \$1
and Best
Assortments

WETMORE & SUGDEN, Inc., Dept. 56
749 Monroe Avenue, Rochester, N.Y.

EARN EXTRA MONEY QUICK Amazing Christmas Card Sellers

Take orders for most unique, sensationally different Christmas Cards! All EMBOSSED designs printed with name, 50 for \$1! Amazing value. Big profits for you. Complete line of Assortments—21 Christmas Cards, Etchings, Religious, Humorous, Gift Wrappings, etc. Also Personal Stationery, \$1. Samples on approval. Start earning now—write! FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS, 495 Adams, Elmira, N.Y.

NEW!
EMBOSSED
PERSONAL
CHRISTMAS CARDS

50 for \$1

SMART 7-JEWEL ELGIN WATCH YOURS!

LATEST styled ring. 14K Rolled Gold Plate. Genuine Sterling Silver top set with 7K 90 point simulated Diamond and 14 brilliant. YOUR CHOICE of Jeweled Elgin, Waltham or Swiss wrist watch. Latest styled case. Reconstructed movement. Accuracy guaranteed. Given with every Simulated Diamond ring when ordered and paid for on our purchase privilege plan. Payments: \$3.50 down, within 20 days after arrival, at your post office. Balance of \$4.89 anytime the following month (total only \$8.39, plus 10% Federal Defense Tax). Remember, cost of watch is included in price of ring. Extra surprise free gift enclosed for promptness. Send NO money with order. Just rush name, address, ring size. It comes by return mail in special gift box, postpaid. L. KENDALL JEWELERS Topeka, Kansas Dept. WG-1042

TOUCH UP Gray HAIR

ANY
COLOR
LIGHT BROWN to BLACK
Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the privacy of your home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. For 30 years millions have used it with complete satisfaction. \$1.35 for sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE—Dept. MC10-42
BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO.
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR



Rancher to roleist: Lela Rogers was busily buying cattle for daughter Ginger's Oregon ranch when Paramount sent out an S.O.S. for her to return to Hollywood to play her real-life role of Ginger's mother in "The Major And The Minor." Oddly enough, though Lela is famous for coaching other players, this is her first appearance on the screen, so Ginger watches Wally Westmore's make-up routine with a critical eye

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 6)

✓✓ Somewhere I'll Find You (M-G-M)

It's About: Two foreign correspondents and one blonde.

THE first picture made by Clark Gable since his tragic bereavement comes out a honey with Mr. Gable proving himself a true hero in his adherence to duty; a duty that must have caused him suffering what with the pertinent lines and situations all reminiscent of his sorrow.

As the older of a brother team of foreign correspondents, Gable is human, believable and right up there at the peak in his acting. Robert Sterling as the younger brother takes three steps at a time up the old career ladder. Lana Turner, the beautiful corner of the triangle, looks too beautiful and continues to amaze (this reviewer at least) with her seasoned performance.

The action carries the trio from New York to India, China, and Manila with timely combat and heroism of our boys bringing a lump-in-the-throat finish.

Only criticism is the over-abundance

of kissing (yes, kissing) between the principals. Fun is fun but a girl can't kiss forever, you know.

Lee Patrick, Pat Dane, Reginald Owen, and Charles Dingle round off the edges.

Your Reviewer Says: Love around the globe.

✓✓ The Major And The Minor (Paramount)

It's About: A girl who poses as a twelve-year-old and wreaks havoc in a military academy.

A DELIGHTFUL picture is this gay comedy, with Ginger Rogers deciding to leave off toiling in New York and go back home. When she finds that the fare has been raised, she disguises herself as a twelve-year-old and gets a child's ticket. In spite of her childish tricks, the conductor catches on, so she takes refuge in the compartment of Ray Milland, a Major returning to his post at a military academy. When Ray's selfish fiancée, Rita Johnson, grows suspicious,

Ray persuades Ginger to go to the Academy with him to prove she's just child. All the boys at the Academy promptly fall for Ginger, and she raises havoc with their affections and with Ray's life until Rita finds out who Ginger really is and she's forced to go home. The high spot is Milland, in his fatherly way explaining all about the moths and the flame to young Ginger.

Diana Lynn is very good as Rita, younger sister who also knows the truth about Ginger but helps her, and Robert Benchley adds his special brand of humor to all the fun. Ginger Rogers as real mother, Lela Rogers, plays her film mother. Both Ginger and Ray are delightful, and you'll love the whole thing.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't miss it.

✓ Invisible Agent (Frank Lloyd-Universal)

It's About: An invisible agent among the Nazis and Japs.

UNIVERSAL has had lots of fun with its series of invisible men pictures (sometimes more than audiences have) but now it produces one that everyone, actors, customers, and producers alike will enjoy.

With the bombing of Pearl Harbor Jon Hall, who inherits the secret of invisibility, offers his services to his country, flies over Germany, becomes invisible and embroiled in some very amusing and intriguing escapades.

Ilona Massey is the girl spy. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Peter Lorre, and J. Edward Bromberg are the Axis agents. Albert Basserman has a heart-warming scene or two. Keye Luke, a Chinese, becomes a nasty Jap.

Your Reviewer Says: Now you see him now you don't.

✓ It Happened In Flatbush (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: The exoneration of a baseball player.

LLOYD NOLAN is terrific in this exciting baseball yarn that should please all fans from Coast to Coast. As the manager of the club that once ousted him as a player on trumped-up charges Nolan comes through in even better style than usual.

George Holmes as the rookie befriended by Nolan shows great promise. Carol Landis, the object of young Holmes' heart, is very beautiful. Jane Darwell, Sara Allgood, William Frawley and Robert Armstrong complete the excellent cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Play more ball.

✓ Panama Hattie (MGM)

It's About: A big-hearted gal who meets a rich soldier boy.

M-G-M's colossal headache turns out to be a pleasant, inoffensive, not to say delightful-in-spots musical that boasts Ann Sothern as star and a trio of comics, Red Skelton, Rags Ragland and Ben Blue.

Cameras on "Panama Hattie" began turning almost a year ago, and at its completion the picture was promptly shelved, which means it was a very big number, indeed. But some ingenious

al has rescued it and brightened it up
end, with the singing of Lena Horne,
e dancing of the Berry Brothers, the
onkey-shines of Red, Rags and Blue,
e dead-pan warbling of Virginia
Brien, and the swell troupings of Ann
thern.

Little Jackie Horner is a beautiful
atural performer and Dan Dailey, Jr.,
gisters as the soldier boy. Marsha
nt looks too "booful" as the admiral's
ughter. It's all so much milarkey, of
urse, but Hollywood hasn't seemed to
rn stage musicals do not always make
e best movies.

ur Reviewer Says: The lollypop in the
prise package.

✓ Holiday Inn (Paramount)

About: *Two boys who meet two girls.*

IE tap-tap-tapping of Fred Astaire's
imble feet mingles with the doodle-
n-de-do-ri-mi of Bing Crosby's voice
d the blending is all to the good,
ies and gentlemen, all to the good.

red, Bing, and Virginia Dale are a
o of vaudeville performers who get
gled up in love. Bing is left in the
ch by his fiancée, Virginia, who pre-
s Fred. Bing leaves the act and tries
ming but finds it too strenuous, so
at does he do but turn the old farm
o an inn open only on holidays. To
inn as a performer comes lovely
rjorie Reynolds who captures the
art of tried and true Bing. But Fred,
o has lost Virginia to another suitor
o spots Marjorie and once again at-
pts to steal Bing's girl.

It's the music, not the story, that
nts. Fifteen hit tunes written by

that master of music, Irving Berlin, in-
cluding the oldie, but goodie, "Easter
Parade" make "Holiday Inn" a special
super treat.

Louise Beavers "and staff" are very
good. So is agent Walter Abel.

Your Reviewer Says: Dance and sing with
Fred and Bing.

✓ Footlight Serenade (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A thug who becomes a
Broadway star.*

YOI, yoi, yoi, what the balcony crowd
did to Victor Mature in this one!
Playing an overbearing egotist, he leads
with his chin and reaps catcalls from the
boys in peanut heaven.

You see, the story has Victor, a prize
fighter, so blinded by his own charms,
that he goes on the stage, ousts Cobina
Wright, the star, from her role, substi-
tutes his own choice Betty Grable and
after doing that he simply can't under-
stand why Betty should prefer John
Payne, his sparring partner in the show,
to him.

Incidentally, Victor is very good in the
role. Payne hasn't much to do, Betty
does several bang-up dance routines.
The shadow boxing number is very
clever.

Jane Wyman as Betty's girl friend
hasn't much chance to shine. Phil Sil-
vers is a comic who hasn't yet been given
material equal to his talent. James
Gleason as the producer is properly irri-
tated. The songs are catchy and the
routines cute.

Your Reviewer Says: Good enough.

✓ Are Husbands Necessary? (Paramount)

It's About: *The marital woes of an aver-
age young couple.*

THE charm that went into the New
Yorker's "Mr. and Mrs. Cugat" stories,
the simple everyday events that made the
life of this married couple so fascinating,
somehow seem a bit out of focus on the
screen. Perhaps because Betty Field, a
fine dramatic actress, is not our idea of
Mrs. Cugat, nor Ray Milland a perfect
choice for the husband. This, however,
in no way reflects on their work which is
tip-top.

The little jealousies, the fibbing, the
fruity imagination of Mrs. Cugat, the
ordeals with the maid, the wife's inter-
ference with her husband's work, all add
up to chuckly entertainment. Men will
laugh because it's another man's wife
who brings about such havoc. Women
will laugh because they will feel infi-
nitely superior to poor little rattle-
brained Mrs. Cugat. Secretly they'll
probably receive a few twinges of con-
science at the feminine logic involved.

Charles Dingle, the bank president;
Patricia Morison, the husband charmer;
Eugene Pallette, the business man; Leif
Erikson, the loud-mouthed friend; Phil
Terry, the quiet one and Richard Haydn,
the gentle but persistent wolf, all con-
tribute mightily to a pleasant evening.

Your Reviewer Says: Giddy, gaddy, funny.

✓ Apache Trail (MGM)

It's About: *Two brothers in the old West
—a no good and a real good.*



SURE YOU INHALE —SO PLAY SAFE with your throat!

You can't avoid some inhaling—but you can avoid
worry about throat irritation, even when you do
inhale. Doctors who compared the leading favorite
cigarettes report that:

**SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS
AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING—
AND THEIR IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS
LONG—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!**

When you smoke PHILIP MORRIS, you enjoy finer
tobaccos — plus this exclu-
sive proved protection!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

**FINER PLEASURE
PLUS
REAL PROTECTION!**

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

Betty Lou says:

ONE LITTLE **SOILED**
POWDER PUFF GAVE HIM THE
WRONG IMPRESSION!



MORAL:
Always use
**Fresh, Clean
Powder Puffs**
... they cost so little!

Betty Lou puffs are
EXTRA SOFT-
yet they cost no more
At better stores everywhere.

Betty Lou
VELOUR
POWDER PUFFS

3 for 10¢
2 for 5¢
4 for 10¢

FREE

De Luxe Natural Tone Enlargements 2 for only 29¢ en plus postage. Send No Money: just send this ad with any photo. Pay after arrival. Free 6x9" Studio Folder with each Enlargement. Negs. 20¢. Dept. S-40. New York Kit Service, 5600 Moshulu Ave., N.Y.C.



GIVEN! Hollywood Locket



Smart new, yellow gold finish **HOLLYWOOD LOCKET** given for introducing our wonderful, Spot Remover and Cleaner (non-inflammable, easy to use, needed in every home, saves dry cleaning bills) at 25¢ a box to your friends. Choice of Locket and 14" other gifts for ladies, girls, men or boys for sending only \$3.00 collected as per gift catalog, sent FREE. We trust you. Send name and address today. Get trial offer. Nothing to buy. **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. 3K, JEFFERSON, IOWA.**

Learn to SWING PIANO



Be the LION OF THE PARTY!

Yes!...you can learn swing piano...at home...without expensive teachers. Send for our **STREAMLINED INSTRUCTION BOOK** and know the **NEW, EASY WAY** to play popular songs. It's all in the book; detailed, complete, (no correspondence courses).

Contains instruction chart to guide you step by step. Learn all piano chords—How to play single line Melody Notes—How to apply chords marked in sheet music. Learn Bases, Breaks, Rhythms, Hot Piano, Introductions, Modulations, Keyboard Harmony, Transposition, Endings, etc. Fully illustrated—1001 **BRAND NEW IDEAS** used by the country's best pianists.

This amazing Swing Piano Book costs only \$5, taxes and postage paid. **Send only \$1.** Pay postman \$4 when Book is delivered. **3-DAY TRIAL**—if not thoroughly satisfied after 3 days, return book and we will refund your \$5. **ORDER NOW**—play and be popular. Send today!

CAVANAUGH PIANO SCHOOLS
Midwest Div. Dept. 5 4722 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

WILLIAM LUNDIGAN—Bill to his friends—will earn fans and friends in his role of a stalwart, fearless young stagecoach driver of the old West, who guards his cargo against his evil brother, Lloyd Nolan.

Indians and uprisings, hold-ups and maraudings make this a really whoop-la Western; the kind that comes along only once in a blue moon.

Donna Reed, Spanish girl at the post, and Ann Ayars, a knowing, charming widow, are rivals for Lundigan's love. Chill Wills scores as an old scout.

Nolan, who finally gives his life in redemption, turns in a super performance in this super little dooper of a movie.

Your Reviewer Says: Yippee, it's a goodie.

✓ Priorities On Parade (Paramount)

It's About: A band that goes all out for defense.

EVERYBODY sings, dances, cuts-up, works, rivets, carries on and goes to town. We never saw such talent and the kids are good, too, especially Betty Rhodes who sings well and acts like a top—or should it be the other way around? A young man who also makes his mark is Johnnie Johnston. Johnnie plays a band leader who seeks a job playing for defense plant workers. The whole band takes jobs in the plant in order to furnish the music, with Johnnie working under the capable tutelage of Miss Rhodes.

Ann Miller as the jealous dancer is blonde, peppy and snappy. Vera Vague (Barbara Jo Allen) and Jerry Colonna are the funny people.

Your Reviewer Says: Patriotism set to music.

✓ One Thrilling Night (Monogram)

It's About: A love-frustrated bride and groom.

WOO-WOO, Mr. Hays' office, where are you? Such goings-on, really! We blushed right out in the theater, but everyone thought we had turned pink from laughing, so that was all right. At any rate, listen to this for example: Bridegroom John Beal has twenty-four hours to honeymoon with bride Wanda McKay before his induction into the Army. But before he can so much as kiss the bride, into their room parade gangsters, cops and robbers, dumb house-detectives, hoodlums, and Indians. Well, no, not Indians, but everything else under the sun, we promise you.

Director William Beaudine is terrific. Good old Monogram should hand him a bonus right off. Tom Neal and Warren Hymer tickled us to death.

Your Reviewer Says: A bedroom riot.

Undercover Man (Sherman-Paramount)

It's About: Hopalong Cassidy at the Mexican border.

WE like the handsome silver-haired Hopalong Cassidy about as well as any serial character on the screen, if not better. Probably because William Boyd makes him so natural and believable and lends him such manly good looks. Therefore, we forgive him when

one of the series slips a bit; and one does.

Down at the Mexican border a group of baddies have Hopalong puzzled when they take turns impersonating, Mexicans and then Americans. They even go so far as to impersonate Hop and his host Antonio Moreno before catch is made.

Chris Pin Martin and Andy Clyde up cutely.

Your Reviewer Says: The kids will go wild.

A Night For Crime (Producer's Releasing Corp.)

It's About: Murder of a movie star.

It wasn't meant to be an elaborate production, and it isn't. In fact, it's another of those murder mystery things with the victim a movie star. Lina E. Farrelle plays the murdered star. Gladys Farrell is the newspaper reporter, Lyle Talbot the studio press agent. Newspaper columnists Jimmy Starr (author of the story), Edwin Schallert, Erskine Johnson, and Harry Crocker play the selves.

Your Reviewer Says: A starr to Jimmy.

✓ Joan of Ozark (Republic)

It's About: A hill-billy who becomes target for Nazi spies.

JUST give it a moment's thought, the pairing of Joe E. Brown and Joan Canova as a movie team, and you'll realize the ludicrous antics in store. Joan sings several typical numbers after



Thrills, romance and superlative performances by Clark Gable and Lana Turner make "Somewhere I'll Find You" a be-sure-to-see film.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

September is SALUTE TO OUR HEROES Month

at all movie
theatres!



BUY A WAR BOND TO HONOR EVERY MOTHER'S SON IN SERVICE!

JOIN EMBROIDERY GUILD
No membership fee. Earn extra income
selling Stamped Art Needlework. Buy
wholesale—sell retail. Quick profits. Also
Dress Goods line. Experience unnecessary.
Get easy plan and FREE Catalog.
EMBROIDERY GUILD, 740 Broadway, Dept. 706, New York, N. Y.

**MAKE
MONEY**

SPARE TIME MONEY!
CHRISTMAS CARDS 50¢ FOR \$1.
Sell Christmas Cards of superior Artistry. 50
Gorgeous Folders with name for \$1 and 25
for \$1 line. Also America's finest box assort-
ments. Special cards for men in service. Rush request for
sample box on approval and FREE SAMPLES of imprinted
cards. Write quick and get in on cash bonus.
NATIONAL ART STUDIOS, Dept. 86
Douglas Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., or 111 E. 5th St., Cincinnati, O.

NEW AMAZINGLY POPULAR
COMMANDO
Military Style Shoes
Crash through to biggest
shoe profits in years with
sensational new soft-as-
glove leather Military Shoes
for Men of Action—also
hundreds of other fast-selling styles for men and women,
or dress, work, sport. Rush name and address for FREE
SAMPLE OUTFIT, and Tested Sales Plans. Victor Thomas
Shoe Co., 610 W. Van Buren St., Dept. V-56, Chicago, Ill.

**FREE
SALES KIT**

FREE ENLARGEMENT
Just to get acquainted with
new customers, we will beautifully enlarge
one snapshot print or negative, photo or
picture to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you en-
close this ad. (10c for handling and return
mailing appreciated.) Information on hand
tinting in natural colors sent immediately.
Your original returned with your free en-
largement. Send it today.
GEPPERT STUDIOS, Dept. 346, Des Moines, Ia.

Earn \$25 a week

**AS A TRAINED
PRACTICAL NURSE!**



Practical nurses are always needed! Learn at home
in your spare time as thousands of men and women
—18 to 60 years of age—have done through Chicago
School of Nursing. Easy-to-understand lessons,
endorsed by physicians. One graduate has charge
of 10-bed hospital. Nurse Cromer, of Iowa, now runs
her own nursing home. Others prefer to earn \$2.50
to \$5.00 a day in private practice.
YOU CAN EARN WHILE YOU LEARN!
Mrs. B. C., of Texas, earned \$474.25 while taking
course. Mrs. S. E. P. started on her first case after
her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned \$1900!
You, too, can earn good money, make new friends
High school not necessary. Easy payments. Equip-
ment included. 43rd year. Send coupon now!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 1810, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name _____ Age _____
City _____ State _____

lands in Joe E.'s night club, where she's
been brought from the Ozarks on a
trumped-up patriotic deal hatched by
Nazi spies in order to put Miss Canova
in a peculiar situation known as being
bumped-off.

Anyway it's a lot of fun, and our friend,
producer Harriet Parsons, deserves credit.
The airplane sequence is a howl. Eddie
Foy, Jr., is swell. Jerome Cowan makes
a convincing spy.

Your Reviewer Says: Corn, good to the
taste.

Tish (MGM)

It's About: The antics of three small-
town spinsters.

READERS of Mary Roberts Rinehart's
be'oved "Tish" stories will howl bloody
murder at the unimaginative treatment
given this screen version. Those three
delectable sisters of fiction fame, played
by Marjorie Main, ZaSu Pitts and Aline
MacMahon, take on all sorts of foreign
characterizations and the result is neither
fish, fowl nor the good old elderberry
wine the spinsters love to nip.

Lee Bowman and Virginia Grey fur-
nish the romantic relief which is relief
indeed from the exaggerated hokum
about a fatherless baby that finally places
Miss Main in the nut house. We felt
like saying, "Move over, sister, we're
next."

Your Reviewer Says: 'Tain't funny, McGee.

Hi, Neighbor (Republic)

It's About: An agricultural school that
turns into a lovelorn rendezvous.

RADIO personalities such as Vera
Vague (Barbara Jo Allen), Don Wil-
son, Lillian Randolph, Lulubelle and
Scotty, with many others, cavort around
in a homegrown number that ain't so
good. Fact is, it's pretty weak and the
sad part is, it can't be tuned out, either; it
has no knob on its dial.

Janet Beecher, as sponsor of a school
that becomes a lonely heart retreat, in
the summer, is out of her place here.
Her talents are too valuable to waste.

Jean Parker and John Archer are the
inevitable twosome.

Your Reviewer Says: Back to the airways,
boys.

Calling Dr. Gillespie (MGM)

It's About: A thwarted attempt on the life
of the famous doctor.

NEW: Philip Dorn replaces Lew
Ayres in the Dr. Kildare series and
scores a solid hit. But why shouldn't
he? He's one of the best actors on the
screen, even too good for this series, in
our opinion.

Dorn plays a Holland-born doctor who
hopes to become a psychoanalyst and
does when a homicidal maniac roams the
hospital seeking revenge on Dr. Gilles-
pie, played as usual by Lionel Barry-
more.

Nat Pendleton is an ambulance driver
and Donna Reed is the sweetheart of
Phil Brown, the young maniac. Mary
Nash and Robin Raymond complete
the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: We miss Ayres, do
you?

Stop!
**DON'T CUT
CUTICLE!**

**REMOVE CUTICLE THIS
QUICK, EASY WAY...USE**

TRIMAL

(PRONOUNCED TRIM-ALL)

**Don't let ugly, rough cuticle spoil
the appearance of your nails...**

Get this remarkable cuticle preparation
right away. You'll be amazed at the results.
And you'll soon understand why thousands
of women are adopting this new way to nail
beauty, that eliminates dangerous cutting.

Here's all you do: Wrap cotton around
the end of manicure stick. Saturate with
TRIMAL and apply to cuticle. Watch dead
cuticle soften. Wipe it away with a towel.
It's simple! It's easy! And it's satisfactory!

Complete with
Manicure Stick
and Cotton



**USED AND
RECOMMENDED
BY BEAUTY SHOPS.
SOLD AT ALL
TOILET GOODS
COUNTERS**

Trimal Laboratories, Inc.
1229 So. La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.



ALMOST LIKE A MIRACLE!

—is what women of society, stage, screen,
office, and home say about FaSet, the new
tissue form. You too will be enchanted with
the firm beauty it will give to your face and
neck. FaSet lifts, helps strengthen muscle
tissues, remove double chin and heavy face
lines. Soft, porous, washable, delightfully
comfortable to wear during sleep or leisure
hours. Adjustable, on and off in a moment.

Not sold by stores—Obtainable only direct. Send check or
M. O. or pay postman \$1.50 plus small postage. (Plain pkg.)
FaSET CO., DEPT. A-4, ROCKVILLE CENTRE, L. I., N. Y.

**HOW MOTHER KEEPS
BLONDE HAIR**



**New 11-Minute
Home Shampoo**

Washes Hair Shades Lighter—Safely!

Mothers and daughters stay young together when
sunny, golden curls and smart, blonde coiffure are
both glowingly lovely. Because of its delicate texture,
particular care is needed to keep blonde hair from
fading, darkening, losing attractiveness. That's why
smart blondes throughout the country use BLONDEX,
the new 11-minute home shampoo made specially for
blondes. It removes dull, dingy film and brings out
every glorious highlight. Safe even for children's hair.
To give hair beautiful lustre and radiance, top off
shampoo with Blondex Golden Rinse. For all shades
of blonde hair. Both cost little. Get Blondex Shampoo
and Golden Rinse at 10c, drug and department stores

FOR CORNS



● You'll be overjoyed at the relief you get! This simple, sensible treatment works as shown in the diagrams—while you walk or play!

Blue-Jay costs very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all drug and toilet goods counters.

*Stubborn cases may require more than one application.

BLUE-JAY

BAUER & BLACK CORN PLASTERS

Fistula Facts—FREE

40-page FREE BOOK—tells facts about Fistula, Rectal Abscess, Piles and other rectal and colon disorders; also related ailments and latest corrective treatment. Thornton & Minor Clinic, Suite 1005, 926 McGee, Kansas City, Mo.

Agents SILK HOSE PROFITS PLENTIFUL

TAKES ONLY SPARE TIME! Women crazy to get precious Nylon and Silk Hosiery. Also wonderful, new, high quality Rayon. We have big supply. All Replacement Guaranteed. Exceptional first week earnings: E. L. Andrews, \$35.97; Stella Scott, \$36.74; \$800 Extra Cash Bonus to all who qualify. Latest winners: Mrs. J. R. Cain, F. Shaw, Mrs. E. Bancroft. Rush name, hose size on penny postcard. WILKNIT HOSIERY CO., Midway 8-C10, Greenfield, Ohio.



HOSE FOR YOUR PERSONAL USE OR SALE WITH LARGE OUTLET



Just to get acquainted we will send you smart new yellow gold plate engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engagement ring set with flashing, simulated diamond solitaire with six side stones. Wedding ring has band of brilliants set in exquisite Honeymoon Design mounting. Either ring only \$1.00 or both for \$1.79. SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. Wear ring 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now!

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 923M Jefferson, Iowa



● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

Lady In a Jam (Universal)

It's About: A wacky heiress who loses and gains a fortune.

DIRECTOR-PRODUCER Gregory La-Cava, noted for writing his productions on the cuff as he goes along, must have sent his shirt to the laundry before this one got going. Irene Dunne, and all connected with the screwy meatball, will be in more than a jam with movie customers unless they're inclined to laugh the whole thing off as just one of those things. Irene, they'd have us believe, is an heiress badly in need of a psychoanalyst. She lands in bankruptcy, heads west and becomes embroiled in a phony gold mine. Ralph Bellamy is a cowboy out-of-this-world and Patric Knowles kind of stiffish as the Doctor.

Your Reviewer Says: It's just plain bad.

Pierre of the Plains (MGM)

It's About: A rough and ready fellow of the North who finds himself accused of murder.

THIS is the limit, really, and we feel sorry for all the good people in it. We feel equally sorry for the customers who sit through the story that has John Carroll, a devil-may-care French Canadian, accused of murder but too busy helping a friend escape another murder indictment to care much.

Ruth Hussey is shamefully miscast and Reginald Owen is scarcely cast at all. Bruce Cabot, Phil Brown, and Henry Travers are poor, weary, fellow travelers.

Your Reviewer Says: Pierre can take a running jump!

Casts of Current Pictures

"APACHE TRAIL"—M-G-M: "Trigger" Bill, Lloyd Nolan; Rosalie Martinez, Donna Reed; Tom Folliard, William Lundigan; Constance Selden, Ann Ayars; Senora Martinez Connie Gilchrist; "Pike" Skelton, Chill Wills; James V. Thorne, Miles Mander; Mrs. James V. Thorne, Gloria Holden; Ed Cotton, Ray Teal; Lestrade, Grant Withers; "Juke", Fuzzy Knight; Amber, Trevor Bardette; Cochec, Tito Renaldo; Major Lowden, Frank M. Thomas; Judge Keeley, George Watts.

"ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY?"—Paramount: George Cugat, Ray Milland; Mary Elizabeth Cugat, Betty Field; Myra Ponsonby, Patricia Morison; Bunker, Eugene Pallette; Cory Cartwright, Phillip Terry; Chuck, Richard Haydn; Duncan Atterbury, Charles Dingle; Bill Stone, Leif Erikson; Dr. Buell, Cecil Kellaway; Laura Atterbury, Kathleen Lockhart; Mrs. Westwood, Elisabeth Risdon; Mrs. Finley, Charlotte Wynters.

"BABY FACE MORGAN"—Producers Releasing Corp.: Virginia Clark, Mary Carlisle; Edward "Baby Face" Morgan, Richard Cromwell; "Doc" Rogers, Robert Armstrong; Oliver Harrison, Chick Chandler; Wise Willie, Warren Hymer; "Deacon" Davis, Charles Judels; Lefty Lewis, Vin e Barnett; Joe Torelli, Ralf Harold; J. B. Brown, Hal K. Dawson; Mabel, Toddy Peterson; "Mouse", Kenny Chryst; Gap, Pierce Lyden.

"BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON"—Paramount: Tama, Dorothy Lamour; Jakra, Richard Denning; Squidge, Jack Haley; Carol, Helen Gilbert; Thornton, Walter Abel; Sylvia, Patricia Morison; La'oa, Abner Biberman; Mrs. Daly, Elizabeth Patterson.

"CALLING DR. GILLESPIE"—M-G-M: Dr. Leonard Gillespie, Lionel Barrymore; Dr. John Hunter Gerniede, Philip Dorn; Marcia Bradburn, Donna Reed; Roy Todwell, Phil Brown; Joe Wayman, Nat Pendleton; Molly Byrd, Alma Kruger; Emma Hope, Mary Nash; Dr. Walter Carew, Walter Kingsford; Nurse Parker, Nell Craig; Susan May Prentiss, Ruth Tobey; Frank Marshall Todwell, Jonathan Hale; Dr. Ward O. Kentwood, Charles Dingle; Sally, Marie Blake; Mrs. Marshall Todwell, Nana Bryant; Clifford Genet, Eddie Acuff; "Bubbles", Robin Raymond.

"FOOTLIGHT SERENADE"—20th Century-

Baby Face Morgan (Producers Releasing Corp.)

It's About: A lad who innocently heads a gang of racketeers.

HOW Richard Cromwell should have been so stupid as to head a gang of racketeers without knowing what he was doing is beyond us.

Anyway, Mary Carlisle is the sweet young thing who finally beats some sense into Cromwell's head, and Robert Armstrong is the bad man who almost blows it off.

Chick Chandler, Charles Judels, and Warren Hymer try hard, but it's no use.

Your Reviewer Says: After all.

Beyond The Blue Horizon (Paramount)

It's About: A jungle heiress who proves her claim to a fortune.

ANYTHING to get Dorothy Lamour is a sarong seems to be Paramount's slogan, for this odd little tale is certainly "anything." It has Dottie a wild girl in a circus who is actually the child of parents who have been killed in jungle by a mad elephant. No, we're not making this up. It's in the story.

Anyway, the upshot of it is the whole circus crew, including Richard Denning, a former jungle boy, Walter Abel, the scientist who discovered Dottie in her native haunt, Jack Haley, an unfunny press agent, and Helen Gilbert, who went along for the free popcorn, trek back to the jungle to prove Dorothy's claim.

Narrowly escaping death by the mad elephant, they finally succeed in grabbing the papers that prove Dottie a heiress.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh, bananas!

Fox: Bill Smith, John Payne; Pat Lambert, Betty Grable; Tommy Lundy, Victor Mature; Flo D. Vere, Jane Wyman; Bruce McKay, James Gleason; Slap, Phil Silvers; Estelle Evans, Cobina Wright Jr.; June, June Lang; Doorman, Frank Orth; Presser, Manton Moreland; Porter, Irving Bacon; Stage Manager, Charles Tannen; Dance Director, George Dobbs.

"HI, NEIGHBOR"—Republic: Dorothy Greenfield, Jean Parker; Dr. Hall, John Archer; Harn Greenfield, Janet Beecher; Mary Lou, Marilyn Hare; Dick, Bill Shirley; Amelia White, Pauline Drake; Mr. Brown, Fred Sherman; Prof. Edgar Boggs, Harry "Pappy" Cheshire; Birdie, Lillian Randolph; Lulubelle and Scotty, Barbara Jo Allen; Don Wilson, Roy Acuff with his smoky mountain boys and girls all play themselves.

"HOLIDAY INN"—Paramount: Jim Hagen, Bing Crosby; Ted Hinton, Fred Astaire; John Mason, Marjorie Reynolds; John Hagen, Virginia Dale; Danny Rugg, Walter Allen; James Lees, Beavers; Francois, Marek Windheim; Assistant Headwaiter, Jacques Vanaire; Cigarette Girl, Judy Gibson; Vanderbilt, Shelby Bacon; Daphne, Jean Arnold.

"INVISIBLE AGENT"—Universal: Mari Goodrich (alias Sorenson), Ilona Massey; Ted Gordon (alias Raymond), Jon Hall; John, Peter Lorne; Spence, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; William, Edward Brophy; Gurney, John Eric; Sydney, Albert Basserman; Sir Alfred Spencer, Walter Herbert; Japanese Agent, Keye Luke.

"IT HAPPENED IN FLATBUSH"—20th Century-Fox: Frank Maguire, Lloyd Nolan; Kathryn Baker, Carole Landis; Mrs. McArroy, Sara M. Good; Sam Sloan, William Frawley; Danny Mitchell, Robert Armstrong; Mrs. Maguire, Jan Darwell; Roy Anderson, George Holmes; Squint, Scotty Beckett; Walter Rogers, Joseph Allen, Jr.; Shaunnassy, James Burke; Maguire, Roger Imhof; O'Doul, Matt McHugh; Scott, LeRoy Mason; O'Hara, Pat Flaherty; Stevenson, Dale Van Sickel; Hardina, John Burger; Judge, Jed Prouty; Collins, Robert Homans; Mrs. Collins, Mary Gordon.

"JOAN OF OZARK"—Republic: Judy Hall, Judy Canova; Cliff, Joe E. Brown; Eddie McCabe, Eddie Foy, Jr.; Philip Munson, Jerome

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste
If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

MAKE MONEY COLORING PHOTOS
Fascinating occupation quickly learned at home in spare time. Famous Koehne method brings out natural, life-like colors. Many earn while learning. Send today for free booklet and requirements.

Question: What Can I do for Dry Skin? Answer: KREMOLA SKIN BALM!
Yes, it is balm to that withered looking skin. Freshen up your skin with a generous application of KREMOLA SKIN BALM night and morning. Only \$1 for a 2 ounce jar. The Victory economy jar 8 oz., only \$3. Mail order to KREMOLA COMPANY, Dept. CB-1, 2975 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. or send 10c to cover mailing for generous sample.

WHY WEAR DIAMONDS?
When Diamond-Dazzling. Blue-White genuine Zircons from the Mines of far-away Mysic Siam are so effective and inexpensive. Thrilling beauty that stand acid, cut glass and are full of diamond FIRE! Exquisite mountings! Write for FREE Catalog. Address: NATIONAL ZIRCON CO. Dept. 9 Wheeling, W. Va.

LEARN MILLINERY AT HOME
Design and make exclusive hats under personal direction of one of America's noted designers. Complete materials, blocks, etc., furnished. Every step illustrated. You make exclusive salable hats right from the start. We teach you how to start a profitable business in spare time. Low cost and easy terms. Expert milliners are in demand. Free National Placement Dept. Send today for particulars. LOUIE MILLER SCHOOL OF MILLINERY 308 N. Michigan Avenue, Dept. 36 Chicago, Ill.

ITCH CHECKED In A Jiffy
Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other skin troubles. Use pure, cooling medicated D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist today for D.D.D. Prescription.

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED
Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., enlargements of any art or group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed. 47c 3 for \$1.00
SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo (any size) and within a week you will receive our beautiful enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 49c with order and we pay postage. Big 16x20-inch enlargement sent C.O.D. 78c plus postage or send \$1.00 and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted. STANDARD ART STUDIOS 13 S. Jefferson St., Dept. 1552-M, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Cowan; Guido, Alexander Granach; Marie, Anne Jeffreys; Otto, Otto Reichow; Kurt, Wolfgang Zilzer; Leonard Jones, Donald Curtis; Hans, H. H. Von Twardowski; Mayor Fadden, Harry Hayden.

"LADY IN A JAM"—Universal: Hope Palmer, Irene Dunne; Enright, Patric Knowles; Stanley, Ralph Bellamy; Billingsley, Eugene Pallette; Cactus Kate, Queenie Vassar; Milton, Hardie Albright.

"MAJOR AND THE MINOR, THE"—Paramount: Sue Applegate, Ginger Rogers; Major Kirby, Ray Milland; Mrs. Applegate, Lela Rogers; Pamela, Rita Johnson; Mr. Osborne, Robert Benchley; Lucy Hill, Diana Lynn; Colonel Hill, Edward Fielding; Mrs. Shackelford, Gretl Sherck; Cadet Winton, Raymond Roe; Cadet Osborne, Jr., Frankie Thomas, Jr.; Cadet Babcock, Larry Nunn; Cadet Miller, Billy Dawson; Cadet Shumaker, Stanley Desmond; Cadet Summerville, Billy Ray; Mrs. Osborne, Norma Varden; Bertha, Marie Blake.

"NIGHT FOR CRIME, A"—Producers Releasing Corp.: Susan, Glenda Farrell; Joe, Lyle Talbot; Mona, Lina Basquette; Hart, Donald Kirke; Hoffman, Ralph Sanford; Williams, Forrest Taylor; Carol, Lynn Starr; Arthur, Ricki Vallin; Telephone Operator, Edna Harris; Ellen Smith, Marjorie Manners; Head Waiter, Joseph M. De Villard; Frederick, Niels Bagge; Louise, Ruby Dandridge; Alice, Florence O'Brien; Coroner, Bob Frazer; Columnists: Jimmy Starr, Erskine Johnson, Edwin Schallert and Harry Crocker.

"ONE THRILLING NIGHT"—Monogram: Horace Jason, John Beal; Millie Jason, Wanda McKay; Frankie Saxton, Tom Neal; Dottie, Barbara Pepper; Pat Callahan, Warren Hymer; Sgt. Haqerty J. Farrell MacDonald; Pete Ernie Adams; Joe Lynton Brent; Duke Keesler Jerome Sheldon; Tubby Jimmy O'Gatty.

"PANAMA HATTIE"—M-G-M: "Red", Red Skelton; Hattie Maloney, Ann Southern; "Rags", "Rags" Ragland; "Rowdy", Ben Blue; Leila Tree, Marsha Hunt; Flo, Virginia O'Brien; Jav Jerkins, Alan Mowbray; Dick Bulliett, Dan Dailey, Jr.; Geraldine Bulliett, Jackie Horner; Lucas Kefler, Carl Esmond; Lena Horne, Lena Horne; The Berry Brothers, James Berry, Warren Berry and Nyas Berry.

"PIERRE OF THE PLAINS"—M-G-M: Pierre, John Carroll; Daisy Denton, Ruth Hussey; "Jap" Durkin, Bruce Cabot; Val Denton, Phil Brown; Noah Glenkins, Reginald Owen; Mr. Wellsby, Henry Travers; Celia Wellsby, Evelyn Ankers; Sergeant Dugan, Pat McVey; Inspector Cannody, Frederic Worlock; Crying Loon, Charles Stevens; Clerou, Sheldon Leonard; Clara, Lois Ranson.

"PRIDE OF THE YANKEES"—Goldwyn-RKO Radio: Lou Gehrig, Gary Cooper; Eleanor Gehrig, Teresa Wright; Babe Ruth, Babe Ruth; Sam Blake, Walter Brennan; Hank Hanneman, Dan Duryea; Mom Gehrig, Elsa Janssen; Pop Gehrig, Ludwig Stossel; Myra, Virginia Gilmore; Bill Dickey, Bill Dickey; Miller Huggins, Ernie Adams; Mr. Twitchell, Pierre Watkins; Joe McCarthy, Harry Harvey; Robert W. Meusel, Robert W. Meusel; Mark Koenig, Mark Koenig; Bill Stern, Bill Stern; Coach, Addison Richards; Van Tuyl, Hardie Albright; Clinic Doctor, Edward Fielding; Mayor of New Rochelle George Lessey; Hospital Doctor, Edgar Barrier; Lou Gehrig as a boy, Douglas Croft; Veloz and Yolanda; Ray Noble and his Orchestra.

"PRIORITIES ON PARADE"—Paramount: Donna D'Arcy, Ann Miller; Lee Davis, Betty Rhodes; Jeep Jackson, Jerry Colonna, Johnny Draper, Johnnie Johnston; Mariposa Ginsbotham, Vera Vague; Harvey Erkimer, Harry Barris; Sticks O'Hara, Eddie Quillan.

"SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU"—M-G-M: Jonny Davis, Clark Gable; Paula Lane, Lana Turner; Kirk Davis, Robert Sterling; Crystal McReagan, Patricia Dane; Willie, Reginald Owen; Lee Patrick; George L. Stafford, Charles Dingle.

"THE TALK OF THE TOWN"—Columbia: Leopold Dilg, Cary Grant; Nora Shelley, Jean Arthur; Michael Lightcap, Ronald Colman; Sam Yates, Edgar Buchanan; Regina Bush, Glenda Farrell; Andrew Holmes, Charles Dingle; Mrs. Scales, Emma Dunn; Tilney, Rex Ingram; J. Edgar, Leonid Kinskey; Clyde Brackley, Tom Tyler; Chief of Police, Don Beddoe; George, George Watts; Senator James B. East, Clyde Edwards; District Attorney, Frank M. Thomas.

"TISH"—M-G-M: Letitia Carberry, Marjorie Main; Aggie Pilkington, ZaSu Pitts; Lizzie Wilkins, Aline MacMahon; Cora Edwards, Susan Peters; Charles Sands, Lee Bowman; The Bowser, Guy Kibbee; Katherine Bowser, Virginia Grey; Theodore Bowser, Richard Quine; Ruby Dandridge; Reverend Ostermaier, Al Shean; Parkins, Gerald Oliver Smith.

"UNDERCOVER MAN"—H. Sherman-Paramount: Hopalong Cassidy, William Boyd; California, Andy Clyde; Breezy, Jay Kirby; Gonzales, Antonio Moreno; Miguel, Chris-Pin Martin; Nora Lane; Dolores, Esther Estrella; D. N. Baldwin; Rosita, Eva Puig.

Now It's Fun To REDUCE This Common Sense Way

There is no magic about The Common Sense Way to an alluring figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book No More Alibis you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star! In this amazing book Sylvia tells you how to lose up to fifteen pounds next month—and lose them safely. You won't feel half starved and you won't feel weak. In ten days you'll have new life and vitality. And best of all you will see daily improvement in your figure. Send for your copy of Madame Sylvia's amazing book No More Alibis.



Was \$1.00 Now Only 25c

This 139-page book formerly sold for \$1.00 in stiff-back binding. Now published in paper cover you get the identical information for only 25c—postpaid. Mail coupon NOW.

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC. Dept. P-10 205 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Send me postpaid a copy of No More Alibis by Sylvia of Hollywood. I enclose 25c.

Name Address City State (The 25c price of this book applies to U. S. only)

ROLLS DEVELOPED 25c COIN
Two 5x7 Double Weight Professional Enlargements, 8 Gloss Deckle Edge Prints CLUB PHOTO SERVICE, Dept. 19, LaCrosse, Wis.

50 CHRISTMAS CARDS FREE WITH SENDER'S NAME \$1.00 SAMPLES
Take orders now. "Super Value Victory Line". 20 Beautiful Designs 50 for \$1. to 25 for \$1.25. Name imprinted. Sell Nationally Famous Christmas Folders \$1. Coats 50c. Worth \$2.85. Exclusive. Novel. Patriotic. Expensive Sheer-Sheens, Tips, Foils, Glitter. Exquisite Etel Wraps. Religious. Every day. 55 Engravings—Personal. Business. on approval. FREE SAMPLES. Super Value. Personal Line. No investment. Start Today. SUNSHINE ART STUDIOS, 115 Fulton St., Dept. MA, New York City

NO DULL DRAB HAIR
When You Use This Amazing 4 Purpose Rinse
In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things for your hair.
1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.
LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON. At stores which sell toilet goods
25c for 5 rinses 10c for 2 rinses
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
Tints the hair as it rinses

All Bob Pins
NOT
Alike

Try
DELONG
BLUE
Card



CHARM AND GROOMING

... Pompadour effect is achieved with soft, high waves. The Hair at the temples is swept up in a smooth, clean line. DeLong Bob Pins keep this line unbroken... they never slip.

ROLL FINISHED 15c

4 Rolls 55c. Send friends' rolls with yours. Save Money. 16 prints with 3 enlargement coupon 25c; 30 reprints 50c. OVERNIGHT STUDIO, 65 PEARL, ALBANY, WISC.

HERE'S A QUICK WAY TO EARN MONEY SELL PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Show sparkling values. Christmas Cards WITH NAME IMPRINTED—big selection; low as 60¢ for \$1. Also gorgeous 21-card SUPREME Christmas Box Assortment, \$1—pays up to 100% profit. A real money-maker. 15 sensational fast-sellers: Gift Wrappings, etc. Write TODAY for samples on approval. CARDINAL CRAFTSMEN, Dept. 540, Cincinnati, Ohio

MINED AND CUT LIKE A DIAMOND!



Famous WHITE Zircon gem. Sparkles like a diamond, costs 98% less! Cuts glass, resists acid. FREE catalog of amazing values in genuine Zircons set in men's and women's gold or silver rings. Write for your copy today! When in N. Y. visit our showrooms KIMBERLY GEM CO., Inc. Dept. M-F-6 503 5th Ave. N.Y.C.

Relief FROM POLLEN-AGGRAVATED ASTHMATIC ATTACKS

THE SEVERITY of those attacks of Bronchial Asthma, intensified by pollen-laden air, may be reduced at this season of the year... use Dr. R. Schiffmann's Asthmador just as thousands have done for 70 years. The aromatic fumes help make breathing easier... aid in clearing the head... bring more restful nights of sleeping. At druggists in powder, cigarette or pipe-mixture form. Or you may send for free supply of all three. Dept. M60, R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, Calif.

NOW! Beautiful NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Coverbroken, short, thin nails with Nu-Nails. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Will not harm nor soften natural nails. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.

NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS
5251 W. Harrison St., Dept. 16-P, Chicago

Sonatural they even have half moons.

Speak For Yourself

(Continued from page 20) Mr. Sanders were undoubtedly among the great, but there are a few women who seemed to have slipped his mind. The following cannot be ignored: Stateswomen—Catherine the Great, Elizabeth, Victoria; nurses—Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton; poetesses—Sappho, Elizabeth Barrett Browning; novelists—Charlotte and Emily Bronte; humorists—Jane Austin and the contemporary Cornelia Otis Skinner; journalist—Dorothy Thompson; aviatrix—Amelia Earhart Putnam. These women are equaled by men, but not surpassed by them. And what man has met and conquered the enormous obstacles that confronted a woman like Helen Keller?

The medieval idea that woman is inferior to man is flattering to man's ego. Even Mr. Sanders admits enjoying flattery. This modern Jonathan Swift (also a great lover of humanity), if he actually exists in the way described in the article, must be either the most egotistical man in Hollywood or the loneliest.

Betty Lu Carwile,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

(You'll find just the kind of reply you've been looking for, given by Rosalind Russell, on page 38.)

\$1.00 PRIZE We Like 'Em, Too

It is becoming increasingly apparent that Hollywood is improving in the matter of selecting new screen material. The young actors coming to the fore are good. These young men are bringing to the screen fresh, crisp personalities, combined with genuine acting ability.

When you view the latest performances of such newcomers as Van Heflin, Glenn Ford and Alan Ladd you'll see what I'm talking about. These up and coming young actors display a tremendous amount of sparkle, life and punch, and give forceful interpretations of the characters they play on the screen.

Heflin has the smooth, polished continental touch coupled with evident understanding of life in general. Glenn Ford is a winsome fellow with a rugged sort of boyish charm and a great sincerity. Alan Ladd displays such an intensity of feeling that it holds you absorbed at all times... These three gentlemen all have something different to offer; a quality which has the tang of real theater.

To the studios I say, give us more ability and less of the good looks and mighty torsos.

Bob Lauritzen,
Seaman 2nd class,
Pensacola, Fla.

\$1.00 PRIZE Is His Face Red?

"SHIP Ahoy" there, Red Skelton; listen to those cheers for that new brand of clean, refreshing comedy you are dishing out! Honestly, you're a wonder, in these movie days of sexy bedroom farces and vulgar wisecracks! Your type of humor doesn't offend anyone from great Aunt Min down to little sister Susie, yet the men go for you, too!

I hope you won't ever tire of hearing people refer to your "little boy" qualities, or to your "cuteness," because these are the very characteristics that make you outstanding. We may laugh uproariously at other comedians, but we don't

really love them as personalities the way we're all going to love you.

And please, M-G-M, see that Red continues to play "straight" at times each of his pictures. His sweet sincerity in love scenes and at other appropriate times was just as appealing in "Ship Ahoy" as was his comedy in the right places.

Constance Parker,
Hollywood, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE We Never Said She Couldn't

WHO said Hedy Lamarr couldn't act? And who was that man of wisdom who once remarked, "The play's the thing?" Well, "Tortilla Flat" proves Hedy can act and it also proves Shakespeare was right, for the story, I suspect, is what makes the actors and actresses (most of them Hedy) act. It's a film so warm, so human, so full of fundamental philosophy, that I think it should rate an Award!

Hedy should be awarded too, for the girl gives a great performance as is as lovely as an April morning over Monterey Bay. Don't think that Spencer Tracy lets us down either—did he ever—or John Garfield or any of the splendid cast.

It's a picture carved right out of humanity's heart and, in these dreadful days of war and worry, I want to recommend it—from my heart (and John Steinbeck's).

Tee McM. Rose,
San Francisco, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE Stars and Stripes

EVERYONE has his favorite stars and pictures, but I wonder how many of you get the thrill so many of us men in prison feel when we see our favorite stars and pictures?

True, we have lost our rights as citizens, but we are still proud to be Americans, and when we see in the newsreels our favorite actors—our sons, brothers, nephews and friends—in their brave battles with the Japanaxis, that extra pang of sorrow tugs at our hearts.

We want to be with them, but since we cannot, give us the newsreels, especially "The March of Time."

Remember, we would gladly trade our prison uniforms for Uncle Sam's and someday we may, but until then, keep on giving us our favorite stars and movies.

Paul Edward Dunn,
London, O.

HONORABLE MENTION

THERE should be more films like "My Gal Sal," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Lillian Russell" and the many other movies which show the era gone by. Pictures such as these make it possible for the youngsters of today to see and catch up on some of the fun which they have missed.

Mary H. Knell,
Bellrose, N. Y.

DO I understand that Miss Hedda Hopper thinks Veronica Lake should get rid of her long hair with the lock over one eye? I think the way Veronica wears her hair distinguishes her from the other stars. Veronica wouldn't be Veronica without it.

Margaret Haase,
Toledo, O.

September is

**SALUTE TO OUR
HEROES Month**
at all movie
theatres!



**BUY A WAR BOND
TO HONOR
VERY MOTHER'S
SON IN SERVICE!**

FREE CATALOG
FINEST QUALITY. Over 300 artistic designs.
Write for our attractive free catalog and select
a beautiful pin or ring for your class or club.
Dept. J. METAL ARTS CO., Rochester, N. Y.

FISTULA FACTS

If you suffer pain, torture and broken
health of neglected Piles, Fistula or related
anal and colon ailments? Write today for
a page FREE BOOK. Learn facts. The
Cleary Clinic, C1005 Elms Blvd., Excel-
lor Springs, Missouri.

**PULVEX
FLEA POWDER**
also kills Lice and Ticks
25¢ AND 50¢

POCKET RADIO!
or PURSE SIZE
About Cigarette Package Size!
Requires no tubes, batteries or
electric "plug in"—Wt. only 1/3
lb.—Streamline plastic case. An
unusual novelty—receives local
stations. SIMPLE—NO UPKEEP!
Costs nothing to play—ever!
OWNERS REPORT 2-3 YEARS
SERVICE—THOUSANDS SOLD.
"WORKS SWELL!"
W. of Wisc., says:
— ONE YEAR SERVICE GUARANTEE —
ent complete with midjet individual earphone, in-
structions, hook-ups, etc.—ready to listen! Easy Pay-
ment Plan as follows:
SEND ONLY \$1.00 (cash, M.O., Check) and pay post-
man \$1.99 plus postage on ar-
rival or send \$2.99 for postpaid delivery! Get your new
midjet now—for real enjoyment. Ideal gift. **ORDER NOW!**
MIDGET RADIO CO., Dept. L-10, KEARNEY, NEBRASKA

PSORIASIS
(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)
Use **DERMOIL**
MAKE THE ONE
SPOT
TEST
Prove it yourself no matter
how long you have suffered
or what you have tried.
Beautiful book on psoria-
sis and Dermoil with
amazing, true photo-
graphic proof of results
sent FREE. Write for it.
SEND FOR
GENEROUS
TRIAL
SIZE
Don't mistake eczema
the stubborn, ugly
barraging scaly skin
case. Psoriasis. Apply
staining Dermoil.
Thousands do for scaly
spots on body or scalp.
Sufferers, often after
scales have gone, the
patches gradually disappeared and
enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil
used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agree-
ment to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is re-
turned without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for gen-
erous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test
ourselves. Results may surprise you. Write today for your
bottle. Give Druggist's name and address. Print name
clearly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug
and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES,
547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 3604, Detroit, Mich.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 19)

✓✓ **MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS, THE**—RKO-Radio: Orson Welles has made a magnificent picture from the Booth Tarkington novel, present-
ing it with rare originality in photography and
story telling. Tim Holt comes into his own as the
spoiled son who ruins his own and his mother's life
with his selfishness. Dolores Costello as his mother,
Joe Cotten as the man who loves her, Anne Bax-
ter, and Agnes Moorehead are superb. (Sept.)

✓ **MAGNIFICENT DOPE, THE**—20th Century-
Fox: Henry Fonda is the yokel jerk who comes to
New York to claim his \$500 prize as the magnificent
dope, offered by success school manager Don
Ameche and ends up by out-smarting the smooth,
fast-talking Ameche. Lynn Bari, as the girl, has
ability, looks and charm, and Edward Everett Hor-
ton and George Barbier add a lot to the fun. (Sept.)

MAISIE GETS HER MAN—M-G-M: Pretty
corny is this latest of the series, with Red Skelton
a stage-struck yokel who convinces Ann Sothorn
that he's a panic on the stage—until he gets there.
The story, after a detour through a bond swindle,
winds up in an Army camp. Allen Jenkins, Leo
Gorcey, and Donald Meek are a gleesome threesome.
(Sept.)

MAN WHO WOULDN'T DIE, THE—20th Cen-
tury Fox. Pretty far fetched is this, what with a
corpse that's missing from its grave and Marjorie
Weaver being so frightened that she pretends Lloyd
Nolan, detective *Michael Shayne*, is her new hus-
band so he can solve the mystery. (July)

MEET THE STEWARTS—Columbia: Warm and
cozy is this story of a poor boy, William Holden,
who marries a rich girl, Frances Dee, and their
efforts to live on a budget. Frances is lovely and
Holden, as always, gives a sincere and polished
performance. (Aug.)

MEXICAN SPITFIRE SEES A GHOST—RKO
Radio: It's Lupe Velez again, and Leon Errol im-
personating *Lord Epping*. But when the real *Lord
Epping* turns up, you can imagine the zaney re-
sults. Buddy Rogers is the handsome husband of
Lupe. Loud and noisy. (Aug.)

MISS ANNIE ROONEY—Small-U. A.: Shirley
Temple is cute as the young modern who executes
a mean jitterbug and Dickie Jones is the rich young
man who adores her. William Fargan is her father
and Guy Kibbee her grandfather. (Aug.)

MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER—Universal: Reporter
Kent Taylor witnesses the murder of a jockey as
he's about to cross the finish line, grabs a cab and
trails the murderer. Don't bother. (July)

MOKEY—M-G-M: All about a misunderstood boy
who gets into serious trouble, with Donna Reed
handing the thankless role of a young stepmother
who refuses to understand her husband's son *Mokey*.
Dan Dailey Jr. plays his father. (July)

MOONLIGHT MASQUERADE—Republic: Den-
nis O'Keefe and Jane Frazee have to marry each
other or forfeit a fortune. Since they've never met,
Jane has her nutty secretary Betty Kean imperson-
ate her at the arranged meeting, and O'Keefe has
Eddie Foy Jr. do the same for him. Need we say
more—except that Jane sings delightfully and
Betty's dancing is swell? (Sept.)

✓✓ **MOONTIDE**—20th Century-Fox: Jean Gabin
is a sensation as a waterfront wanderer who rescues
a forsaken waif, Ida Lupino, from her attempted
suicide and discovers he wants to settle down with
her. Thomas Mitchell and Claude Rains are ex-
cellent. Gabin and Lupino are unforgettable. (July)

✓✓ **MRS. MINIVER**—M-G-M: the best picture
of the month and high among the best of the year
is this charming and appealing story of an English
family during this war. Greer Garson is *Mrs.
Miniver*, mother of three children, and Walter
Pidgeon her architect husband. It's a picture for
Hollywood to be proud of. (Aug.)

MURDER IN THE BIG HOUSE—Warners:
Newspaperman Van Johnson sets out to find out
why a convict was electrocuted one hour before the
set time. With the aid of Faye Emerson and George
Meeker, he uncovers a political frame-up that al-
most leads to another murder. Minor stuff. (July)

MY FAVORITE SPY—Harold Lloyd-RKO-Radio:
Kay Kyser is a frustrated bridegroom who is
yanked into the Army on his wedding day, then
released as a secret member of the F.B.I. Ellen
Drew his bride who is unaware of his F.B.I. affil-
iation, believes the worst when Kay is jailed with
Jane Wyman. (Aug.)

✓✓ **MY GAL SAL**—20th Century-Fox: In this
gay musical Victor Mature portrays *Paul Dresser*,
the songwriter. He runs away from home, joins a
traveling show where he's befriended by Carole
Landis, then meets the New York stage star, Rita
Hayworth, with whom he falls in love. (July)

MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET, THE—Univer-
sal: This is all very confusing, what with the body
of Maria Montez being found in the river, but then

SEAL-COTE
Sensational New Aid To
LONGER NAILS

• **SEAL-COTE** is amazing! A thin
coat applied daily over your polish
quickly forms a crystal-hard, micro-
scopically-thin transparent film that
gives protection to nails. Seal-Cote
also protects polish from chipping
and fraying—adds lustre.

SEAL-COTE 25¢ at
Cosmetic Counters
Seal-Cote Co., Hollywood, Calif.

Marvel
WHIRLING SPRAY
SYRINGE
41 DRUG COUNTERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
Free Booklet—The Marvel Co., Dept. 457, New Haven, Conn.

Earn Money Easily
SELL CHRISTMAS CARDS
Show the complete Christmas Card Line. Large
selection of Personal Name-Imprinted Folders—6
appealing series. Amazing values sell 50 for \$1 up.
10 EXCLUSIVE BOX ASSORTMENTS
Make additional profits with "Janes Art Box"
21 Christmas Folders—all new, original. Sells for
\$1.00. Can be imprinted. Other money-making
Assortments: Gift Wraps, Religious, Everyday
others. Deluxe Personal Christmas Cards. Tell
us which lines interest you. Write today sure.
JANES ART STUDIOS, 1225 Clifford, Dept. 100, Rochester, N.Y.

EASY WAY....
Tints Hair
JET BLACK
This remarkable CAKE discovery,
TINTZ Jet Black Shampoo, washes out
dirt, loose dandruff, grease, grime and
safely gives hair a real smooth **JET BLACK**
TINT that fairly glows with life and lustre.
Don't put up with faded dull, burnt, off color hair
a minute longer. TINTZ Jet Black Cake works
gradual... each shampoo leaves your hair blacker, lovelier, softer,
easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Full cake
50c (3 for \$1). TINTZ comes in Jet Black, light, medium and dark
Brown, Titian, and Blonde. Order today! State shade wanted.
SEND NO MONEY Just pay postman plus post-
age on our positive assur-
ance of satisfaction in 7 days or your money back. (We Pay Postage
if remittance comes with order.) Don't wait—Write today to
TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. 1-J, 207 N. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO
CANADIAN OFFICE: Dept. 1-J, 22 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO

FOOT RELIEF
New Soothing Foot Plaster.
Easily Cut to Any Size, Shape
Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, a
new, superior moleskin foot
plaster—velvety-soft, cushion-
ing. When used on feet or
toes, it quickly relieves corns, cal-
louses, bunions and tender spots
caused by shoe friction and pres-
sure. Soothes and protects the sore
spot. Splendid for preventing blis-
ters on feet and hands. Economical!
At Drug, Shoe, Dept., and 10¢ stores.

**Dr. Scholl's
KUROTEX**
Easily cut to
any size or
shape

Maria herself walks in as she's been erroneously identified. But then Maria really gets murdered. Patric Knowles is in charge of the case. (July)

NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS—Paramount: Preston Foster is a police lieutenant who's accused of murder by Albert Dekker, another police officer. Patricia Morison is Foster's silly wife, and Cecil Kellaway is dragged in to complicate things even more than they are already. (Sept.)

ONCE UPON A THURSDAY—M-G-M: Marsha Hunt is the maid secretly married to employer Richard Carlson, but when Carlson returns from a trip he becomes engaged to Frances Drake, believing Marsha has divorced him. When they learn at the engagement dinner party that Marsha is about to publish a book of memoirs, the results are most amusing. It's a gay little picture. (Aug.)

PACIFIC RENDEZVOUS—M-G-M: Both Lee Bowman as a naval officer who craves action but gets a desk job of deciphering code, and Jean Rogers as the girl in his life, deserve better material than this. Spies Mona Maris, Carl Esmond, and Blanche Yurka are so obviously spies it all becomes a bit ridiculous. (Sept.)

✓✓ **PIED PIPER, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Monty Woolley is an elderly Englishman in France when the Nazis invade. As a favor, he agrees to take two English children back to England with him, but the pair expand into a group as Mr. Woolley travels back through devastated France, and then the Nazis catch up with him. It's drama with a chuckle, a laugh with a tear; in fact, the picture's a gem. (Sept.)

POWDER TOWN—RKO-Radio: A stupid little number, with Edmond O'Brien as a scientist who invents an explosive and must be protected at all times by Vic McLaglen. But then both Edmond and his bodyguard are almost blown up. Girls wander around and get all mixed up in it too. (Aug.)

PRIVATE BUCKEROO—Universal: Too much of a good thing in this picture, with all the music leaving very little room for plot. Harry James' band plays, the Andrews Sisters warble numerous ditties, Dick Foran sings several numbers, and Jennifer Holt, Joe E. Lewis, and Shemp Howard try to squeeze a word in edgewise. (Sept.)

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR—Republic: Don Barry plays an irresponsible soldier who neglects his duty, thereby causing the death of his pal. Later, of course, he sees the error of his ways. Alan Curtis and Fay McKenzie are also good, but it's really the dramatic news flashes and timely inserts that keep the story alive and interesting. (Aug.)

RINGS ON HER FINGERS—20th Century-Fox: Henry Fonda, wage slave, meets Gene Tierney at a rich resort. Each thinks the other's wealthy, although Gene is just a front for swindlers Spring Byington and Laird Cregar. Amusing. (July)

RUBBER RACKETEERS—Monogram: Timely is this story of a released convict, Ricardo Cortez, who organizes the racket of bootlegging cheap rubber. When a blowout from one of his cheap tires kills a defense worker, Bill Henry starts an organized fight against the villains. Rochelle Hudson and Barbara Read are the girls. (Sept.)

✓ **SABOTEUR**—Universal: Packed with suspense, this story holds your interest despite many loose ends. Robert Cummings is a defense plant worker accused of sabotage who escapes the police, picks up Priscilla Lane and makes his way to New York where he uncovers the real saboteurs. (July)

SCATTERGOOD RIDES HIGH—RKO-Radio: Guy Kibbee, as the small-town philosopher, *Scattergood Baines*, helps Kenneth Howell to get back his dead father's favorite horses by outwitting a small-town snob with a hen-pecked husband, Jed Prouty. It has a warm homey coziness. (July)

✓ **SHIP AHOY**—M-G-M: Eleanor Powell is a dancer who becomes involved with foreign spies and through her tap dancing foils their plot to steal a mine. Red Skelton, her boy friend, brings life and laughter to his role, and Bert Lahr is comical as Red's stooge. Virginia O'Brien is Bert's heart-beat. (Sept.)

SHIPS WITH WINGS—U.A.: An English-made picture, expressing the importance of aircraft carriers in battle. The story has the usual heel who is discharged from the R.A.F. and eventually becomes a hero by blowing up a dam. The English cast features Leslie Banks, John Clements and Jane Baxter. The photography is remarkable and worthy of applause. It's fair war stuff. (Aug.)

SING FOR YOUR SUPPER—Columbia: Rich Jinx Falkenburg is mistaken for a taxi dancer and ends up as a singer with a band. Bert Gordon, the mad Russian, makes people laugh. (July)

✓ **SPOILERS, THE**—Universal: Alaska in the Gold Rush days, with John Wayne, beloved of Marlene Dietrich, owner of a gambling saloon, discovering that Randy Scott is attempting to steal the mine Wayne owns jointly with Harry Carey. There's a terrifically exciting fight. (July)

SUNDAY PUNCH—M-G-M: Connie Gilchrist runs a boarding house for prize fighters, and everything goes along fine until her beautiful daughter, Jean Rogers, comes home, and then comes Love. Dan Dailey, Jr., plays the janitor, and William Lundigan the college lad who wins Jean. The big fight climax is a thriller. (Aug.)

SUICIDE SQUADRON—Republic: Anton Walbrook gives a sterling performance as a Polish pianist on a concert tour through the States, where he marries Sally Gray, then returns to fight for Poland. The actual scenes, filmed from R.A.F. Spitfires, are exceedingly impressive. (July)

SWEATER GIRL—Paramount: Murders occur during rehearsal for a college musical, with Eddie Bracken and girl friend June Preisser trying to solve the mystery, and Nils Aster gets himself suspected among others. Phillip Terry and cute songstress Betty Rhodes add to the doings, and the hit tunes even overshadow the plot with their catchiness. (Sept.)

SYNCPATION—RKO-Radio: This little ditty wanders around aimlessly and gets nowhere. Jackie Cooper marries Bonita Granville, a belle from New Orleans, joins a symphony orchestra and leaves it to organize his own band. The one and only redeeming feature is the aggregation of popular band leaders in the finale. (Aug.)

✓✓ **TAKE A LETTER, DARLING**—Paramount: A delightful comedy with Rosalind Russell as a woman advertiser who hires Fred MacMurray as escort-secretary. But when Fred ogles charr Constance Moore, Rosalind runs into the arms MacDonald Carey until things straighten out. Rert Benchley is Rosalind's partner. You'll love (July)

✓✓ **TALES OF MANHATTAN**—20th Century-Fox: The adventures of a dress suit from the moment it left the tailor's shop to its ultimate finish told in complete and separate episodes, some g some tragic, some stronger than others, and w af an arresting cast which includes Rita Haywo Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda Charles Laughton and numerous other stars. Yo enjoy it. (Sept.)

TARZAN'S NEW YORK ADVENTURE—M-G-M: Johnny Weissmuller, the perennial *Tarzan* comes to New York in search of *Boy*, who was tal to civilization by big-game hunters, and his adu tures there result in thrills and chuckles. Maur O'Hara as *Jane* and Cheeta the ape are with him course. (Aug.)

TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT—20th Century-Fox: The establishing of West Po Academy and the training of the first group students under Major Laird Cregar make a m interesting story, but histrionically it's very w despite the cast of George Montgomery, John S ton, John Shepperd and Maureen O'Hara. Cre is splendid. (Aug.)

✓ **THEY ALL KISSED THE BRIDE**—Colo bia: Good solid comedy, with Joan Crawford as stern woman executive who tries to run everyo life and gets all tangled up in love. Melvyn Do las is the man who cuts her down to his size, a the trimming provides some mighty amusing ments. Joan's jitterbug sequences with Allen J kins is a riot. (Sept.)

✓✓ **THIS ABOVE ALL**—20th Century-Fox: rone Power is the bewildered English soldier w deserts his regiment and meets and falls in love w Joan Fontaine, member of the W.A.A.F., a through her learns what England is fighting f Both their performances have power and pathos, a the characters of Thomas Mitchell, Nigel Br and Philip Merivale are expertly drawn. We hear recommend it. (Aug.)

✓ **THIS GUN FOR HIRE**—Paramount: The news in this exciting melodrama is Alan Ladd newcomer who springs into the big time in his of the killer. Laird Cregar is terrific as a sl stooge, Robert Preston very good as the police cer and Veronica Lake proves herself an actr It's thrilling and suspenseful. (Aug.)

✓✓ **TORTILLA FLAT**—M-G-M: This has t humor, pathos. Spencer Tracy is a conniving loa John Garfield is the hot-tempered *Danny* who lo Hedy, a Portuguese girl with matrimonial ide Frank Morgan is the village recluse. All four splendid characterizations. (July)

TRUE TO THE ARMY—Paramount: Judy nova sees a murder committed, so in order to esc the murderers she lands in an Army camp, wh she's disguised as a soldier by her beau Jerry lonna and stage star Allan Jones. Ann Mill snappy tapping and William Demarest's bewile ment as a top sergeant are very good. (July)

TWIN BEDS—Small-U.A.: Too many husband one bedroom in this alleged comedy, with Mis Auer and Ernest Truex skidding in and out of J Bennett's bedroom, just missing her husba George Brent, who seems quite unamused. (Jul)

WHISPERING GHOSTS—20th Century-F Milton Berle is a smart-aleck radio detective, but runs into trouble when he tries to solve the mur of an old sea dog, what with Brenda Joyce, the m dered man's niece, in search of the hidden jew two ham actors hired to frame Berle and sev shady characters around. (July)

WIFE TAKES A FLYER, THE—Columbia: Holland under the Hitler regime Allyn Joslyn Nazi Major, has dishonorable intentions toward J Bennett, about to divorce her absent husba Franchot Tone, an R.A.F. flyer, is passed off as husband, but has to be divorced the next Briefly, they make a monkey of the Major. (Ju

✓ **WINGS FOR THE EAGLE**—Warners: plot of this timely drama is subordinated to exciting background of the busy Lockheed pl factory and the scenes take there are most vivid interesting. Among the many workers there Ann Sheridan and Jack Carson, whose marri has broken, Dennis Morgan, and George Tobias the foreign-born foreman who loses his job. (Se

✓✓ **YANKEE DOODLE DANDY**—Wame This life story of the great star, George M. Cob is the best biographical musical to come out Hollywood and the best thing Jimmy Cagney done in years. It's warm and sincere, and Cohan music is unforgettable, as is the picture self. Cagney, Walter Huston as his father, Ro mary de Camp, and Joan Leslie are all go (Sept.)

For your convenience in ordering fashions shown on pages 62-63

YOU CAN LOOK AS SMART AS A STAR

Call LA. 4-7000 or write to

SAKS-34TH, Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the following items . . .

| Quantity | Item | Color | Size | Price |
|----------|------|-------|------|-------|
| | | | | |
| | | | | |
| | | | | |
| | | | | |
| | | | | |
| | | | | |

Name

Address

City State

Charge ☐ C.O.D. ☐ Check or M. O. ☐

Please add 10c for shipping costs for delivery
outside our motor delivery area.

THE CASE OF THE MISSING BEAUTY

Jane was a smart stenographer.
One day the boss said, "We need a girl
For the outer office—one with real
CHARM and PERSONALITY—to greet clients."
Jane sighed. She knew she was NEAT.
Her nose was always CAREFULLY powdered,
And she used the right shade of lipstick,
But her EYES were, well—just a BLANK!
That very day she learned about MAYBELLINE
Just as YOU are doing—

P. S. Jane is now a well-paid RECEPTIONIST
But she won't be LONG—
(She is to be MARRIED SOON!)

MORAL: *It's a WISE stenographer
who knows how to make the
MOST of her own TYPE!*

shes now appear
, and lovely—with
le brush-strokes of
MAYBELLINE
A (solid or cream
oth are water-
nd non-smarting).

ebrows now have
n and character,
the smooth-mark-
BELLINE EYE-
ENCIL.

tle touch of added
ne blends a bit of
MAYBELLINE
ADOW on her lids
es appear more
and colorful!

eyes thrilling beauty . . . be
et genuine MAYBELLINE,
Make-up in Good Taste.



Maybelline



L D ' S L A R G E S T - S E L L I N G E Y E B E A U T Y A I D S

Open His Eyes with New Beauty! go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This thrilling beauty care, based on skin specialists' advice, is praised by lovely brides!

A MOONLIT night...sweet music... you two dancing! Does he have eyes for you alone? Do you hear him whisper, "You're so lovely"?

If romantic words like that don't come your way, perhaps your skin care is to blame. Without realizing it, you may be letting improper cleansing dull your complexion—or you may be using a soap that's not mild enough for skin as delicate as yours. But here's a promise. Change to Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet. Thrilling compliments—new complexion beauty—may soon be yours!

Proved Milder by Actual Tests

You know, skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine—with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not just *mild*—it's actually *milder* than the dozens of other popular beauty soaps we tested. No wonder the Camay Mild-Soap Diet has helped lovely Mrs. Aldridge—and thousands of other happy, enchanting Camay brides.

Follow the Camay Mild-Soap Diet faithfully night and morning for 30 days. The *first time*, your skin will feel fresher! But continue—your dreams of new beauty may soon come true!



GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!



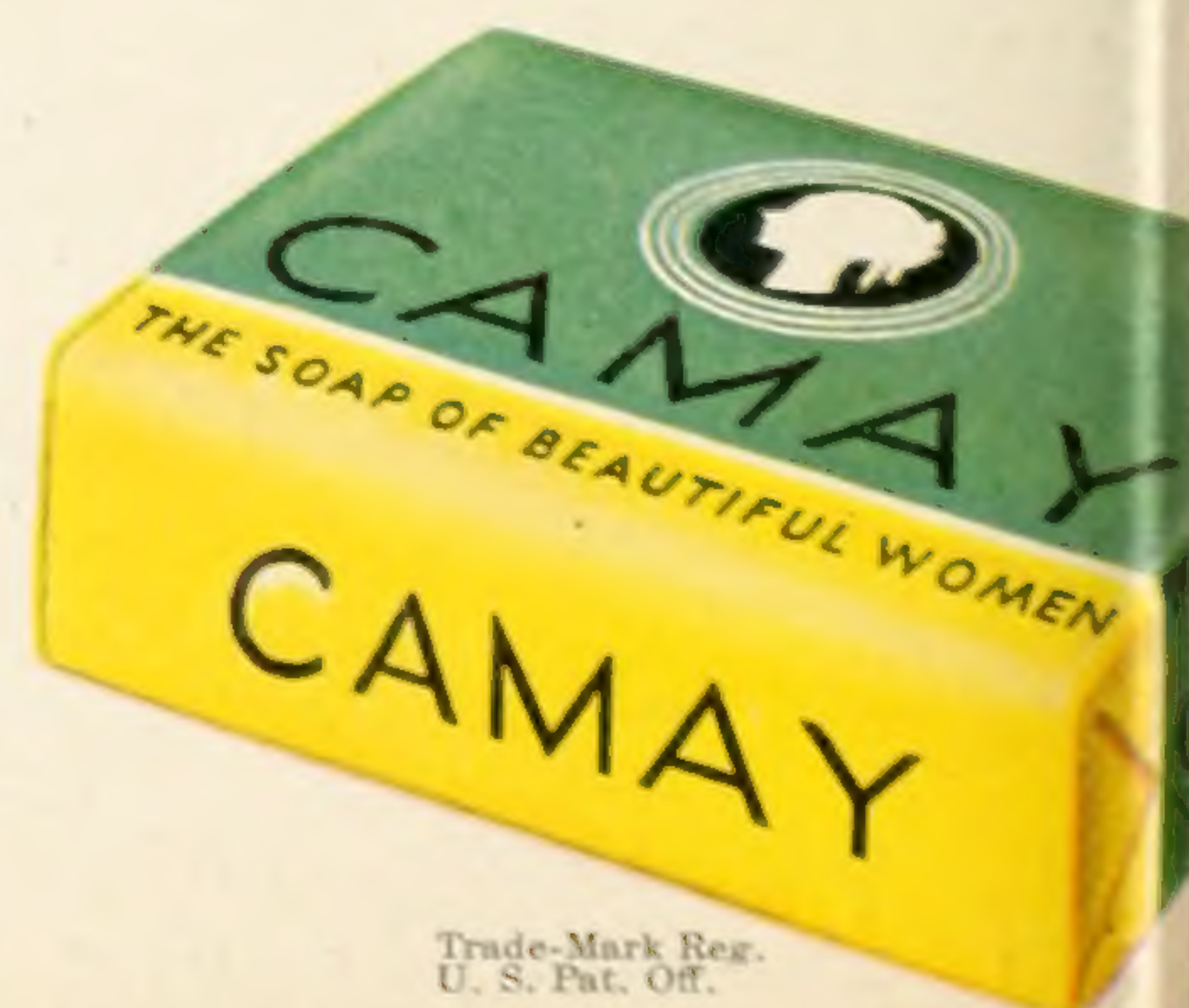
Every night, work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils, chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashings.



While you sleep, the tiny pore openings can function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

FOR 30 DAYS...LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!

This lovely bride, Mrs. John F. Aldridge, Jr., of Arlington, Va., says: "Soon after I started the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, I began to get compliments about my complexion. I wouldn't use any soap but Camay."



Trade-Mark Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.